PENTHOUSE

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

NOVEMBER 1974 $1.25

CAN WE MAKE IT TO THE 21ST CENTURY?

THE LUCKY LUCIANO CONFESSIONS (PART III)

WALT FRAZIER: REFLECTIONS IN AN OVERHEAD MIRROR

VIVA: THE FIRST YEAR IN WORDS AND PICTURES

VIETNAM VETERANS: SHORTCHANGED ON THE G.I. BILL

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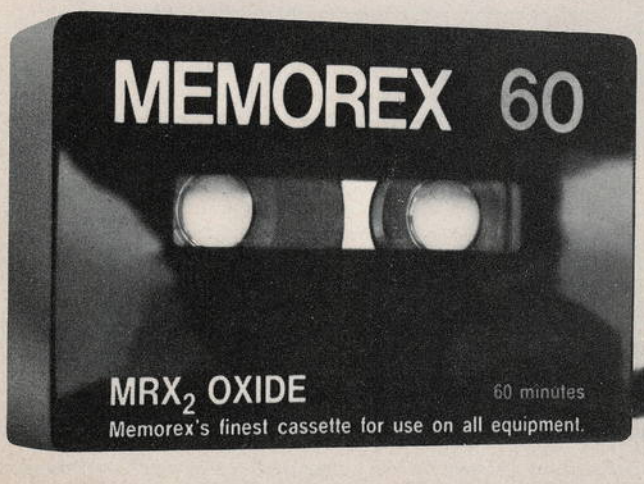

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What strange quirk in human nature makes us close our eyes and shut our minds to an impending holocaust? Neville Chamberlain and his umbrella symbolized a generation that refused to see the looming catastrophe of another world war—even though the evidence was plain. A later generation has become fashionably blasé about what was once reverently called the Bomb and the fact that in Brinkmanship there lies the awesome possibility of ending the world in a cluster of mushroom clouds. Today, to accomplish the same thing, we don't even have to push the button, according to leading environmentalist **David Brower** in *The Last Days of Earth*. "Most of us are unwilling," he says, "to face up to the physical depletion of this planet, and it's almost too late to turn things around." Brower, a former executive director of the Sierra Club and president of the Friends of the Earth, sees the United States as leading the way to disaster in the misguided belief that this island Earth can expand to meet our surging demands. With just 6 percent of the population, we consume 50 percent of the world's resources and one-third of its energy. If we don't look to alternative sources of power or to conserving the power we *do* use, the next logical question becomes: "Can we get from here to the twenty-first century?" Brower's stark, dispassionate answer is—no!

Resources—political, financial, and personal—were no problem for mobster **Lucky Luciano**, whose first-person story is concluded in the third part of our series adapted from *The Last Testament of Lucky Luciano*, by **Martin Gosch** and **Richard Hammer**. In our October issue, we left Lucky on his way to exile in Sicily, where he found that, "Half the people I met was in the Mafia—and I mean the cops, too." Because in Sicily, "the Mafia is first, then your own family, then your business, and then the Mafia again. . . . Every fuckin' son of a bitch was tryin' to make some money and he didn't give a goddamn how he got it."

Lucky got his all right, and he got it by courier every month from the U.S.—a cool $25,000 in profits from the flourishing American enterprises on which he still kept a very tight grip. In his spare time, he boosted his income by taking over the postwar black market in Naples, and he fell in love for the first time in his life.

"Lucky" to the end, Luciano died of natural causes in the arms of author Gosch—now also deceased—whose exhaustive interviews with the gangster form the basis for this series.

"I can tell myself I'm great and believe it." That's not Muhammed Ali speaking, but another great athlete, **Walt Frazier**, the subject of this month's exclusive interview by Terry Guerin. Frazier is, by his own admission, the "best all-around guard in basketball." He earns $300,000 a year playing for the New York Knicks—a substantial stipend for six months work, though Walt believes, "they could never pay me enough." The money is sufficient, however, to support an extravagant lifestyle, a Rolls Royce, and the most expensive, flamboyant clothes he can find. Women? Well, he admits, "The only woman I dig is Sophia Loren," but he keeps the huge mirror on the ceiling of his bedroom well polished. For Walt, women are playthings, but threads are his passion.

After World War II, returning veterans were guaranteed a good education by the GI Bill. Today, Vietnam veterans are finding that the GI Bill is *Less Than Enough*. As one veteran told *Washington Post* reporter **Tim O'Brien**, "A future is education and training, not handouts, welfare, and speeches. We'll help ourselves, but we need a chance for learning." O'Brien, a frequent *Penthouse* contributor, notes that in 1947, 59 percent of Harvard students were veterans. Today, the figure is 1.5 percent. With an inflation-adjusted $1,820 per year less than their 1940s counterparts, today's veterans simply can't afford to go to college—and the government's only response is delay.

How's this for a plot? A henpecked CIA chief, whose editor mistress gives the best "Edit" in town, is deep into a project to investigate urine purloined from the French consulate in order to evaluate the physical strengths and weaknesses of the Gallic diplomatic opposition. Meanwhile, a missing Christmas list spells death for several of his friends. In a nutshell, that's the gist of **Matthew Jay's** *Protocol*. Crazy? Well, crazier things have happened for real, as any Watergate enthusiast knows.

And a fiction bonus. . . . *Mr. Jones' Convention*, by **William Kotzwinkle**, a past National Magazine Fiction Award winner, involves a Pothole, Pa., delegate to a toy confab in the Big Apple who despises the "weird" New York scene until he picks up a stunning chick in a Greenwich Village bar. Back at her apartment, he realizes she's got a great deal more than he bargained for.

And this month *Penthouse* salutes our sister publication, *Viva*, on her first anniversary. After one remarkable year, she's no longer just a little sister; she's out on her own and doing quite well, thank you. When you've scanned *Viva, the First Year*, you'll understand why. Happy Birthday, Sis, it's been exciting watching you develop into the incredible woman you are.

HOUSECALL

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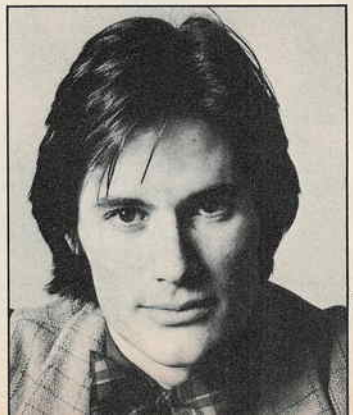

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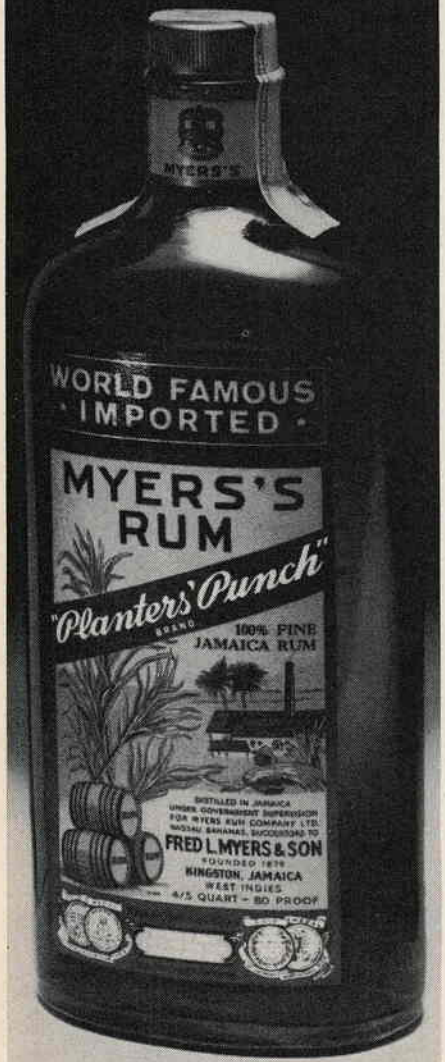

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PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of Penthouse, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Best bet

I would like to relate an incident that took place several years ago. At the time I was attending a rather elite, coeducational private school in California. The students were by and large rich, spoiled, and considering the time, sexually precocious. When I was in the eleventh grade a new girl joined our class—she was of medium height, had blond hair, blue eyes, an enticing figure, and a poise that was clearly beyond her years. Apparently her father was an art historian and her family had just moved to California from Sussex, England, where her father had been teaching. One afternoon, early in the school year, I approached her, and after the usual amount of dull and vacuous conversation, I asked her if we could get together on Friday night. I remember quite vividly her wry smile as she said she'd love to see me.

When I got to her home that Friday night she was wearing a simple skirt and white blouse, and I couldn't help but feel that this girl was one of the most alluringly attractive girls I'd ever seen. As she showed me around the house, she casually mentioned that her parents were out for the night. We had had plans to go to the movies, but it was quickly becoming too late to go out and there seemed to be a good movie on television so we decided to stay in.

A few minutes after we turned on the TV this unusual little lady left her chair and came across the room and sat down squarely on my lap. I was really astonished at her unusual forwardness—sex was far from a taboo for me and my friends but somehow we just weren't used to such overt sexual overtures from the girls we dated.

I became hard almost immediately and she knew it too. I was feeling just slightly embarrassed when she turned to me, her big blue eyes opened wide, and asked how come we boys couldn't control our emotions. Somewhat irked, but mostly amused, I decided to play the devil's advocate and told her that I couldn't talk for all men, but as for myself, I could control whether or not I got a hard-on.

Then this little lynx folded her hands around my shoulders and said, "I bet you're wrong."

Taking the bait, I asked her what she wanted to bet. She moved her hand down onto my lap, gave me a playful little squeeze and said how about betting to see who would be the other's slave for the night. Then she went on to explain the rules of the game. She would bet that she could get me hard within twenty seconds without touching me. If she did I would be her slave for the duration of the evening, and if she didn't she would be mine. Actually I was almost hard already just at the thought of the bet but I figured that really I had nothing to lose. I looked at my watch and told her I was ready. I swear, I felt as if she had written the script for the entire evening. She didn't hesitate one second. She just stood up in front of me, bowed her head, and started to slowly unbutton her blouse. When she had unbuttoned the top four buttons she removed her arms from the sleeves, and leaving the blouse tucked in to the skirt, let it flop down over her waist. Then without loosening the clasp of her white cotton bra she pulled the bra down below her breasts exposing the most beautifully firm breasts I'd ever seen. As if what she'd already done wasn't enough she put two of her fingers, one from each hand, into her mouth and then started to slowly circle her stiffening nipples with her wet fingers. I was as hard as a rock in no time flat.

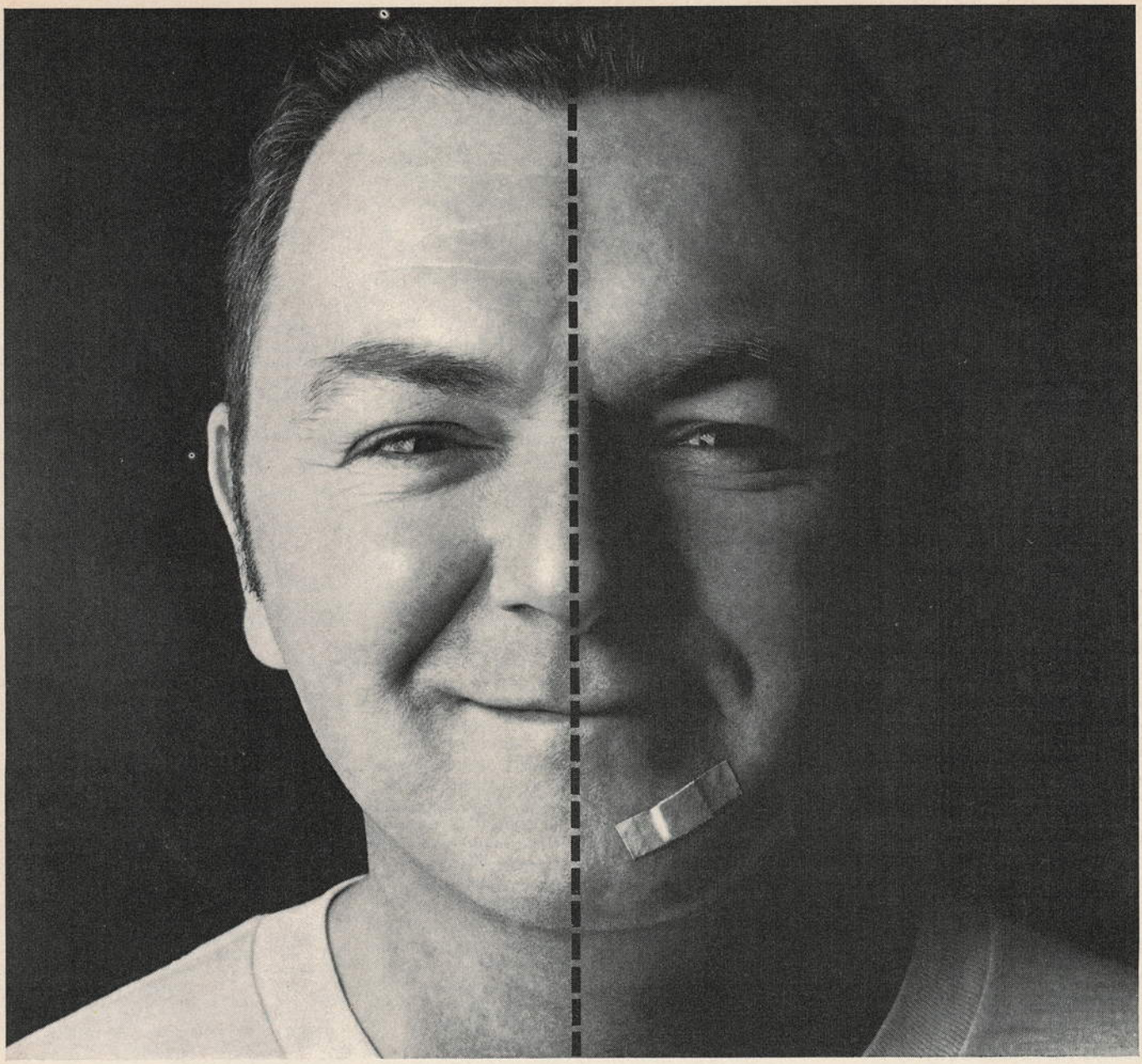
I couldn't believe this girl was only in the eleventh grade. She was into kinkier things than I thought were imaginable. She gave me another one of her wry smiles and looking directly at my crotch she said, "I guess you lose." I answered with a flippant yes, which unfortunately got caught somewhere in my throat.

The first thing she had me do was to watch her strip. She pulled her blouse over her head and undid her bra, letting it slide down her arms and fall loosely on the floor—fully exposing her creamy white breasts standing out from her tanned body. Then she unhooked her dress, let it fall to the floor around her ankles, and stepped out of it. She walked over to me and told me to get on my knees in front of her and take her underpants off. I almost came just looking at that beautiful mound of pubic hair. Then she took my pants and underpants off, leaving the rest of my clothes on.

After she had taken some of my clothes off she moved over to the couch where she sat down with her legs spread apart. I felt entirely ridiculous standing there doing what I was doing—which was absolutely nothing except standing still with only a shirt, shoes, and socks on. She called me over to the couch and made me kneel in front of her. She spread her legs a little further apart and looked down at her cunt in such a way to make it entirely clear what she wanted. As I began to go down on her she took my head and held it firmly into her muff. We continued this until she had two orgasms and I was quite ready to lie her down on the couch and get into her—which I tried to do—but she pushed me away, putting her hand on my erect cock, and giving me a rather firm squeeze, she said, "Remember the bet." Actually, our temporary agreement was the last thing on my mind. But she took my cock between her two hands, and once again reminded me that I was *her* slave for the night.

The next indignation that my "date" subjected me to involved me sitting naked between her legs with my back to her front as she put her hand over mine and pretended she was me masturbating. She brought me just to the point of orgasm twice before she would stop and wait for my lust to subside a bit. The last time she stopped right before bringing me off, took my balls in one of her hands, and led me across the room like a dog on a leash. Then she told me to stand perfectly still in the corner.

I was certainly frazzled by this whole escapade but I was also turned-on. But as hot and horny as I was this little lynx had unknowingly fallen into a trap of her own making. She was getting off so much on her role as master that she became so incredibly horny that she would have done anything to have me in her, on top of her, under her, or just near her. Through no real doing of mine, it became apparent to me that our roles had reversed. She was my slave and I made her serve me like a king.—*R.W., Whittier, Calif.*



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After leaving college, and securing my present job as a public relations man for a large corporation, I wondered how my new lifestyle would alter my sex life. Actually my sex life hasn't changed dramatically, but recently I did have a rather bizarre sexual encounter during my lunch hour. My partner, or more accurately, my teacher, was my remarkably well-built secretary. She is the type of woman who not only flaunts what she has, but also makes it pretty clear that she knows some things you don't. This girl, who was always wearing halter tops or going braless with sheer blouses to show off her attractive breasts, never pretended naiveté as we were getting to know each other.

One day after having lunch with each other I called her into my office to ask her to type a letter for me. She came in and, after closing and then locking the door behind her, sat down on one of the chairs in front of my desk, and asked what she could do for me. There was some tension in the air because we had seen each other socially, and had, in fact, already screwed once. I gave her the letter I wanted her to retype, which she looked at, and put down in front of her. She then stood up and unceremoniously removed all her clothes and left them sitting in the middle of the office floor. Then with an inscrutable smile she came over to me and pressed her body tightly against mine and started to play with my hair with one hand and undress me with the other.

After all my clothes were off she was immediately on her knees putting my erection into her mouth. By carefully playing with my balls and licking the underside of my penis she managed to excite me incredibly but not bring me to the point where I would ejaculate. She did this for about fifteen minutes—with me all the time worrying about someone knocking on the door and praying she would finish me off. Then, after laying a light butterfly kiss on my balls she stood up and walked over to the light switch, which she flicked off. She took my hand and led me to the small couch I had in my office. At first we just sat there in total darkness, me mouthing her erect nipples and she massaging the muscles on the back of my upper leg. Then she proceeded to lie me back on the couch, guided me into her moist cunt, and lay dead-still on top of me except for the most incredible sensations she was giving to my cock through contracting and rolling the muscles inside her cunt.

All of a sudden she got off me and for seconds there was no contact at all between us. The room was totally dark so I couldn't see her either. Then, out of nowhere, I felt her open lips gliding across the backs of my buttocks. No fingers, no arms, only her warm wet lips. Her tongue played along me for a long while and the pressure inside me continued to build. I turned over and tried to pull her back on top of me, but she resisted and started to caress my thighs and crotch with her swaying breasts. The muscles in the back of my thighs began to tighten and I drew my legs together and pushed my belly upward. I was met by a warm open mouth which felt like it could envelop all of me. With her soft rolling movements—and with those large firm breasts swinging back and forth over my thighs—I was quickly getting to the point where I thought I would explode. But just before I was going to have a mammoth orgasm she squeezed me so tightly that my erection subsided, and I just sank into a blissful stupor.

I was just lying on the couch recovering when I felt her warm tongue licking my toes. She was also massaging my instep and heel, and soon began to dart her tongue all around the tip of my foot. I never had any idea that the foot was such an erogenous area but I sure as hell was getting incredibly stimulated by her little games. After

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NOVEMBER

IMPORTED BLACK & WHITE® BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF, © 1974, HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.

WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT SAKE WOULD PROBABLY FIT INTO THIS CUP.

You have lots of company. Of the approximately 100 million Americans of drinking age, 99 million have no idea of what sake is, or what can be done with it.

If it bothers you to be part of such a large mass of people, you can be part of a much smaller one by the time you get to the end of this ad.

WHAT IN THE WORLD IS SAKE?

Sake is a light, slightly bitter, slightly sweet wine. It's distilled from fermented rice, and usually has an alcoholic content of about 17 percent by volume.

SAKE, THEN AND NOW.

Somewhere on the Asian continent, over thirty centuries ago, the entertainment value of fermented rice was discovered. The crude brew, though quite unlike the light, clear, sophisticated product of today, rapidly spread into and throughout Japan.

Today, sake is part of everyday life in Japan, as well as an important component of the nation's identity. It flows everywhere in Japan—in bars, restaurants, homes, and, thanks to hundreds of energetic sidewalk sake vendors, even in the streets of the major cities.

HOW TO DRINK IT.

For most of the last three thousand years, sake was only served warm. To do this, just place the bottle in a pan of boiling water for a few minutes, until the sake is slightly warmer than your skin. (In colder weather, you may want to heat it up a bit more.) Then pour it into the traditional sakazuki—small porcelain cups like the one above—or into any standard wineglass.

This is still a great way to enjoy sake, but it's not the only way. In recent years, many people have begun to drink sake on the rocks. And they've started using sake in their mixed drinks, with delightful results. For recipes, see the section headed "Mixing with sake."

WHEN TO SERVE IT.

Though it looks like any ordinary white wine, sake goes well with any kind of food. Its taste is strong enough to stand up to meat, yet light enough to complement fish and fowl. And, need we add, it's perfect with any Japanese dish. But you don't have to wait for dinner to drink it. All you really need is the right company.

HOW TO SELECT A SAKE.

There are many fine brands of sake available in this country. We suggest you try Kiku Masamune® Sake first. Kiku Masamune has been brewing sake since 1659, and has long been the official purveyor of sake to the Imperial Household of Japan. In fact, it's the only brewery known to have been visited by the Emperor. For over three hundred years, Kiku Masamune has maintained an unequaled reputation for quality.

MIXING WITH SAKE.

Many drinks made with vodka or rum, for instance, can be made better by using sake instead. Experiment on your own. And try some of these other sake drinks.

SAKE SCREWDRIVER. Or, when made with Kiku Masamune Sake, the KIKU HAIKU, after a delightful form of Japanese poetry. As one taste will tell you, this is a most appropriate name. Just combine one part Kiku Sake and three parts orange juice in a glass. Add ice, cherry, and stir.

SAKE MARTINI. One part Kiku Sake, three parts dry gin: stir with cracked ice, strain into glass.

SAKE OLD-FASHIONED. Place half a teaspoon of sugar, a dash of bitters, and ice into a glass. Add an ounce-and-a-half of Kiku Sake, and fill to brim with club soda. Stir.

SAKE PUNCH. Combine four bottles of Kiku Sake, one pint of orange juice, and ten tablespoons of sugar in a large bowl. Refrigerate for at least 30 minutes. To serve, pour into punch bowl over block of ice, add one bottle of champagne, orange slices.

SAKE-AND-TONIC. One part Kiku Sake to three parts tonic: add ice, stir.

SAKE COLLINS. Combine one ounce lemon juice, ½ teaspoon sugar, two ounces Kiku Sake, and ice. Shake. Strain into tall, ice-filled glass. Fill glass to brim with club soda.

IT'S UP TO YOU.

Whether you try Kiku Sake straight, mixed, or on the rocks, we're sure you'll enjoy it. We've also prepared a number of Kiku starter sets, consisting of Kiku Masamune Sake in a special decanter, plus traditional porcelain sake cups.

The set just may be at your nearby liquor store now. So, the next time you're there, try something new. And ask for something old.

Kiku Masamune Sake.

Kiku Masamune® Sake, Table Wine, ©1974 Heublein Wines International, Hartford, Conn.

she had worked her way around all the toes she began to suck each of them. By the time she reached the big one she seemed to be simulating fellatio. Then the tip of her tongue slid up the inside of my foot, over the curve of the instep, and then circled my ankle bone many times. My thighs began to tense up again and I was sure that I was going to come then and there, and I guess so was she, because she left my feet and returned to my prick. She kept fondling me, both with her hands and her artful mouth—kissing, licking, and playing with me until I felt like a pressure cooker that was going to burst. I felt this incredible tension start in my arches and seep up through my calves and thighs—and finally in one excruciating convulsion dissolve into a shattering orgasm.

After I came she kept me in her mouth and by rolling her tongue around in the most incredible of ways kept me hard for about fifteen minutes before she let me have another orgasm. After my second orgasm she walked over to the light and turned it back on. We both got dressed, and as incredible as it seems, went back to work.—*D.S., Los Angeles, Calif.*

Cast in a different roll

I've got a foxy lady and through an unusual set of circumstances I think I've finally got her all to myself. I said she was foxy—she has her nights out on the town and one night she outfoxed herself. She spent the night with some wealthy artist in his loft with twenty-seven different levels of living space. The way she explains it is that she was streaking through this guy's apartment after she had "put him away"—she does have a magic way of putting me to sleep immediately after we make love—and she tripped on some steps and broke her precious leg.

When I came home from work yesterday she was sitting in my kitchen with her cast propped up on the table. I noted that she must have broken her leg pretty badly because the cast went from her toes all the way up her leg, stopping just below her hip. She was wearing a blue-jeans dress, and sitting there pouting and looking sultry. I looked up and down her cast and could see that she wasn't wearing any panties under her skirt. Her legs were spread and the bleached white cast was just touching her black pubic curls. I was angry about her being out on the town again, but those pouting lips and that long look up her skirt had me thinking about other things. I didn't say a word, just lifted her out of that kitchen chair, and carried her into my room where I put her down on the water bed.

It was really incredible to see her little toes sticking out of that hunk of white plaster. I had never gotten into toes before, but this time it was different. She was so seductive spread out on the bed and weighed down by the cast that I couldn't help licking her little toe. She twitched and soon I was sucking each toe and darting my tongue between them to her squeals of delight.

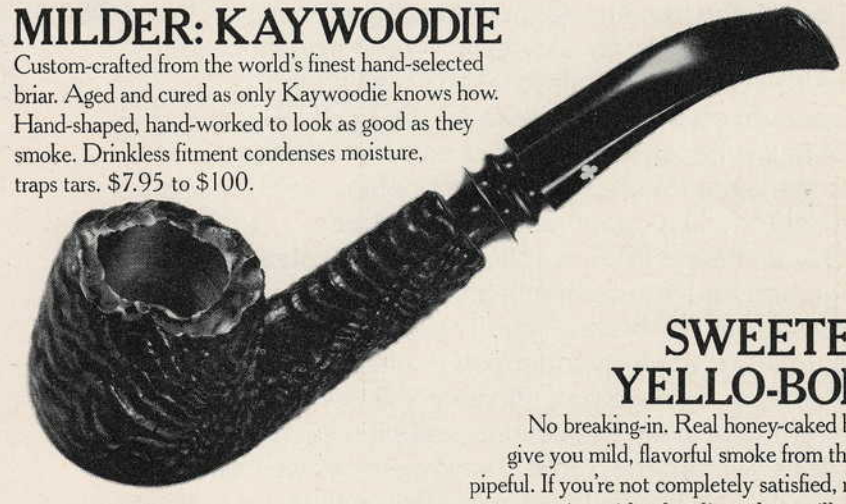
Lying there on the bed, with that heavy cast anchoring her down, she really couldn't do anything except wait for me. Usually she made a long game of not wanting to spread those luscious thighs for me. But this time I was going to make her submit to me. It was impossible for her to reach down and remove her skirt, and I must admit I liked it that way. She was immobilized on the bed. After watching her try to sit up, I said, "Lie back and spread your legs." She said, "Let me up," and tried to move, but couldn't.

I continued to tease her and lick her until she was begging me to undress her and put her out of her misery. I took off her blouse and bra and looked at her totally nude, floating on the water bed with that huge hunk of a cast sitting like a rock in the middle. I sort of licked my way up her good

"Quick, Watson, my pipe."

"Which one?"

MILDER: KAYWOODIE
Custom-crafted from the world's finest hand-selected briar. Aged and cured as only Kaywoodie knows how. Hand-shaped, hand-worked to look as good as they smoke. Drinkless fitment condenses moisture, traps tars. $7.95 to $100.



SWEETER: YELLO-BOLE
No breaking-in. Real honey-caked bowls give you mild, flavorful smoke from the first pipeful. If you're not completely satisfied, return pipe with sales slip and we will refund your purchase price. $2.95 to $7.95.

DRIER: MEDICO
Change the filter and your pipe is clean. The 66 baffles in replaceable, absorbent Medico filters trap juices, tars, nicotine...make smoking cleaner, cooler. Nylon bits are guaranteed bite-proof. Pipes: $2.95 to $30.00. Medico Filters: regular, menthol, charcoal, 10 for 15¢.

KAYWOODIE/YELLO-BOLE/MEDICO
The World's Favorite Pipes

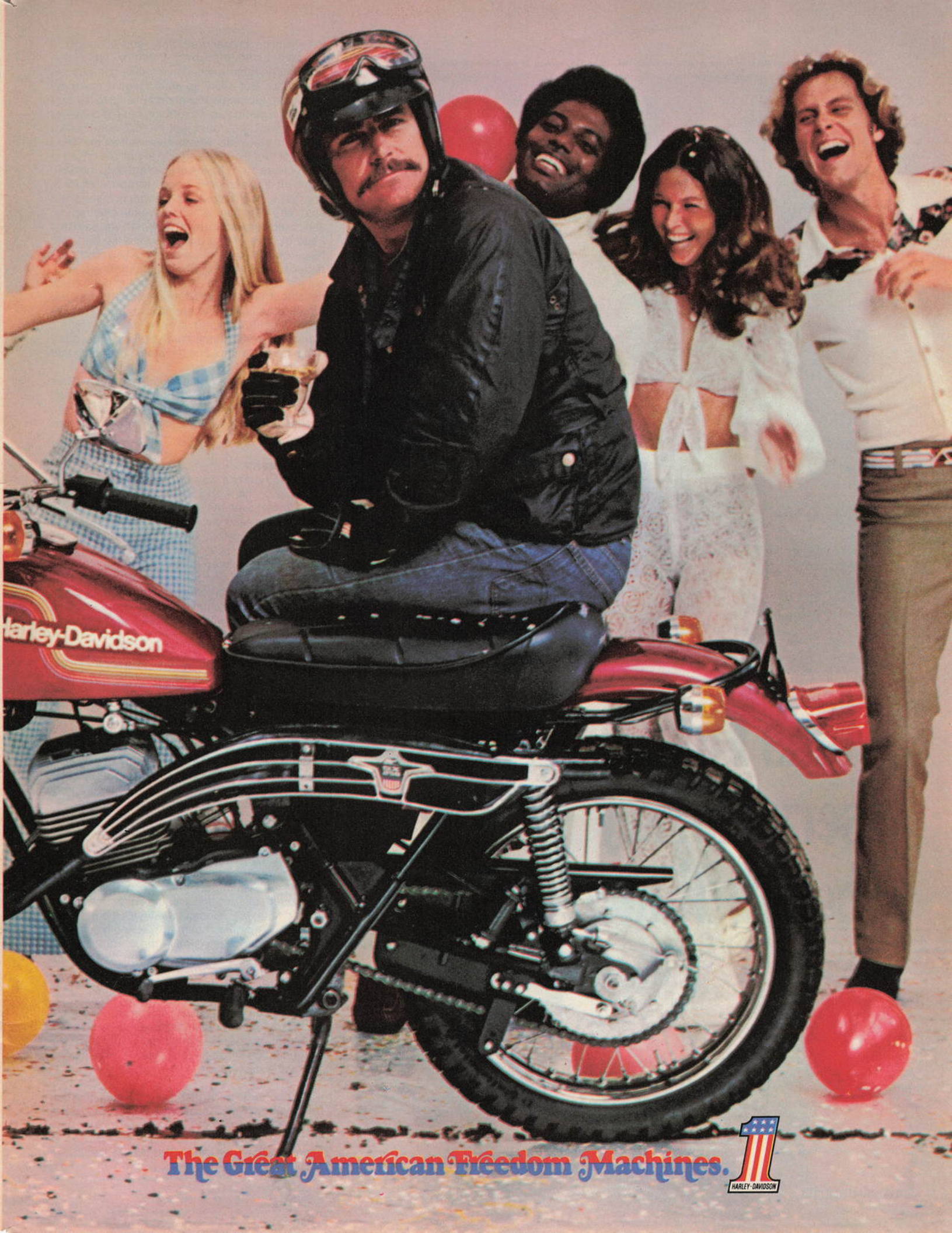
NEW Harley-Davidson SX·250

Launch the free life. And do it on the all-new SX-250. The Harley-Davidson breakthrough in motorcycling. It's built to take you wherever freedom calls—the boulevards, the bush, the boonies. Because it boasts of a frame and shocks to tame the toughest trails. Competition-type front fork. Dirt-proof labyrinth seal hubs. Quick-change ISDT rear hub. And solid state CDI ignition for maximum reliability. Here are more reasons to celebrate. A chrome bore 2-cycle aluminum single cylinder power plant. Less wear, less heat. 5-speed box. Primary kick start—kick it over in any gear. Plus an integral oil reservoir located within the frame. Tachometer as well as a true enduro odometer, resettable in either direction. There it is. SX-250. Join the party and come on in to your Harley-Davidson dealer—now!

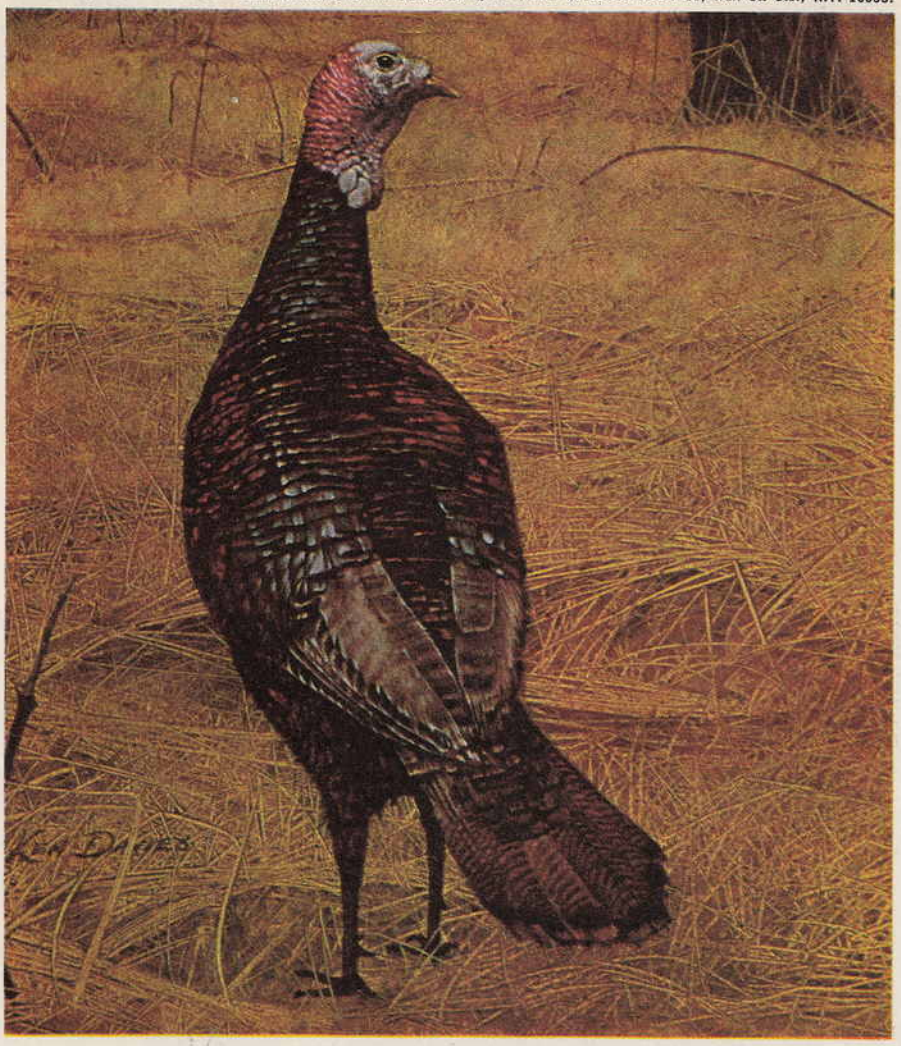
AMF Harley-Davidson

Harley-Davidson believes in safety first. Before you start out—put on your lights, your helmet—and watch out for the other guy.

Member Motorcycle Industry Council


Harley-Davidson
The Great American Freedom Machines.
HARLEY-DAVIDSON

For color reproduction of the Wild Turkey painting by Ken Davies, 19 by 21", send $1 to Box 929-P-11, Wall St. Sta., N.Y. 10005.



This Thanksgiving serve Turkey before dinner.

WILD TURKEY
101 PROOF/8 YEARS OLD
Austin, Nichols Distilling Co., Lawrenceburg, Kentucky

leg—with her entirely helpless—and when I got to her cunt, I started rubbing it with my hand. She was getting really excited and she began to moan very softly. But every so often I would move my hand from rubbing her ever so wet cunt to her bad thigh. She could see me rubbing her leg but there was no way she could feel it. That was the last place in the world where she wanted my hand—and I knew it. She was trying to pull me on top of her, but she didn't have the leverage with the cast. I got off the bed and stood up and started to undress slowly. I took my time with my jeans and shirt, and kept it slow and easy until she told me she couldn't stand it anymore. When she said that I sort of gave in and got back onto the bed with her. I came inside her ever so slowly and continued to work her up. I was contemplating pulling out just to tease her a little more—and maybe ask her about her artist boyfriend—but she was beginning to come. With her nails digging into my back, I couldn't stand it anymore either and I started to come immediately, one hand underneath her soft rump, and the other squeezing that beautiful cast.

All I can say is, thank God for casts. More women should wear them. She hasn't left my bed since she broke her leg so it seems that my little fox has foxed herself right into a hole.—*J.T., Minneapolis, Minn.*

Pet partisans

This was Homer's way of dropping the hint that Helen was the world's most beautiful woman: "And there over the gates the old men of the people were seated with Priam. They were too old now for fighting, but very good at talking. And there they were, seated up on the wall like cicadas up in a tree, keeping their voices going. Now when they saw Helen coming up on the wall, they said softly to one another: 'Little blame is it that Trojans and Greeks have undergone so much so long for such a woman. Unbelievably like the immortal goddesses she is to look upon!' "

And now, a Homeric tribute to Barbie Lewis, *Penthouse* Pet for July. She is said to prefer aggressive men, but maybe she will listen for a moment to our serenade out here in the trees. We may be too old for fighting or fucking, but we are very good at appreciating. Barbie stirs memories in us. She is a composite of the best we have ever known or seen.

Beauty like hers is genius. A work of genius is life enhancing and proper cause for public celebration. Joe Brooks has celebrated it with great artistry in mood studies ranging from the playful and sensual to the visionary. Barbie's beauty is always equal to the classic settings of sun, sand, sea, and sky.

According to a press release, Ms. Lewis is in trouble with her employers over her nude photographs. The principal of her school in a Milwaukee suburb alleges that it would be embarrassing for her if the July *Penthouse* fell into the hands of her kids. This is a mean-spirited point of view. What does Miss Lewis have to be embarrassed about? Her response is the right one: "If a little kid were to come up to me this fall and say he saw my picture in the nude, I would just tell him that's fine; now let's get back to work."

Barbie Lewis can count on an army of supporters. Little kids, old men, aggressive men, poets and philosophers—including, doubtless, the statue she warms to life on page 72.—*Name and address withheld*

I am flabbergasted after seeing your July Pet, Barbie. Wow, wow, and wow! She should go down as the all-time greatest Pet in history. Your photographer should get a raise. He sure did cover her from all angles, and I sure would like to see

The small car that's all car.

Quadrozontal Engine.

Aluminum alloy, liquid-cooled. With pistons set in a unique, "horizontally opposed" design for less wear and smooth performance.

Radial Tires.

For better handling, better control, better mileage. 4-door.

Over 27 Miles Per Gallon.

In a recent nationwide survey, conducted by National Analysts, owners of 1974 Subaru models reported over 27 miles per gallon.

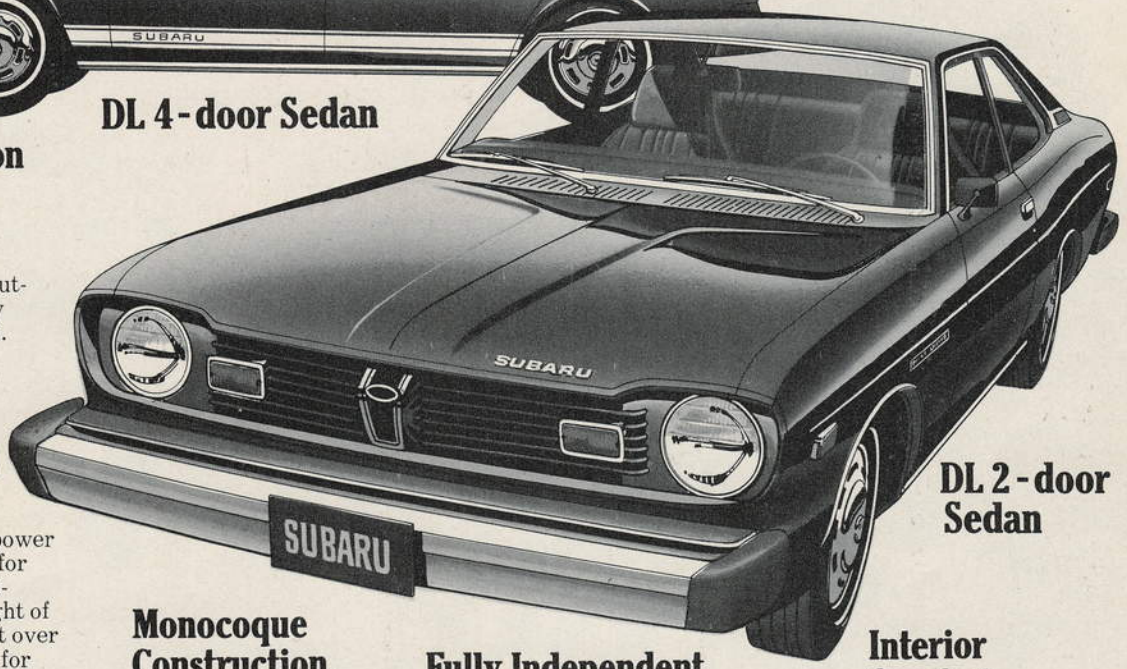
"Extras" Built In.

Like a pushbutton radio, tinted glass all around, cigarette lighter, and more. At no added cost.

DL 4-door Sedan

Rack and Pinion Steering.

Precise and positive handling. Eliminates complicated gears—putting you more directly in touch with the road.



DL 2-door Sedan

Front Wheel Drive.

The wheels that power the car, steer it—for unsurpassed road-holding. The weight of the engine is right over the drive wheels, for extra traction when you need it.

Monocoque Construction.

Safe. Solid. Durable. A sturdy one-piece body with reinforced side panels.

Fully Independent Suspension.

For a smoother, more stable ride. If only one wheel hits a bump, only one wheel reacts to it—without bouncing the rest of the car around.

Interior Comfort.

Plenty of room, luxury appointments, and fully reclining bucket seats that adjust to 17 positions.

New. Unlimited Mileage Warranty.

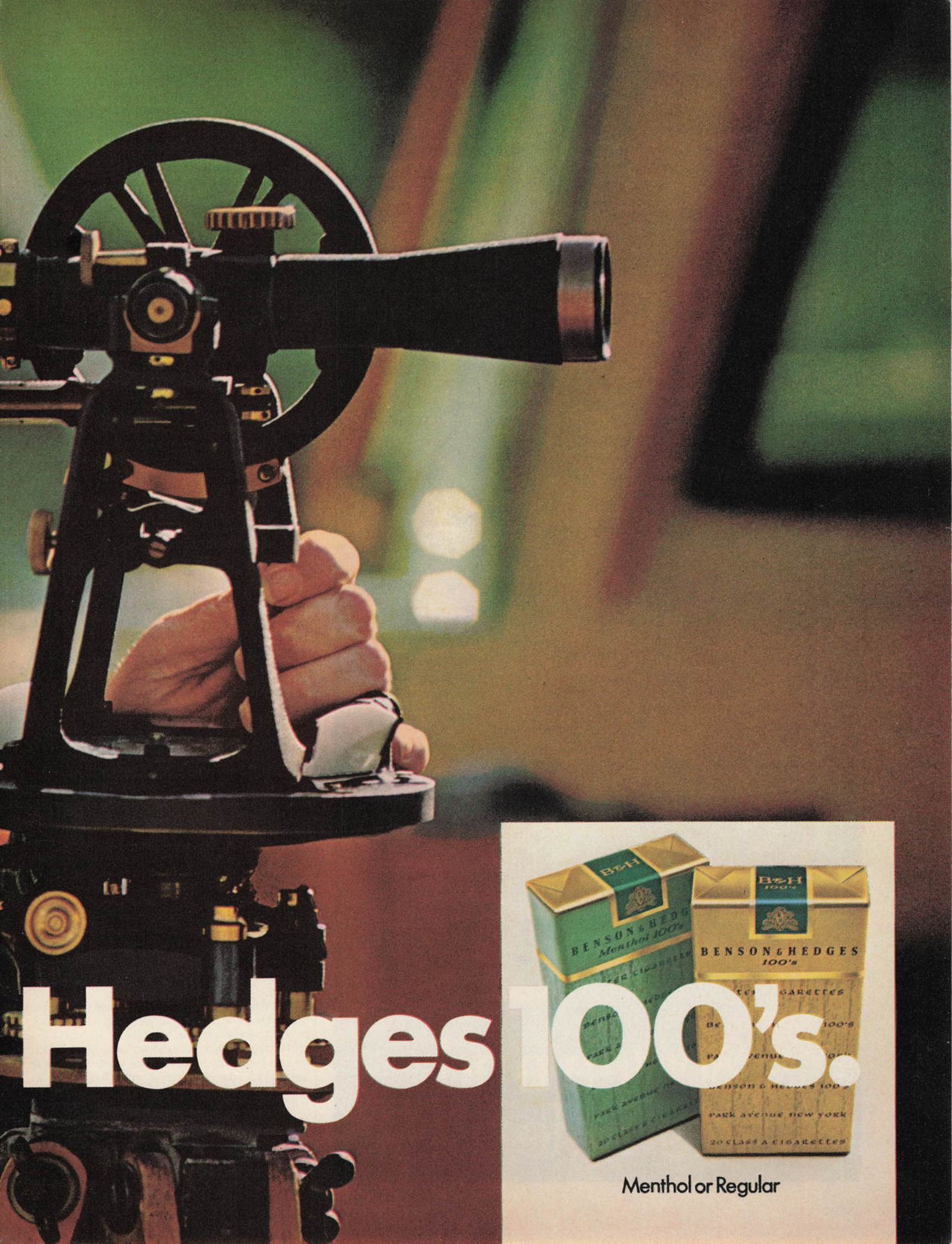
Every Subaru sold is guaranteed against defects in materials and workmanship for a full year. No matter how many miles you drive.

Front Drive Subaru

You could buy it for gas mileage alone. But there's so much more.

See your Yellow Pages for the dealer nearest you. Or call, toll free, 800-447-4700. In Illinois 800-322-4400. Subaru automobiles manufactured by Fuji Heavy Industries, Ltd., Tokyo, Japan. Imported by Subaru of America, Inc., Pennsauken, New Jersey.

America's Favorite Cigarette Break.
Benson &
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
18 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Mar. '74


Hedges 100's.
B&H
BENSON & HEDGES
Menthol 100's
BENSON & HEDGES
100's
PARK AVENUE NEW YORK
20 CLASS A CIGARETTES
Menthol or Regular

more of her in future issues. With the mole on her left breast and that cute face, who could resist her? She seems relaxed in all the photos which adds to my indescribable elation. The photo on page 72 (with the statue) in which she smiles with her hand resting on the statue's penis sent me into ecstasy. Of course the best photo was the centerfold—a splendid shot of feminine beauty at its absolute and undeniable best.

I don't see how you can do better even though you probably will.—*Patrick Feinberg, Seattle, Wash.*

As an avid reader of *Penthouse* and an ardent fan of the Pets, it is my decision to take the other side of one of the issues in the Forum. I have been disturbed by the recent letters you have published requesting the shaving off of the Pets' genital hair. The gentleman from Baton Rouge, Louisiana (April issue), tells us of the satisfaction he experiences from his wife when she is totally shaved. She would probably make me sick—among other things—because I think that only perverted women do such a thing. I become turned-off by women without any covering on those blissful lips, even though they are more than likely fantastic bed partners. Their appearance, especially those ladies with smaller than average breasts, reminds me of seven- or eight-year-olds. I apologize to those shaven women who are extraordinary lovers, but I believe a woman should only trim, fluff, and wash her locks. Like the hair on her head, her pussy reflects her personality. I hope you expose more of your Pets' lips but don't remove more hair than necessary. —*Name and address withheld*

Peeping Toms

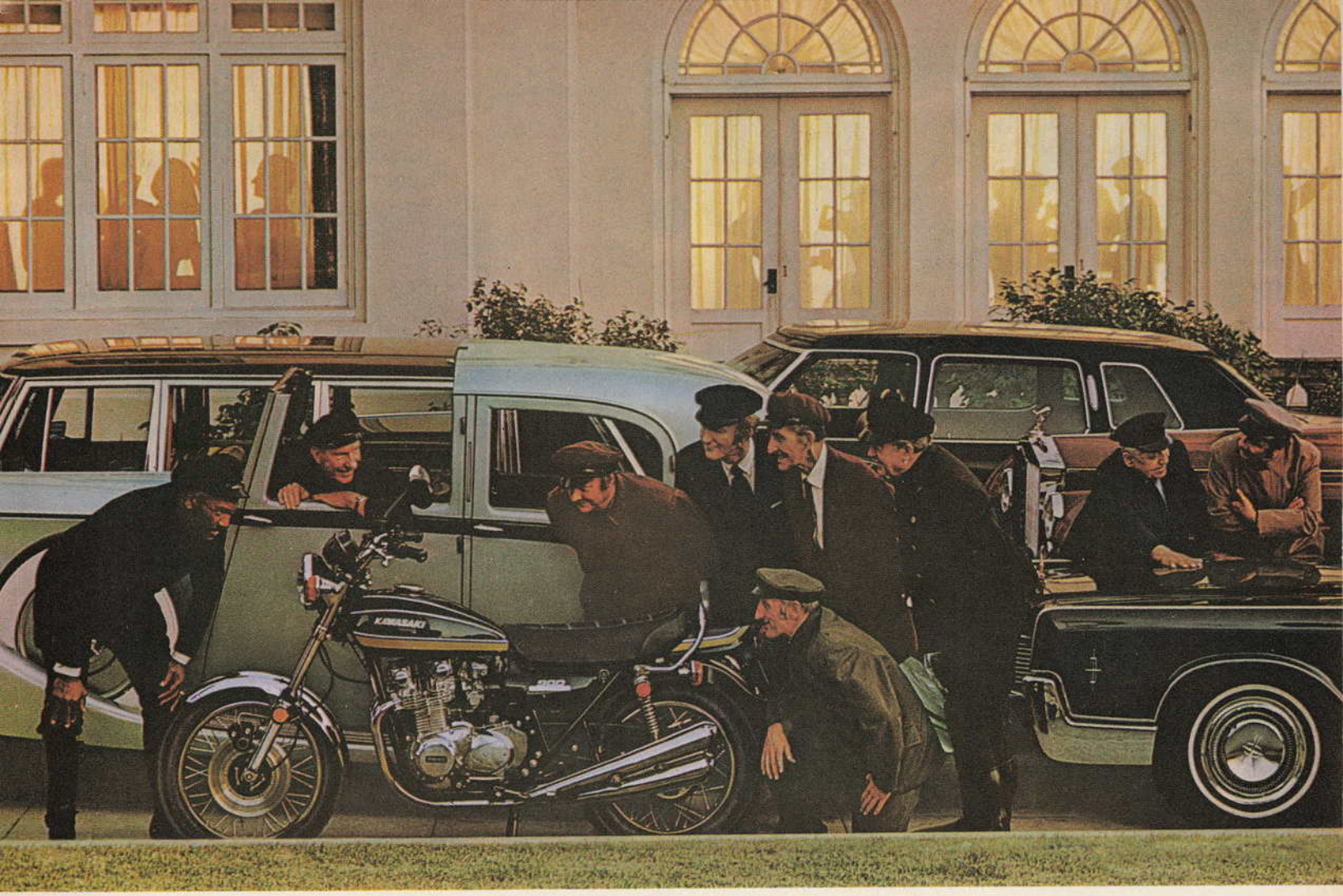
My name's Carla and I live with Susan and Karen in a big old apartment in New York City. We're writing in to let you help us thank that man who lives in apartment 26 of our building. We live in 35 and the man in 26 provides us with lots of entertainment that we truly appreciate—but since we've never spoken to the man in 26 we decided to let *Penthouse* pass on our words of thanks. We know he reads *Penthouse* because we can actually see him reading it.

You see, the man in 26 doesn't have an air conditioner so he opens all his windows and takes off all his clothes to beat the heat in the city. Susan, Karen, and I really don't consider ourselves Peeping Toms but we could barely avoid noticing that there was a nicely hung young man living right across the way.

Susan noticed him first. I really didn't know he was over there since I usually keep my shades drawn. One night I stumbled into Susan in the living room on my way to the kitchen for a snack. All the lights were out and she was standing there alone in the dark. I was frightened at first when I bumped into her but then I realized that something peculiar was going on. Then I noticed that there was a very visible nude male form directly out the window. I told Susan she was a voyeur but I must admit that he looked nice and I was intrigued.

Karen was on her way to the shower when she discovered the two of us standing in the dark peering out the window. I quickly told her to come and take a look out the window, forcing her to join us as a fellow voyeur before she knew what she'd gotten into. That was the first night. The man in 26 has been exposing himself to our delight for over a month and a half.

Anyway we just want him to know how grateful we are for his unabashedly dashing manner and his strikingly sexy good looks. Last night all three of us watched him while he was paging through the most recent issue of *Penthouse* to his and our



I'VE BEEN DRIVING for her family six years now so I know if things don't go the way she plans, Miss Katherine gets furious. This evening, when we pulled into the Pullium's driveway her plans were very definite. "No need to wait," she said, "David will take me, uh, home."

"Pardon, Miss Katherine, but I don't see his car," I said.

"He's simply later than usual," she said. "Good night, William." And into the party she went. I waited, just in case. And ten minutes later, David arrived. I've never seen anybody show up at a classy party riding a motorcycle.

Jimmy—he drives for the McCormicks—he said it was hardly proper. But Roland scoffed, "Nonsense, man, that's a Z-1." I asked him, "What's a Z-1?"

"Maybe the finest touring bike ever made, that's what," he said. And he launched into an emotional monologue, I'd call it, about the bike's 4-stroke, 4 cylinder, 903cc engine, its prestige, world records and how money talks. Even Jimmy was impressed.

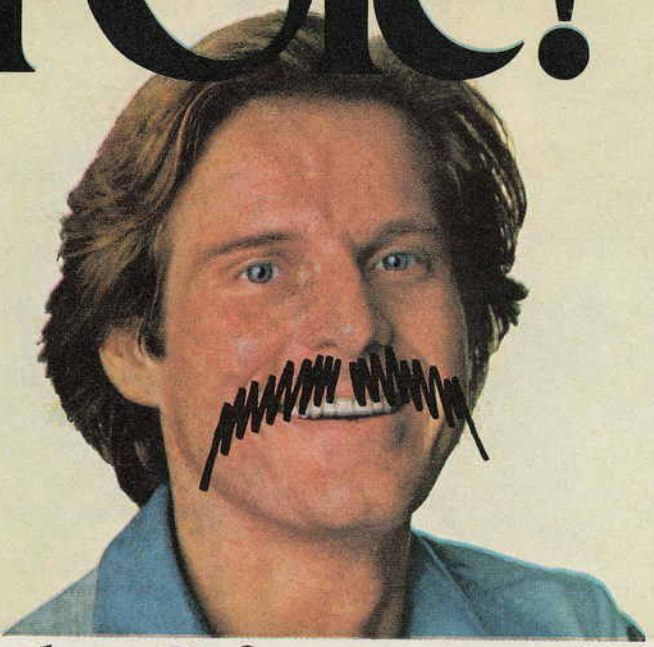
So all I can do now is wait for the storm after the party, when Miss Katherine finds out she won't be going anywhere in the back of David's limo. And I'm wondering if David would consider putting a side-car on his Z-1 and hiring a second driver.

Kawasaki
lets the good times roll.

Good times include riding safely. We recommend wearing a helmet and eye protection, keeping lights on and checking local laws before you ride. See Yellow Pages for nearest Kawasaki dealer. Member Motorcycle Industry Council.

Olé!

In a marvelous Margarita,
a super Sunrise
or maybe just daringly straight...
nothing compares with
Smooth Olé Tequila.
It's got that Mexican spirit.



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Remember. Before you say "Tequila", always say "Olé".

OLÉ SUNRISE: 1½ ozs. Olé Tequila, 3 ozs. Orange Juice, ½ oz. Grenadine. Serve over ice in a large glass.

secret delight. We can't wait to catch a glimpse of him when he finds out he's got his own private fan club in apartment 35 so we hope you'll do us a favor and print this letter.—*Susan, Carla, and Karen, New York, N.Y.*

Muff-divers

Well, as I suspected, that letter captioned *A matter of taste* opened a can of worms, or should I say a can of sardines?

To the "islander" (July Forum) I say a fishy pussy is a sick pussy, and if God had wanted us to eat that thing, he would have put a toothpick and a napkin down there.

I do not mean to say that all "boxes" smell like a carton of dried bait, but I do say that those who dote on this sort of thing really are showing a distinct proclivity towards the perverse. Sex is a reflexive instinct that we humans misuse as badly as we do booze. Any animal has more sense than we do—and you don't find any "muff-divers" among them.

From my own limited sexual experience, I'd say that 90 percent of women go down on men but only 45 percent of men go down on women. As you might have guessed, I tried it once and didn't like it—it was not finger-lickin' good. I am a plain old-fashioned top-fucker and that's good enough for me.—*R.T., Los Angeles, Calif.*

Wicked Wanda

The six sexagenarians who make up our country club's bridge team survey with more than cursory interest the mammaries and other attributes of your lovely young ladies, but we also get some real bangs and chortles from the episodes of Wicked Wanda.

The magnificent Wanda, born to the purple and a cascade of wealth, had to have been created by seven strains of semen in an all-night orgy. Beyond all doubt, she has inherited the noble virtues of diverse blood lines—body, beauty, brains, chicanery, roguery, rascality, craftiness, cruelty, villainy, intrigue, corruption—and she's also a sadist who wields a wicked whip.

Unlike our poor little American rich bitches, she has never known the joys of marriage and divorce. She is a gorgeous saint in armor, a virgin untouched by the joints of men, and a comedienne of the highest order. Hail to thee, oh Wicked Wanda—you gotta like a girl like that!—*W.W.P., address withheld*

A navel situation

I really enjoyed Fred Darwin's View From The Top concerning navels. I have always been turned-on by navels, and have fondled them whenever possible! I especially like girls with protruding navels or "outies," and would like to see more "outies" in your mag.

I happen to have an "outie" myself that has been an erogenous zone since I was a small child. At that time my mother used to push my protruding navel in and tape it with adhesive tape, but the tape did no good, and now in my late thirties, my navel still protrudes.

I have turned my wife on to her navel as a very erotic spot, and sometimes she plays with it during the day when I am not home. She says it's very soothing and gives her a comforting feeling.

Navels play a great part in our foreplay and intercourse. I lick and probe her navel, and she licks and sucks my umbilical lump.

I have often threatened to have my "outie" turned in by plastic surgery, but my wife insists she likes my protrusion. She loves to rub it for good luck!

I'd like to know if you have other female readers who get turned on by navels as my wife does.—*Name and address withheld*

Hair today, gone tomorrow

I just returned from a world tour where I met many girls. In the Far East, pubic hair is almost nonexistent. Over there to be hairless is a sign of beauty. In France, Germany, England, Sweden, and all over Europe the trend is towards shaved pubic areas. A girl's mound is a beautiful thing, but when it's covered with hair it might as well be covered with a piece of cloth.

Here in Canada more and more girls are shaving off their hair. There are still lots who have it, but they are also shaving off the lower patch so their lips are exposed. I'm a gynecologist and see women every day so what I say is the truth and not just a small sampling. With more and more girls shaving partially or fully you should naturally start showing girls of this sort.—*Name withheld, Calgary, Canada*

Fore! (skin)

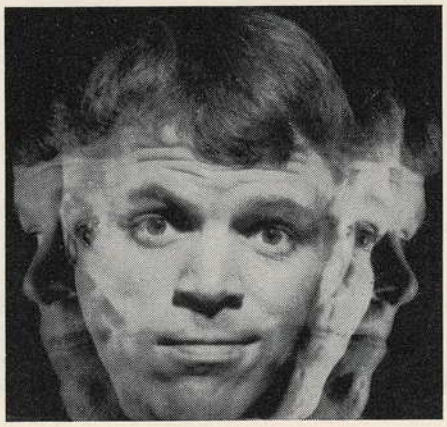
I have been debating for some time about adding my two cents to the great debate on circumcision, but an incident that happened the other day has given me the courage to make my feelings known.

While waiting to tee off at our local country club, there was a foursome of doctors ahead of us, and one of them received a call that a patient was in labor, so naturally he left the game. Later he returned to his group for a locker room gin-rummy game. I overheard him complaining to his colleagues about how inconsiderate his patient was to decide to have a baby at that particular time and spoil his golfing, and also how inconsiderate she was to have produced a female child and beat him out of a circumcision fee.

This incident tends to confirm my belief that the urging for circumcision is monetarily motivated. I wonder how many male children are born each year in this country whose foreskins are sacrificed to enlarge the doctor's bank accounts.

The more you know about Panasonic tape recorders, the harder it is to choose one.

For the big sound of stereo in a neat little package, there's the RS-451S. A stereo cassette recorder with an FM/AM/FM stereo radio. And two dynamic speakers with a stereo spacer for greater sound separation. There are also two built-in condenser mikes for recording in stereo. And mike mixing to record your voice while you record your music. The RS-451S. It's the stereo you can take anywhere.



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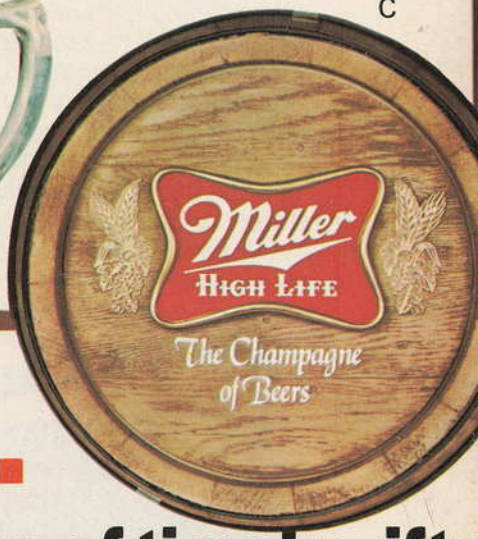

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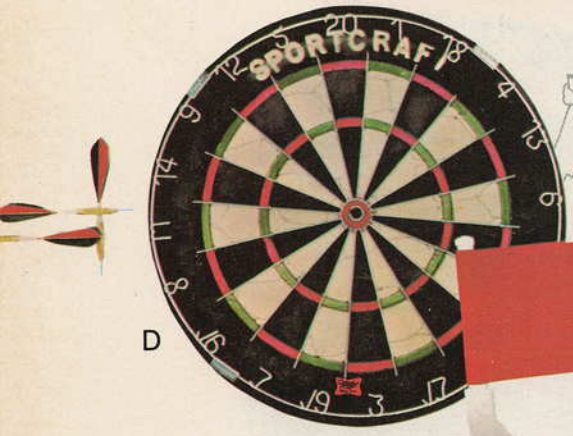

D

F

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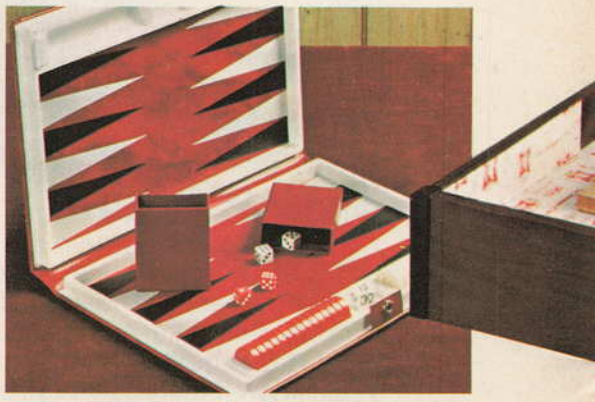

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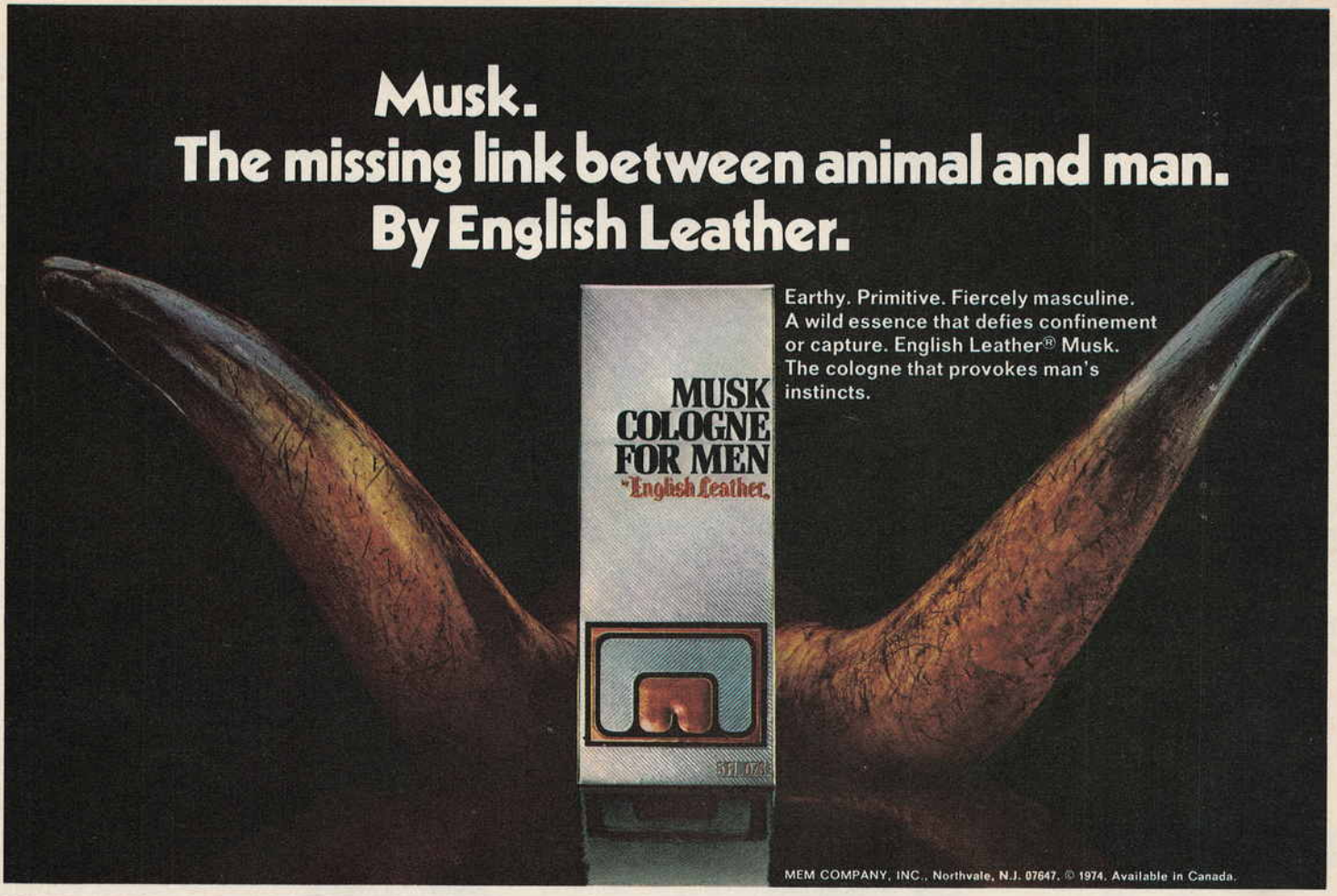

As for my personal experience in this area, my wife developed a tremendous fear of cancer of the cervix after reading numerous articles in women's magazines by medical people stating that it was caused by an uncircumcised penis. To remove her fears I consulted a physician who gladly removed all of my foreskin—and I mean all of it. This was about five years ago, and I must report that intercourse is not as pleasurable to me as it was previously. The glans is definitely not as sensitive as it was, and the denuded area becomes quite painful after extended intercourse.

If it can be definitely proven that circumcision will prevent cancer the discomfort is certainly worth it, but if not, then the great American "tip-off" is really the great American "rip-off."—*R.F., Evanston, Ill.*

On the satin side

The article in your July issue about men who like to wear women's undergarments brought back memories of what I experienced five years ago. I was thirty-eight at the time and my sex life and marriage were on the rocks. If we had relations every other week my wife and I were lucky.

One night we were going to a masquerade party, and my wife decided I would go as a vamp. I had just showered and shaved my legs to the knees, and I was standing naked in the bedroom. My wife handed me an old satin half-slip she wore when we were first married. Without realizing it, I put it on inside out and started to adjust it on my waist when I got a hell of an erection. I felt like I was on fire. I grabbed my wife and started to kiss her neck and breasts, which just made me see red. I suddenly sat on the floor and performed cunnilingus for the first time with my wife. She quickly climaxed, but she wanted more. So I had her lay on the bed and I inserted my finger and played with her until she was again ready to climax. Then I pulled the slip up and got on top of her. She was hopping all over the bed and begging me to come. When we climaxed it was the greatest act we ever had. We just lay there completely exhausted.

At the party my penis kept on slipping out of my shorts and rubbing against the satin side of the slip which kept it half erect most of the night. About eleven my wife went upstairs to the hostess's master bathroom. I followed her up and we made love again on the bathroom floor. About one-thirty she asked me if I could fuck her again —which was a word she could not stand to hear or use before. We left the party and went home.

We started to strip but she told me to leave the half-slip on. She started to rub up against me and asked me to make love to her the way I did before we went to the party. All the time we were going at it what amazed me was I could do it three times in one night. I felt like I was twenty years old again.

She begged me to keep the satin half-slip on, and if I woke up in the morning with an erection to wake her up. I did and we did!

When I got home from work that night I found my wife had gotten rid of the kids. She took me up to the bedroom and had me put the half-slip on again satin side in. She started to kiss me and at the same time massage my penis with the slip. It is impossible to describe the pleasurable feeling that gave me. I started to kiss her and suck her rock-hard nipples. She begged me to sit on the floor and kiss her until we were both ready to come. My penis was throbbing from the satin slip massage and the lovemaking, but I hopped on top of her and I thought the bed would break.

She told me to put my pants on over the slip and we went downstairs and had dinner. Over dinner she told me how much she loved me, and how hot she had been all day just waiting for me to come home from the office. In fact she had never enjoyed sex so much and couldn't get enough. For the first time in her life she felt like a whole woman. We made love twice more that night.

Since that time she has ordered satin sheets, more satin half-slips, and some full length satin nightgowns. When we rub against one another it gives us a soft smooth feeling and drives me up the wall.

Over the past five years we have made love four to five times a week. With kids around the house sex is hard at times, but my resourceful wife finds a way. We both feel like we have been reborn and liberated. All I know is satin has added that spice to our life.—*Name and address withheld*

Classical tastes

I am a professor of Classics at an eastern university and I have never written a letter to *Penthouse* or any similar magazine. Recently I had the opportunity to read through the letters column of one of your magazines and I was struck by two things. I was rather pleasantly impressed by the literary quality of *some* of the letters, and I was also rather taken by the striking similarities between some of the sexual reveries that some of your readers partake in, and the rather eclectic sexual romps that abounded in Imperial Rome.

Certainly I am not suggesting that the literary quality of the *Penthouse* letters column is equal to that of the *PMLA*, but I am suggesting that pornography can be literary. When Suetonius tells us about the Emperor Tiberius's "minnows"—little boys who swam naked in the emperor's pools and pinched the emperor's testicles—or about certain rather perverse and sexually cruel punishments that the emperor inflicted on some of his less welcome guests—like tying a cord tightly around

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a guest's penis and scrotum in order to prevent the victim from relieving himself—we are apt to be more than a little surprised at finding such overtly sexual renditions of events in the works of an honored historian. On the other hand Suetonius may only be an honored historian because of his obviously voyeuristic view of the private lives of the emperors.

Certainly many of your readers can understand not only Tiberius's affinity for his "minnows," but also Suetonius's verve when he tells the story. At another juncture Suetonius refers to Nero as "that little pervert" because Nero enjoyed being flagellated and eating peeled plums from his stepmother's vagina. Upon reflection, it might appear that perhaps Suetonius was being a little hard on Nero; and, if we can give credence to such letters as *Naughty nurses* or *Tantalizing toes* in past issues of *Penthouse*, then history bears us out, not Suetonius.

As to whether these actions, both past and present, are immoral, I can only say immorality is a horribly evasive term which should perhaps be left to rest among the cobwebs of classical ethics. Although many of your readers might not understand the moral significance of Caligula naming his horse as the head Consul of the Roman Senate, Caligula might well not understand a *Penthouse* reader's desire to dress up in black-lace panties and high heels, and stand in front of a mirror masturbating. But for Caligula, boredom was rampant. His only true friend, his horse, was reputed to be damned dull, and Caligula, like the rest of us had to find his diversions.

It seems that contemporary man considers himself quite a "sex-pert"—that he feels he has tasted of all the forbidden fruits and, perhaps, even discovered some new ones himself. But how mistaken he is. Your *Penthouse* section titled *Monopede mania* may to some seem quite grotesque, but historians have preserved some rather unusual and provocative accounts of Roman soldiers finding themselves peculiarly attracted to one-legged women in villages they had plundered. The positions that some of these Teutonic fräuleins could attain almost borders on the sublime.

Sexual freedom, orgies, spankings—the domain of the modern *Penthouse* reader? Hardly. History tends to reemphasize old patterns of human behavior—and human behavior, in periods of *high* civilization, has always shown a tendency towards the sexually innovative. Why should we presume to greater heights of eroticism than a culture steeped in a decadence that is almost inconceivable?

On the other hand I don't mean to imply that our current twentieth century is sexually a wasteland—on the contrary even my own experience suggests the opposite. Oftentimes in a tutorial with some young vital coed our conversations quickly move from talk of Romulus and Remus or the Gracchi brothers to the more interesting "diversions" of the emperors of Imperial Rome. It seems that many of these young ladies have found the classics more interesting than they had anticipated—all in all they seem to be quite pleasantly pleased that these early records of civilization are replete with some rather titillating episodes. One such coed wanted to act out the rape of the Sabine women with me in my office. Although quite intrigued by the idea, I hesitatingly demurred.—*B.W., address withheld*

Ms.-matched

I am a young housewife twenty years of age who enjoys your magazine. My mother and mother-in-law are also regular readers. We particularly enjoy the letters from your readers—but we do wish you would have a pictorial on older women as both my mother and mother-in-law are living proof of older women being beautiful. My mother is forty-one years old and measures 38-26-37. My mother-in-law is thirty-nine years old and measures 37-26-36—and both have long sexy looking legs. I am at half their age and I measure 36-24-35 and would be hard-pressed to top them in a beauty contest. I mention statistics only to point out that magazines like your own do not really give older women their fair share of praise.

Recently we have noticed a growing interest in your readers on the subject of women wrestling. My mother-in-law and I decided to try it out and see what we thought of it, if anything—and this is what happened. It was a spur-of-the-moment decision and we were both clad in what probably would turn on most men—short skirts, sheer panty hose and halter-tops. Since neither of us had done any wrestling in the past we agreed to wrestle at five-minute intervals with one-minute rest periods. We knew very little about holds, etc. so we agreed to wrestle free-style—anything goes, but no elements of cat-fighting allowed. We lasted only fifteen minutes before we were both exhausted. We managed some awkward but effective holds during our match, including headlocks and leg scissors, but we mostly just rolled around my rug exchanging the upper hand. The only real damage was the loss of two pairs of panty hose which would catch, snag, and finally run when we engaged in some stiff leg wrestling. Actually, this leg wrestling proved to be my undoing. Towards the end of our match we were both tired but my mother-in-law managed to trap both my legs with hers, and although I tried with all my strength, I could not break my legs loose from hers. Our legs must have resembled pretzels as they were locked so tightly together. I finally conceded to her because I could not dislodge her from the top position.

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We both enjoyed our match and my mother-in-law felt a sense of accomplishment in beating me. I did not like losing but I feel I gave my best and it was a good experience. I plan to beat her in the future anyhow as we may wrestle each other weekly for the exercise and competition. She and my mother wrestled this past week in bikinis and I was the referee and timekeeper. They wrestled to a twenty-minute draw and really showed me a thing or two as they went all out and found themselves equal in strength and stamina. They engaged in a mutual bear hug contest for a full three minutes and although I thought they would both faint, neither would submit to the other. My mother-in-law tried her leg-hold trick towards the end of their match but met her equal as my mother managed to trap one of my mother-in-law's legs with her own and kept her to a stalemate. My mother and I are going at it next week. Keep up the good work but please do not write off older women—take it from me they can hold their own against us younger women if they keep in shape. Many thanks from three liberated women.—*Name and address withheld*

Pain, pleasure, et al. . . .

I'm constantly amazed that your writers so often fail to distinguish between punishment and sex spankings. At our house the two are quite distinctly different. Position, dress, and implements may be the same, but results and mood surely aren't!

As an often-spanked wife of nine years, I think I've had enough of each kind to be at least a mini-expert. Using our experiences as a standard I simply can't see how the two can be spoken of as though they were the same thing.

For a sex-spanking, I turn into "Madame Tease." Attired in my crotchless panties and sexiest bra, I lie full length on my husband's naked body. After arousing him a bit, I begin to torment him, with almost-kisses, near-caresses, and soft touches. After I draw back from one of my promised, but not-delivered kisses, I'm warned, "The next one had better be real, or your rear is going to be warmed." Never one to turn down a dare, I again draw back just short of contact.

After a brief wrestle and a few almost escapes, I find myself head down, bottom up, over my lover's knees. I literally shiver with excitement as he slowly pulls my panties down and lets his hand wander over my bare butt.

The slaps are hard and stinging but they're given slowly, with frequent pauses for licks, kisses, and caresses of the afflicted area. These spankings are very thorough. When they're over I'm red, sore, and unbelievably horny. Most of the reason I love them is that I know that the ensuing lovemaking will be great.

For sex spankings both of us know we're only playing the game of the domineering man with the submissive wife. For punishment, though, there's no playing—only pain.

These start with my man grabbing me by any reachable area and throwing me over his lap. By the time I've caught my breath I'm bared. While I lie there I'm told precisely what I'm being punished for and lectured thoroughly. When the spanks begin they seem never-ending. These are twice as firm, three times as fast, and arrive without any loving pauses.

When I'm sobbing, bright red, and sometimes blistered, my husband considers the spanking over. But not the punishment—I'm then ordered to the corner, panties still down—and there I stay, facing the wall, for ten or fifteen minutes. Believe me, those fifteen minutes have involved no pleasure. There's absolutely nothing but pain—both in my burning ass and upper thighs as well as in my terribly humiliated emotions.

So I'm firmly convinced that spanking can fall either under the category of pain or pleasure. It depends chiefly on the mood of giver and recipient.—*Name and address withheld*

The first sexual experience I remember was quite unusual and has shaped my sex life since. My sixth grade teacher was a pretty blond twenty-three-year-old who believed that bottoms served one purpose on the body . . . and that was to be on the receiving end of a paddle. Somehow I had made it through the year without being the recipient of one of her scourges and was relieved that I has escaped them—but was also curious about what one of those spankings would have felt like. On the last day of school, after everyone had left for the summer, I approached the teacher and told her about my funny feelings wondering what a paddling was like.

She smiled sweetly and told me she had the same problem with one of her male teachers in junior high school. She took me to the back of the room, and told me to tell her all the naughty things I'd done that year and had not been punished for. After that, she pulled down my pants, turned me over her knee and really gave my bare seat quite a treatment. It was a good thing she had on a short skirt, for I came then and there!

About two years later, during the summer, my granny, whom I was visiting for a couple of weeks, asked our neighbor, a tall, stunning redhead, to look in on me. On a Tuesday afternoon, she knocked on the door and who was with her but my old teacher! Our neighbor had rented her a room in her house. We told our neighbor that she had been my teacher and then my old teacher added, grinning, that the last time she had seen me, my cheeks had been so, so red. I blushed, but then we all joked about it. Our neighbor said that granny had told her to use switch on me as a joke. We all agreed it might be fun, and the joke became real—for the rest of the summer I became their little slave boy.

Now, three years later, I'm seventeen, still baby-faced, and still receiving discipline from two lovely ladies with pretty legs and strong paddles. And I wouldn't trade my spankings for anything.—*Name and address withheld*

My rather dominant girl friend and I discovered a most exciting and pleasurable new routine, concerning the pleasures of an enema.

On the occasions that she wishes to give me an enema, I am ordered to get the equipment and bring it to her. We proceed to the bathroom where I strip while she fills the bag with warm, soapy water. I assume whatever position she decides is preferable (the most frequent positions are the knee-chest position with my bottom high in the air, or lying flat on my back with my legs spread apart and flexed) and she inserts the tube, which has a large douche nozzle instead of a smaller enema tip. After the full bag of soapy water has run into my bowels, I retain it until I have performed cunnilingus on my girl friend. After she is satisfied, I am allowed to expel the enema. After I finish, we have intercourse, and we have found the whole routine to be totally enjoyable, and an excellent addition to our lovemaking repertoire.

Occasionally, the enema is used in a different fashion, as a punishment for some misbehavior on my part. When this is the case, a very different procedure is followed. I am stripped and tied face-down in a spread-eagle position. The filled enema bag is emptied rapidly into my bowels and frequently an additional quantity will be injected to increase the discomfort. I have to retain the enema until I am released to expel it on penalty of the procedure being repeated. If she has decided

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XOCHITL

Montezuma Margarita The flower symbolizes the last day of the Aztec week, representing the ultimate in true beauty and pleasure. The drink: 2 oz. Montezuma Tequila; ½ oz. Triple Sec; juice ½ lime; pinch of salt; stir in shaker over ice; rub rim of cocktail glass with lime peel and spin in salt; strain shaker into cocktail glass.

Tequila-Pineapple Liqueur. The 3rd day of the Aztec week is symbolized by a house, representing hospitality and at-home entertaining. The drink: fill a jar half way with chunks of ripe pineapple; pour Montezuma Tequila to the brim; add 1 teaspoon sugar (optional); cap jar and place in refrigerator for 24 hours; drain off liquid and serve as an after-dinner liqueur.

CALLI

Horny Bull™ Cocktail. A horned animal symbolizes the 7th day of the Aztec week, representing high-spirited and casual fun. The drink: 1 oz. Montezuma Tequila over ice in unusual glassware, mason jar, jelly jar, beer mug etc.; fill with fresh orange juice or orange breakfast drink.

MAZATL

Tequila Fizz. The rain symbolizes the 19th day of the Aztec week, representing cool refreshment. The drink: 2 oz. Montezuma Tequila; juice ½ lime; ½ teaspoon sugar; two dashes orange bitters; stir in a tall glass over ice; fill with club soda; garnish with lime shell.

QUIAHUITL

Tequila Straight. Water symbolizes the 9th day of the Aztec week, representing simple and uncomplicated pleasure. The drink: Pour 1½ oz. of Montezuma Gold Tequila in shot glass. Put salt on back of thumb; hold a wedge of lime between thumb and 1st finger; lick salt, drink Tequila, bite into lime in one flowing motion.

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*Tonatiuh: Aztec god of the sun.

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that an extra severe punishment is in order, the tube will be removed after the regular enema has been injected and the business end of a large feminine hygiene bulb syringe will be inserted in my rectum. The bulb will then be forcefully squeezed and slowly released at irregular intervals without warning. This pumping action, involving as it does the sudden injection of over half a pint of water into an already uncomfortably full bowel is a very effective addition to the punishment. This treatment is one that I avoid as much as possible, unlike the regular enemas, which I enjoy very much.—*Name and address withheld*

Monopede mania

About two years ago my husband brought home a copy of *Penthouse* and showed me the letters concerning "monopede mania." Every month since then I have read these letters with interest and amusement, and I have shared them with a half-dozen of my girl friends who are also "unipedettes." I reluctantly joined our exclusive sorority nine years ago when I was in a car accident the night of my high school senior prom. My biggest concern at the time was that my new gown was ruined with blood from what I believed to be a broken leg. However, as it turned out, my leg had been severely mangled, and you can imagine my shock when I discovered my right leg had been taken off a few inches below the hip.

As with the other unipedettes, I initially underwent periods of depression, bitterness, and frustration. I struggled through the agony of having an artificial limb, and, as with most other girls who have lost a leg above the knee, I discarded the limb when I realized that the price of appearing "normal" was continuous discomfort and pain, constant public attention to the plastic prosthesis, and most of all—a serious loss of freedom in movement and speed. I abandoned this mockery of normalcy and happily returned to crutches.

Nearly 2,000,000 girls and women in the U.S. are missing one or more limbs, and more than half of these have lost one leg. Amputee Louise Baker authored a humorous book entitled *Out on a Limb*, and in 1968, an article was printed in *Good Housekeeping* about amputated beauty queen Roberta Scott. There have been several famous women, including the late actresses Sarah Bernhardt and Susan Ball, who went through life "without a leg to stand on." They did not hop into a hole of self-pity, nor have I.

I find the old-fashioned underarm crutches give me the best support and service, and they make me stand up straight. When mini-skirts were in style, I wore some which were just long enough to cover the short stub of my right leg while I was standing. Panty hose came into being at that time, and by turning the right hose slightly inside out and tucking in my little stump, I was able to dress it properly just in case it showed itself when I sat down. (My two-legged girl friends still give me panty hose which have a run in one leg.) Since they removed almost my entire leg, I am able to sew in a patch of material and close up the leg hole of my bathing suits. (Incidentally, the working end of plumber's plungers in place of rubber crutch tips are excellent for walking on the beach.)

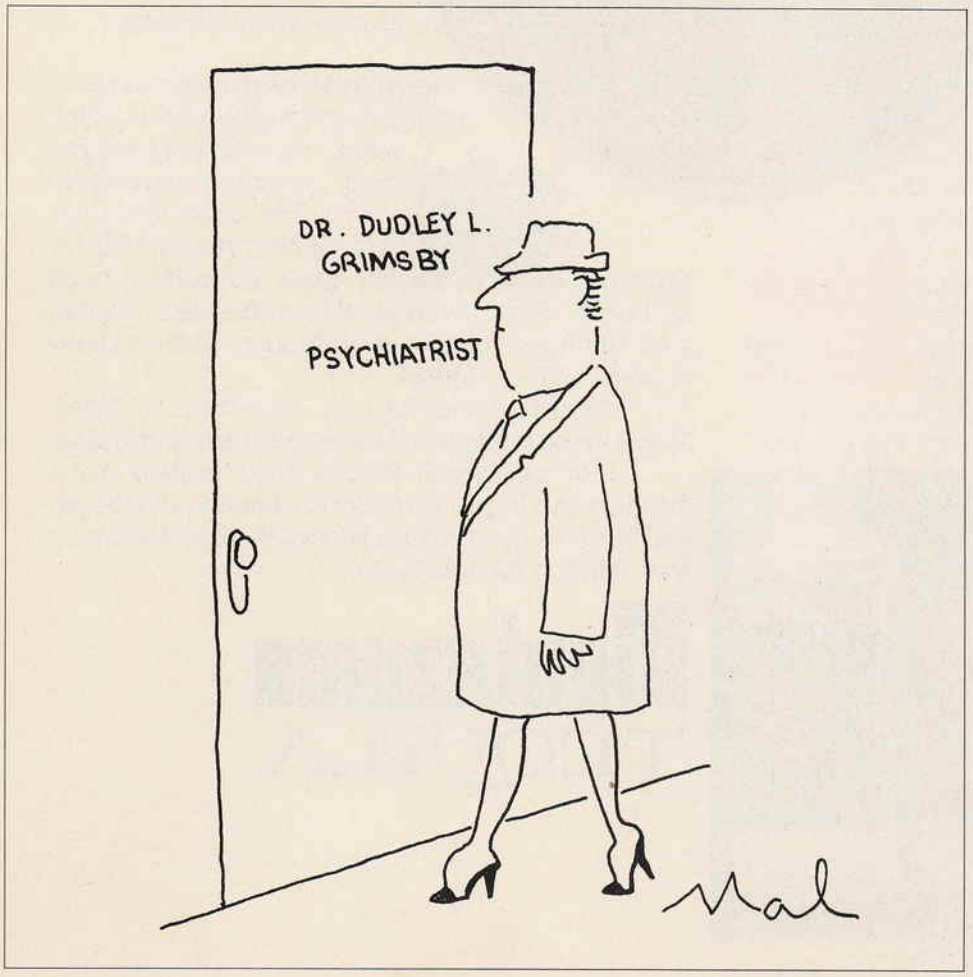
I had hardly set foot in public when I encountered my first "monopede maniacs." One day, after practicing my new style of walking, I was resting against a railing when I noticed a man standing beneath the railing and looking up my skirt. With his hand in his pocket, he was ogling my naked little stump! (Ever since that experience, although my little leg may be bare around the house, I always dress it in a stump sock or inside-out panty hose when I go out.) Often in public I am asked to pose for snapshots, obviously not because I have a pretty face or nice shape, and I have been offered (and declined) $100 if I would perform for home movies. I classify these peculiar men as the passive type, and found they are really quite harmless. They are no more strange than those who have a fetish for huge mammaries or crude pornographic movies.

The other type, the active aficionado, engages in physical contact. While standing in elevators, I first thought the hands that brushed against my half-thigh were there accidentally, then I realized those fingers rubbing the tip of my foreshortened limb weren't there by any accident and were quite deliberately inquisitive. Rather than fondling my breasts, some of my dates preferred to fondle the rounded appendage hanging from my right hip, and some went not a step farther! The boldest act I've experienced happened while I was asleep on a jet. Suddenly I was awakened by a hand beneath my dress massaging my tiny stub! To be truthful, I have enjoyed a few of these encounters and I have enjoyed the stammering explanations that followed, but some of my sorority sisters become quite upset when a stranger touches their amputation sites.

By no means is this unusual interest limited to legless ladies alone. I know a career girl who was amazed that her attraction to men *increased* after her right arm was chopped off above the elbow in a waterskiing accident. At first she tried to conceal her loss, but when she found men were intrigued by it, she gradually began to draw attention to it. The empty sleeve of her sweaters has been rewoven as a snug sock for her stump, and one sleeve of her shortsleeved dresses scarcely hides the bare tip of her short arm. She uses that short arm to touch and hold things, and to point and gesture while she talks. She, too, has had "feeling" encounters, most frequently in singles bars. She claims her sex life has doubled since her arm was taken off, but I doubt it. At any rate, this girl with something missing is now a girl with something extra!

Every one of my sorority sisters admits to being sexually aroused when the end and inside of their stumps are massaged. When my husband is standing and holding me in his arms, he wants me to raise my stub and massage his genitals with it. My husband and I also enjoy a super sex experience when I lie on my left side and he straddles my leg, inserting his penis into me sideways. There is an older woman I know with both legs off near the hips, who claims a double orgasm when she puts her trunk on the edge of the dining room table and lies back as her husband goes in deeply while standing at the edge of the table.

I have met many fascinating people and have had some different experiences since they took my leg off. Life as a unipedette has been interesting and does have some compensations, but I think my lifestyle could be just as interesting if my lonely left leg still had its mate.—*Name and address withheld*



Scum again?

I find your magazine so completely intriguing that I look forward to my husband bringing it home whenever he does. I like reading the personal letters and feel I can empathize with some writers. I'm now motivated to write after reading the letter headed *Big mouth* in your August issue.

I, also, have developed an insatiable taste for semen and often prefer sucking off my husband instead of our other sex acts. I introduced my husband to oral sex while we were living together before our marriage. I only did it because I knew men enjoyed it, and I never let a man come in my mouth. I'd always take them out the second before

ejaculation and rub them to satisfaction.

It wasn't until about a year and a half ago that I began to switch my preferences. My husband was often asking for oral sex, almost to the point that I thought he was becoming obsessed with my mouth and not enjoying my vagina. One night I told him this. Being a loving and intelligent man, he explained that he "just simply received the greatest satisfaction from being sucked." His explanation was straight forward and softened my taboos about it.

One evening last spring, while at a drive-in theater we were both yawning at the dull show and the second one wasn't expected to be better. I had taken along my favorite wine, he his rum and coke. After mixing the two I became sleepy and rested my head on his lap, when my cheek pressed against an unusually hard erection. With his fingers stroking my hair he whispered for me to unzip his slacks and suck on him awhile. He was quite hard, and without boasting, he measures an inch and a half longer than my seven-inch vibrator.

The wine and the feeling of his cock sliding deep into my mouth sent the warmest sensations of closeness through me. They went from my wine-coated lips straight to my vagina. I lay there covering his cock with kiss-licks and feeling the most incredible sensations. I now believe that was the turning point in my feeling about sucking.

I nursed on him quietly for over an hour. He hadn't come because neither he nor I wanted him to. In fact, I recall not wanting him to until we could leave the drive-in and finish in our own driveway.

But halfway into the second film, he whispered he was feeling it real strong, and for the first time I let him slide all the way into my throat. Suddenly I wanted him to fill my mouth with semen and my desire became uncontrollable.

I remember him whispering for me not to take it out until he said to, and I'm glad I didn't. All I can say is that it was beautiful, and that night still stands out above all others.

Now, a year and a half later, I'd never dream of withdrawing. Some days and nights I reenact that evening and continue to perfect it. My husband is delighted not only with my new desire, but lately has also hinted that a swap with a couple we've known for two years might be fun. I guess I'll just wait and see.—*Name and address withheld*

Any chick who has a fetish for male semen is not alone. My wife could be her double, but she is too embarrassed to write to you.

At sixteen she was raped while hitching a ride, and the two men who raped her forced her to perform fellatio and swallow their ejaculations. After taking three loads from each, her sexual pattern had been set for life. From then on she never went on a date without sucking the guy off. She became so obsessed with her semen fetish that she would masturbate her date into a condom and take his come home, usually to lick it out at night in bed while playing with herself.

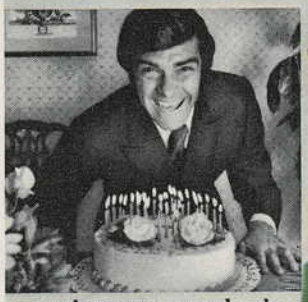
Even today at twenty-five and after five years of marriage to me, she prefers either sucking me off or beating me off so she can drink my semen. She is turned-on by watching me masturbate, but when I reach the point of no return her mouth finds its way to my penis to taste its salty nectar.

We would love to hear from other sperm slurpers in the Forum.—*Name and address withheld*

Love machine

I have a favorite way of masturbating that I use quite frequently and I want to share it with your readers. I love to masturbate into the vacuum cleaner by putting the hose over my bare penis. What I do is turn the cleaner on, have the hose connected to the suction end with the other end

You've earned your stripe



...when you can look forward to being forty.

...for finally admitting to yourself that you take better pictures with your Brownie than with your fancy reflex camera.

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directly on my penis, sit back on the cleaner, and enjoy drifting from orgasm to orgasm as the hose milks my penis. And believe me, it leaves me totally satisfied and relaxed.

In all the times I have done this, I have experienced no harm or injury.—*Name and address withheld*

Flying off the handle

I just discovered the most far-out turn-on that anybody has heard of. Actually, *it* discovered me when I broke up with my first girl. She was the only chick I'd ever known, and getting to meet and pick up other girls was a problem. About the only thing I could do for my sex life was jerk off. I tried it every way I knew of, or my buddies recommended, but it was still the same old thing.

One day I was getting a tan in my backyard and a fly landed on the inside of my thigh. It took a few steps—and those were little steps—and I had a hard-on to bust my gut. I twitched my leg to get the fly off, but moving my muscles made me hornier. I started thinking about Debbie, my ex-girl, and I had to go indoors and jerk off. After I relieved myself I went back outside and it happened again. But instead of giving myself a hand-job, I lay there thinking about Debbie. The fly crawled up and down my leg, and as the sun beat down on me, I slowly came inside my shorts.

That night I had a fantastic wet dream about some fuzzy thing huge, muscular (like Debbie's pussy), covering me and rubbing me to a climax. I had a terrific explosion.

When I woke up an idea hit me like a bullet: catch a jar of flies, turn them loose in a locked room, and let them itch me to my cock's content. I collected about fifty big, hairy buggers and took them to my bathroom. I shut the door and windows, took off my clothes, rubbed my cock with honey, stretched out on the floor, and set the flies free. They crawled and hopped and danced all over my appetizing cock. I discovered I had more sensuous skin than I thought. I came three times that afternoon, and it was almost better than sinking into a wet quim. I only wished that some chick would've sucked and licked me off afterwards. When I do pick up a new woman, I hope she'll want to do the flies with me.—*J.P., address withheld*

I see the light

When Pat Halley pushed his shaving-cream pie into Guru Maharaj Ji's face last summer, the Associated Press story (8-7-74) concluded: "Police officers and bystanders grabbed the man. The guru urged them not to harm or detain the youth and he was released."

Ken Kelley somehow lost sight of this fact in his grandiose reporting for *Penthouse* (July 1974).

We might further note that Divine Light Mission is not a law enforcement agency and, as such, was in no position to legally detain the alleged assailants. As Kelley notes, the Mission did notify authorities that the alleged assailants were in Chicago. To distort this, the author comments that a "curious inertia overtook the Detroit police."

Kelley is trying to make the actions of two former Mission members stand as representative of the potential actions of six million of Maharaj Ji's followers. This sounds more like the sort of propaganda Hitler would have enjoyed than anything Kelley quoted out of context from the Mission's magazines.

More importantly, despite Kelley's assertion that Maharaj Ji's meditation entails "pressing in the eyelids . . . fingering the outer canal of the ear, etc.," the meditation is *real*—it is a *genuine* experience of inner peace.—*Cliff Bowden, Information Services, National Headquarters, Divine Light Mission*

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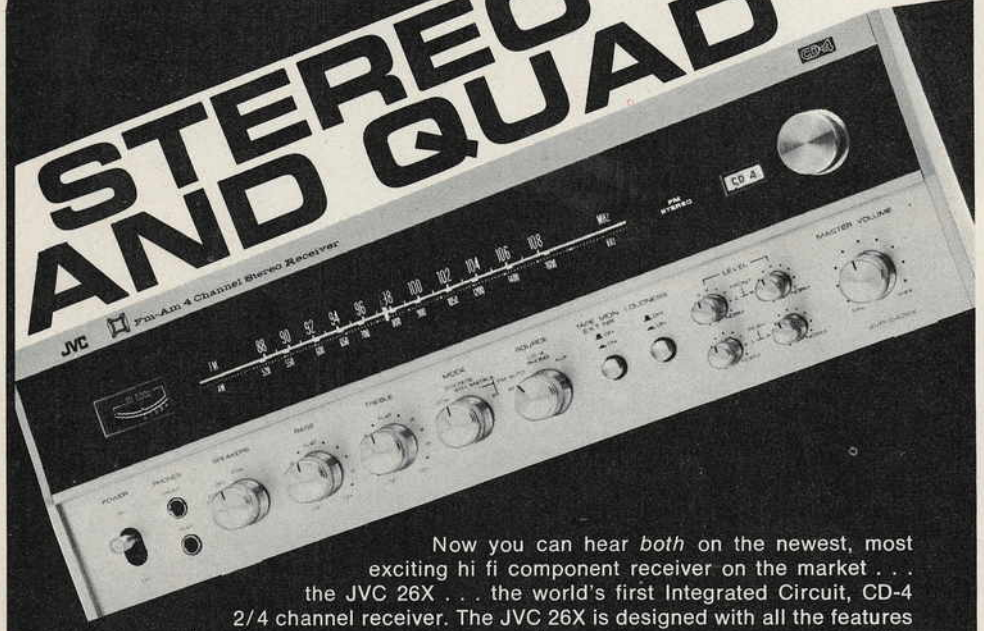

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Ken Kelley's reply:
Pat Halley was not grabbed by the Detroit Police, and any request by the Guru not to "harm or detain the youth" was irrelevant. What is relevant, and what Bowden chooses to ignore, is that within a week of the incident two high-ranking DLM officials—both of them still in good standing—did what any police agency in the world could not have done better—nearly murdered Halley. The comment that "Divine Light Mission is not a law enforcement agency" is patently dishonest. The DLM promised to see that "justice" was done, then cynically attempted to conceal the real facts and keep its thugs incognito. If getting bashed in the head brings "inner peace," Genghis Khan was a registered nurse.

By the way, my research indicates approximately 200,000 DLM members worldwide, including press agents.

I must voice a protest about your distorted article about Guru Maharaj Ji. First, let me say that I am a devotee of Guru Maharaj Ji (a premie), and that this is by no means an "angry letter."

I have received the "knowledge" of Guru Maharaj Ji and I can tell you that it is a beautiful thing. It really has done a lot to make me feel love and devotion instead of hate and confusion.

Nothing that anybody says can make what the two devotees did correct. It was wrong! And it will always be wrong! But this does not mean that it cannot be forgiven. After all, haven't we yet come to realize that violence will get us nowhere? We have fought two World Wars and hopefully realize that no good came of it. Isn't there still hatred and confusion? And isn't there still starvation?

Please do not relate one incident of violence associated with Guru Maharaj Ji to the six million-plus murders directly related with Hitler. It just does not make any sense.

If the Mahatma and the devotee had continued to "meditate," the act of violence would not have even entered their thoughts! I say this with all honesty, because I know it to be true.

Another fact that was carefully omitted was Guru Maharaj Ji blessing his triumphant attacker (more accurately, practical joker) after being "splotted," as you put it.

But here is the most important point: the world needs knowledge! If I did not believe it, I would not risk being called a fool, which I have many times. Premies do not say that their lifestyle is perfect. I do not live in an ashram. The *knowledge* cannot be seen in how fat or skinny a person is. Rather, the knowledge can make you feel the love inside you! It makes you peaceful.

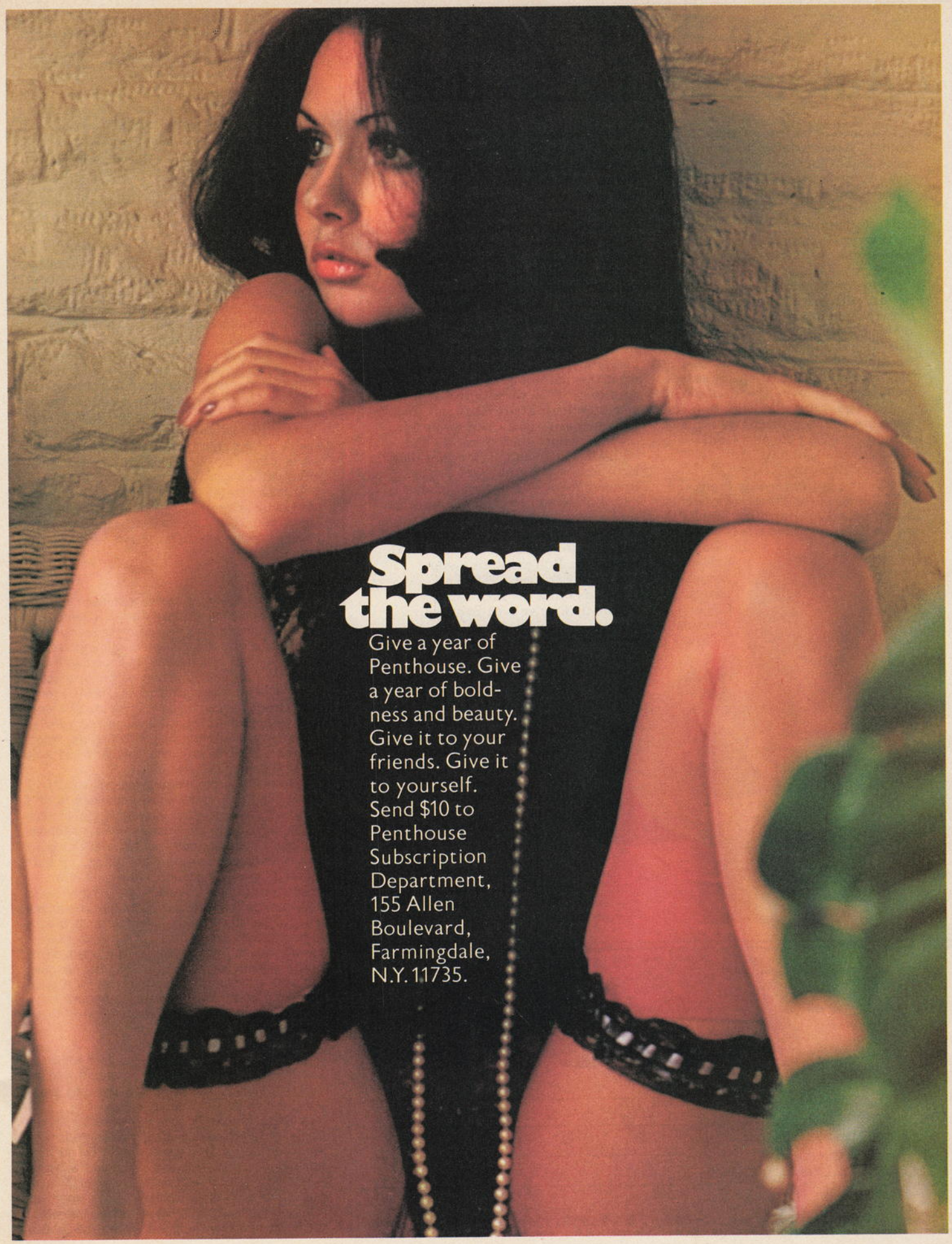
But you have to be willing to meditate. Guru Maharaj Ji has said this at least a million times!

I realize that right now you are probably thinking that I am full of shit. If you are, I am not pissed off or angry, just disappointed that you do not believe.—*Laurence Ellis, Wakefield, Mass.*

I would like to congratulate Ken Kelley on his fine article regarding Guru Maharaj Ji. It is about time people opened their eyes to what "His Divineness" is really about. For someone who doesn't believe in materialistic possessions, he seems to have everything he wants. Of course, the premies are told they don't need worldy possessions if they have "knowledge."

I showed your article to a couple of premies I know. After reading it, they threw down the magazine and told me not to believe everything I read. When asked to name just one thing "helpful" he'd done, they couldn't, and they became very angry and stormed out of the house.

These followers are so brainwashed that they can't even realize what's happening to them. They're being taken for everything they have be-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New B·I·C 980 Automates Brillo Bob

A bunch of us from Warehouse Sound Co. were doing the national electronics show, and it'd been a long day. We'd started from San Luis Obispo and traveled nine hours by ox cart, plane, and bus, and then walked miles in that overgrown exhibit hall. Now we're looking for a cab, all of us beat and wishing we were anywhere but in Chicago.

All except Brillo Bob, who's our permanently wired audio freak; he's bubbling about some new B.I.C. turntable he's just seen and using words like "revolutionary" and "incredible." But nobody's listening — our ears have long since shifted out of gear from too many over-hyped salesmen.

We flag a cab and pile in. Bob gets the front seat, but promptly turns around. "I wish you guys would listen to me . . ."

Weary silence.

"You've got to see this thing, the B.I.C. 980 . . . they're using a twenty-four-pole, servo-controlled 300 RPM motor. It's *programmable* . . . and it's the first belt-driven automatic changer! Cripes — you ought to see the way it handles records . . ."

Mike tells Bob to get back in his cage. Bob just grins. "Okay, but I'm telling you it's a ball-buster. Just wait and see."

We reach the hotel and guess who I get for a roommate.

Next morning I awake to find Bob has fled after using my toothbrush, comb, and all the towels. There's a note on the mirror: "Do something about your midrange-snoring, you distort. See you at B.I.C."

When the rest of us finally get back for the show's second day, we head for the B.I.C. display to see what the hell Bob is so excited about. And there he is, surrounded by B.I.C.'s vice-president, Frank Hoffman, and half their sales staff. And Bob's telling *them* about their own 960 and 980. Mr. Hoffman tells me that they'll let Warehouse Sound Co. have the first shipment of new turntables, if only Bob would put their demonstrator back together . . .

Now, several months later, we've had time to check out the new B.I.C. turntables. Bob jilted his manual and lives with a new 980. The rest of us think the B.I.C.'s are so fine that we've even featured them in our new catalog. Write or call, and we'll zip you B.I.C. literature, fast and free. Add $1 for postage, and we'll also send our 64-page discount catalog of music systems and components, plus your choice of the 1975 edition of the Music Machine Almanac, a 185-page full-color guide of today's stereo and quad components, complete with photos, specs, and prices, (normally $1.95), or our own 64-page Professional Products catalog for musicians. Better yet, send $2 and get it all. Either way, we mail first class, the day we get your coupon . . .

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sides being made fools of. As it is now, we have a multitude of brainwashed fanatics worshipping a sixteen-year-old con man.

Of course, what the nonbelievers think about the Guru doesn't matter. His followers think he's perfect and they think all of us who don't gain "knowledge" will eventually kill ourselves off. It's about time the "Golden Butterball" was exposed as the hustler and fake he really is! Keep writing such fine articles *Penthouse.—Ms. Ilene Vick, Gulfport, Miss.*

I take strong exception to Mr. Kelley's description of the *Baghavad Gita* as being little more than "sacrosanct hocus-pocus."

It's clear Mr. Kelley hasn't even heard of the contents of the *Baghavad Gita* from someone who's read this extremely difficult and great book. In his encyclopedic work, *The Story of Civilization*, Will Durant describes the *Gita* as "the loftiest philosophical poem in the world's literature."

The *Gita* as literature is more complex than anything James Joyce wrote, and as poetry, more beautiful than any of Shakespeare's efforts. Robert Oppenheimer could only borrow words from the *Gita* to describe the vividness of the first atomic blast of the Manhattan Project. Allen Ginsberg could only enhance his psychedelic vision by absorbing and quoting the *Gita*. The works of Emerson, T. S. Eliot, and more great men are saturated with the influence of the *Gita*.

The author of the *Gita* describes poor souls like Mr. Kelley as "bewildered the moment they are born" (VIII 27). But the lofty message of the *Gita* contains hope for even such sorts.—*F.N. Souza, New York, N.Y.*

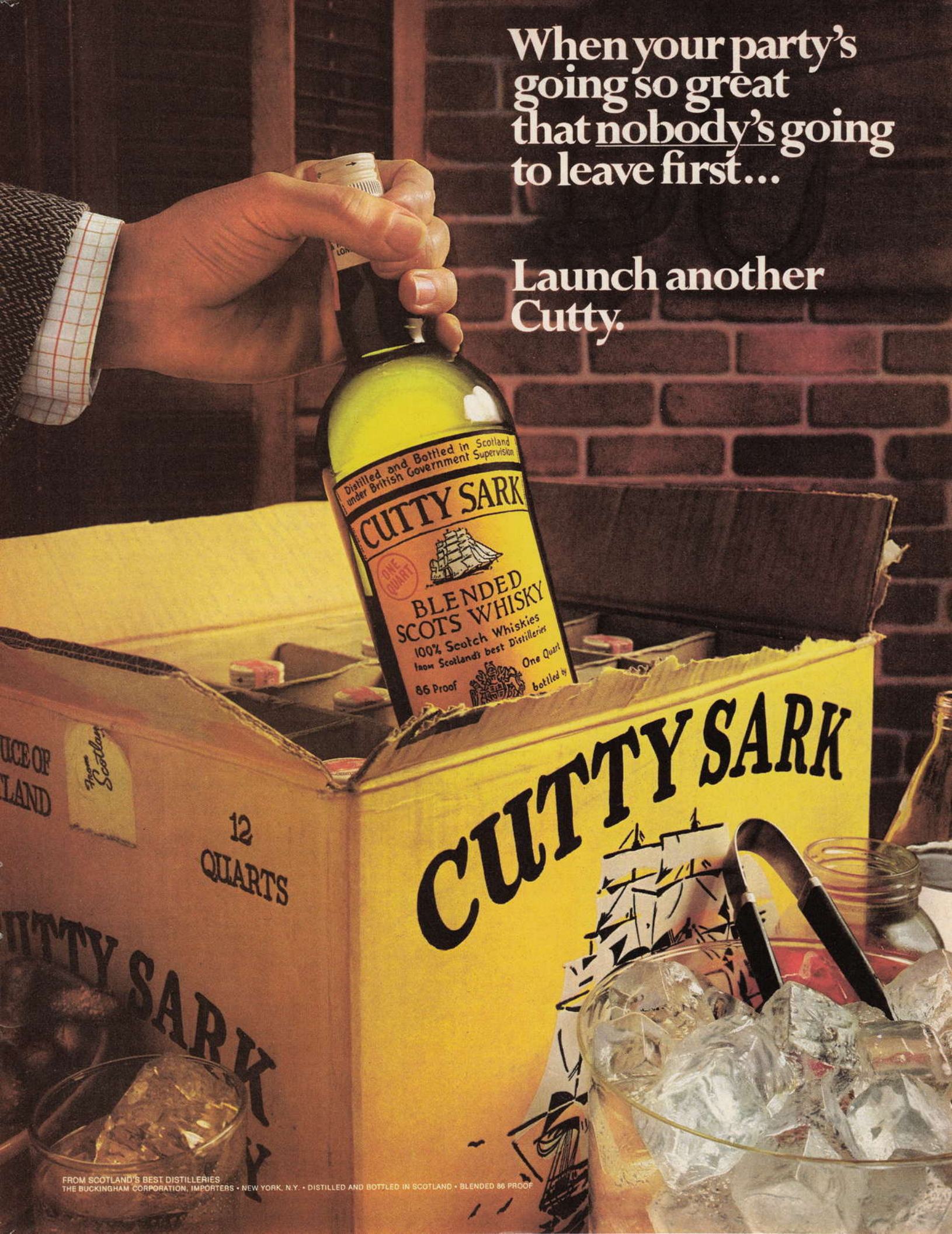
Vietnam vets

I just read the letter in the August issue from the Los Angeles draft dodger who now resides in British Columbia. This man doesn't even have the courage to give his name and self-righteously voices his lack of sympathy—if not outright contempt—for the Vietnam veterans. My first reaction to the letter was one of utter nausea. But I began to see through the confusion in this person's mind, and I realized that anyone with such a narrow view of the factors that made men go to Vietnam should be pitied. There is no love in that man's heart! He must be deeply disturbed.

I am going to be released tomorrow (July 19, 1974) from prison after serving fourteen months and three days on my two-year sentence for refusing induction into the armed forces. I suppose that gives me an opportunity to be as pompous and self-righteous as the man in Canada. But I refuse to adopt his attitude. I have met too many Vietnam vets in jail, in prison, and on the streets and I am all too well aware of the wounds that many of them continue to suffer from in their daily lives. I feel that it is time for all of us to work towards healing these wounds. When I take off my prison khakis I intend to work towards that goal. The Vietnam veteran's movement has my support and the support of every other draft resister I've met in prison.—*Don Hay, Lompoc Federal Prison Camp, Lompoc, Calif.*

The American Legion is aware of your efforts on behalf of the veteran. We congratulate you on focusing further attention on the pressing problems of the Vietnam veteran.

A recent article concerning the educational benefits available to this group was carried in *The American Legion Magazine* written by our National Commander, Robert E. L. Eaton. The article was titled "The Sorry State of Vietnam Vets Education," and quoted our National Commander as follows: "I am hopeful that the sudden interest of the news media will help push forward a speedy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reform." The series of articles carried by *Penthouse* were instrumental in Commander Eaton's reasons for making this statement.

I would like to make you aware of our nationwide corps of professional and volunteer service officers. These men are available—without cost—to those veterans who might need assistance with a particular problem. These American Legion service officers are trained to assist veterans in the areas of medical care, educational assistance, and job opportunities.

Once again, we of the American Legion salute your efforts.—*J. Lloyd Wignall, National Membership Director, Indianapolis, Ind.*

I am a veteran of World War I and I am getting tired as hell reading about the gripes of Vietnam veterans. I wonder if anybody has noticed that there are enough veterans in our country to run it as it should be run, but they have done absolutely nothing about it. They all seem to lack the intelligence to do so, and are waiting for "someone else" to do it.

True, we do have veterans' "organizations" which instead of being virile, active outfits capable of correcting the malfunctions and injustices in our land are degenerated social clubs, interested only in playing games, drinking beer, and finding a little hooch now and then.

Looking about, one becomes convinced that now we are a nation of do-gooders and moral cowards. We shuddered at the "atrocities" committed by Lt. Calley and his men at My Lai, and actually imprisoned him for doing what common sense dictated at the moment. It had been reported many times that Vietnamese women and children carried hand grenades under their clothing with which to kill every American in sight whenever the opportunity arose; and Lt. Calley was not about to let that happen to his men.

War is a business in which all opposition must be killed or you don't win. We fought World War I that way, and notice it only lasted thirteen months. Never again will we win a war in so short a time. We do not have what it takes. Something has destroyed our moral fiber, our determination to win. It is no wonder that we lost the war in Korea, that we lost the war in Vietnam, that we do not dare to fight side by side with our Israeli friends.

So, Mr. American veteran, wake up and get busy. Take an active interest in the way your country is run from now on. And never forget your kids, and grand-kids, and great-grand-kids are going to suffer if you fall down on the job now.—*Theo. Ashlock, Tujunga, Calif.*

I feel there is basically one reason why Vietnam created so many drug addicts. That reason is "boredom."

The army, air force, and navy created huge military complexes that were manned by tens of thousands of soldiers whose only conception of what the war was about was an occasional rocket explosion, or the noise from a distant mortar attack. These huge complexes contained the motor vehicle repair stations, the aircraft maintenance depots, and the finance offices. Most of the individuals stationed at these support-type bases had lots of time with nothing to do and dope was their only escape. The army realized this was a problem and built theaters, USO clubs, tennis courts, and gymnasiums. I defy anybody to count the number of swimming pools, theaters, and clubs in the Long Binh, Bien Hoa, and Ton Son Nhut areas. For many, what began as a guerrilla war turned into stateside duty. Of the 500,000 troops the U.S. once had in Vietnam, how many actually saw combat?

On the subject of Air America pilots carrying dope in their aircrafts—a lot of these stories are

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LEFT.

This head produces hair that's got a mind of its own. Sometimes it's curly, sometimes it's straight, but it's always hard to manage.

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This head grows the kind of hair that is much more passive and usually pretty sensitive to the drying effects of sun, salt water, or blow drying.

If this is your type of hair, then Brylcreem Soft Hair with Protein is your type of spray. The protein coats each hair shaft to make it healthier looking and to give it more body. It's the hair spray that styles and conditions all in one.

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Rather than appear immodest, we'll let the experts who write for the audio publications tell you about an automatic turntable we're quite proud of-our 810QX Transcription Series model.

High Fidelity magazine says:

"The new cam system in the 810QX is credited with providing smoother and quieter operation than in past models. Average flutter was very low at 0.05%; total audible rumble by the CBS-ARLL method was —52db. The arm has negligible friction laterally and vertically, and requires a 0.3 gram stylus force for automatic trip. Taking it all together-performance, features, styling –the BSR 810QX moves into ranking place among the best automatics we know of."

Stereo Review magazine says:

"The BSR 810QX has an unusually complete array of operating controls and adjustments, yet is simple to use. The wow and flutter were very low—respectively 0.03 and 0.045% at 33⅓ rpm and 0.05 and 0.04% at 45 rpm. The BSR 810QX, undeniably a well-constructed and attractively styled record player, was also a very easy one to operate. The controls had a smooth, positive feel and action."

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completely false. People like the author and Godfrey Cambridge keep spreading these stories even though they have no basis whatsoever. Getting a job with Air America is, needless to say, difficult and competitive. All pilots are carefully screeened and most are ex-military. A pilot can earn anywhere from $25,000 to $60,000 a year. I have never met one who would risk his job in such a stupid way as flying dope in their aircraft to a bunch of junkies.

Lastly, I would like to say nobody forced a needle into anyone's arm—so let's stop blaming the innocent.—*Donn M. Rasmussen, Kent, Wash.*

Several editions ago *Penthouse* published a list of veterans programs throughout cities in the United States.

However, this list excluded listing any Veterans Programs in Atlanta, Georgia. Atlanta has a Veterans Program—the Veterans Outreach and Counseling Program—operating under the auspices of Economic Opportunity Atlanta, Inc., and sponsored by the National League of Cities/U.S. Conference of Mayors, and the City of Atlanta.

The program will be without funds for fiscal year 1974–1975, unless Congress takes action to have budget and management release funds that have been impounded from OEO.

Your articles on Vietnam veterans really say it like it is.—*Al Harris, Director of Veterans Project, Economic Opportunity Atlanta, Inc., Atlanta, Ga.*

People on Purdy

I do have a bone to pick with you concerning your interview with James Purdy in the July 1974 issue. I must criticize you for an act of unabashed sensationalism which I had mistakenly thought beneath your publication.

James Purdy is a very secondary writer. His preoccupation with aberration and homosexuality is the sole foundation for everything he writes. He cannot transform his obsession with aberration into an artistic form like a Swinburne, nor can he separate his confused sexual identity from his writing like an Oscar Wilde. In essence, he is a hack who is trying to parlay his limited talent into fame and wealth by sponging off this age's present preoccupation with confused sexuality.

Normally this would not incite me to write you; sordid losers like Purdy are now rampant in all fields of creativity, cheapening that which is good. What bothers me is your printing of his sentence labeling Hemingway as "the only really gay writer" in boldface type above Purdy's simpering picture. Obviously this promotes interest on the basis of that statement. But not one thing is mentioned in the article to explain or defend that statement. If Purdy means "gay" in the sense of enjoying the company of men (not fags) and robust sport, I can partially excuse him. However, it is an obvious misnomer. Purdy is trying to achieve further notoriety by belittling Hemingway to a class of sodomites. Your magazine is irresponsible for emblazoning this statement and not having any further explanation of its basis, if only in Purdy's warped mind.

Old Ernie was very proud of being (in every sense of the words) a "practicing heterosexual." His work and character will survive the petty assaults of hucksters like Purdy. However, if he were alive today, I'm sure he would take great pleasure in going out of his way to plant a fist in Purdy's frail face and consider suing your magazine for libel. —*Thomas M. Jennings, Syracuse, N.Y.*

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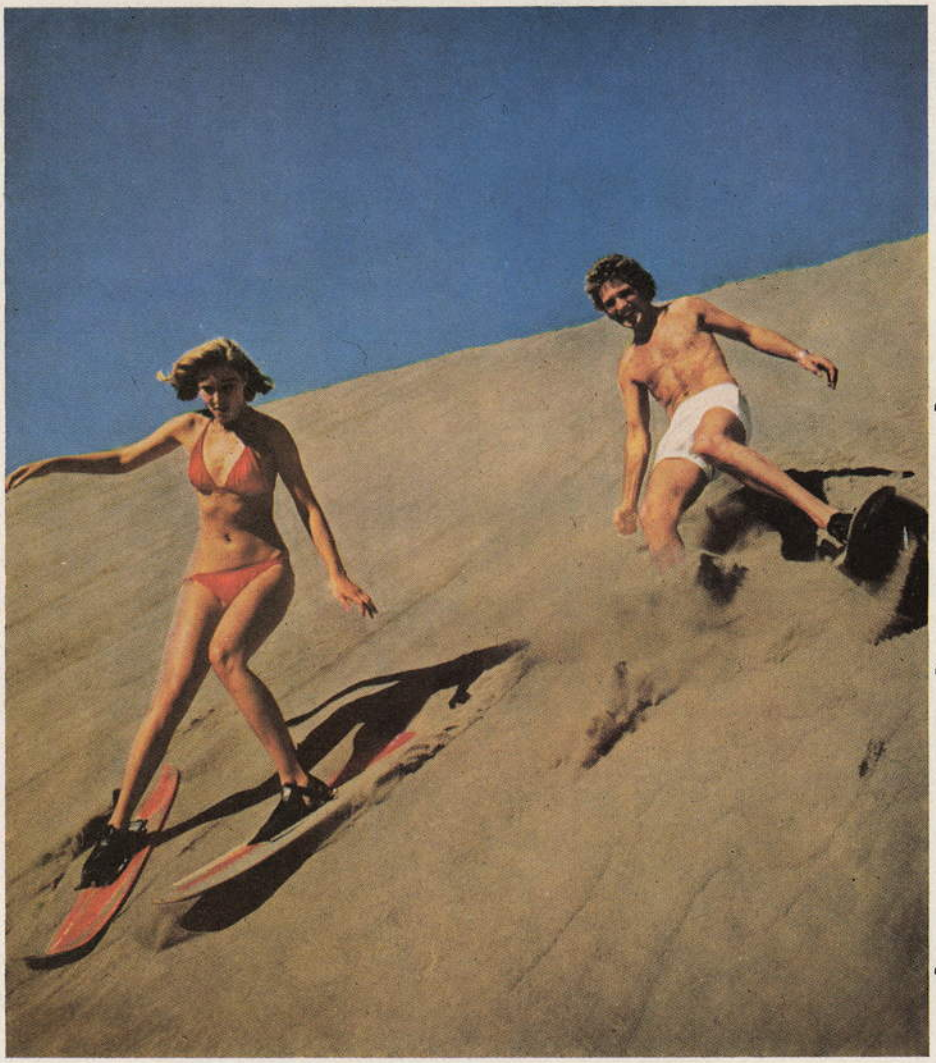

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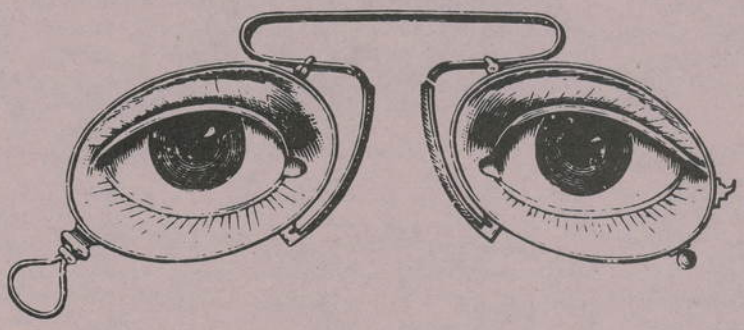


WRITE ME IN

According to the ancient Greek, the word "idiot" was a political term. It meant "any ordinary lay person—one who does not hold public office."

A couple of months ago it finally dawned on me that I had been an idiot long enough, and so I launched my own write-in campaign for office. Naturally, I'm aiming a little higher than most—I've *waited* longer!

Last night I was rehearsing on-the-street television commercials with my campaign manager, Mack Yavellian. . . .

"Hello, my fellow American. I'm running for Dictator this November and I would appreciate your vote."

"Dictator? Dictator of what?"

"Why, the United States of America."

"Oh? That's nice. What are you promising?"

"My first concern is to end inflation. Then I'll destroy organized crime. Beyond that, I'm promising only one thing."

"And what's that?"

"Never to get caught stealing."

"You've got my vote. About time we had a little efficiency around here."

I put down the script and gazed into my manager's eyes. "Do you really think it will work?" I asked.

"Work?" he shouted. "It can't miss! It's what you might call an idea whose time has come. This is what most American voters have been waiting for since this country's inception. People want a strong-man type to take charge and make all the decisions for them. Americans are tired of all this ambiguous talk about equal justice, free speech and press."

"You really think so?" I asked.

"Listen. If those big national polls ever had the guts to ask the public straight out what they really want—whether they'd rather keep on trying for a democracy in this country or settle for a competent dictatorship—one-man rule would win in a walk."

"I guess so."

"Guess so? Why do you think they went so big for Nixon in '72? Only reason they turned on him later was because he blew it."

"But that's not going to happen to *us*, is it?"

"That's the way to think. Oh yeah, I almost forgot. We've picked up some support among the rednecks. Here, read this."

He handed me a letter:

Dear Sir:
God bless you, Sir, for what you are doing on behalf of this great and glorious country of ours. I know that God will guide you and reward your efforts with success.

I want you to know that all the members of my organization of concerned American women in all our chapters around this great nation (including our men's auxiliary) will be out there bringing people to the polls on November 5th to write you in. We're behind you all the way. And we are counting on you to preserve our American way of life. Because we have HAD it with what we have had so far.
Selma Godspeed, President
HAD (Housewives Against Democracy)

"Well, how does that make you feel? Encouraged?"

"I guess the people are ready for a change," I observed thoughtfully.

"Actually, it's not such a new idea," said Yavellian. "Some people get a little edgy about it these days only because guys like Hitler, Mussolini, and Stalin gave dictatorship a bad name. But for about five thousand years the Romans used to fall back on it every so often to bail the Empire out of trouble."

"Really?"

"Sure. Every time the Senate and consuls screwed things up to where they had a crisis like the one we're in now, they'd appoint a temporary dictator—and that was his title—to a single, nonrenewable six-month term. They gave him absolute power to do whatever he thought necessary to straighten things out. And it worked out fine, too, until Julius Caesar came along and overdid it. In about six years he took the title five times and, as you know, the last one proved fatal."

"Well, in our case," I said, "I'm sure you can get the job done in one term, with our game plan. After the first few weeks, when I've ended inflation, poverty, welfare, and unemployment it should be clear sailing, right?"

"Right."

"By the way, Mack, tell me again about our game plan."

"Well, the key to the whole thing, of course, is that we'll be restoring another old but much misunderstood institution: slavery. Except that this time it will be *voluntary*. People who can't find jobs will have the *option* of signing themselves into slavery or getting shipped out."

"That's nice."

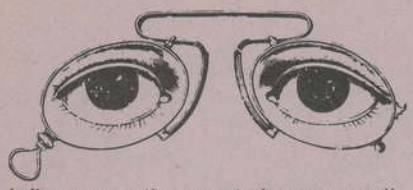
"Everybody who chooses to remain has a job or a master to take care of him. So there goes your unemployment problem. And with it the welfare burden. And poverty. First thing you know, the cities will start getting out of hock and a massive rebuilding program will get under way—using slave labor, of course. And we'll finally be on the way to solving the housing problem."

"Sounds great," I observed.

"My boy, there's nothing like slavery to bring real stability to an ailing economy," he beamed.

"And what about inflation?"

"Well, it's the wage earners who cause it, you know, by competing in the marketplace for things like food, housing, clothing, and medical care. They drive the prices up. But when millions of slaves are provided with free food, housing, clothing, and medical care at constant levels, that will act as a stabilizing



influence on the country's economy."

"And besides, they won't have to worry about forced retirement or how to get by on inadequate payments from Social Security and Medicare," I added.

"Right," Mack said. "Today the only way you can get a deal like that is if you're young and fit enough to join the volunteer army. But under our program of Universal Voluntary Slavery, everybody's eligible."

"It will no doubt be a veritable Valhalla," I opined. "But though there will obviously be no organized opposition, there might still be rumblings of discontent in the media. How do we handle that?"

"Simple enough," he said. "You'll issue a decree that the press must be staffed entirely by happy slaves who will follow the wishes of the people by putting out nothing but good news—telling what's *right* about America instead of always tearing the country down and making asses of us politicians."

"Mack," I breathed, "you're a genius."

"I can see it all now, my boy," he said. "Long before your term is up, the people will be so happy they will rise up in joyful chorus demanding that you stay on the job and at the helm for at least Forty More Years!"

"Yes. And who knows? I might do just that."—*Fred Darwin*

HAPPENINGS

SEX IN TELEVISION'S BEDROOM

The television screen in a Manhattan home shows four naked women lying flat on their backs. Getting into their yoga postures, the four women roll up on their shoulders and link legs with one another. One of the women pretzels herself into various poses as another woman executes dance and martial-arts movements to heavy rhythms, her leg and buttock muscles ceaselessly flexing. Riffs of Jimi Hendrix's guitar act as accompaniment to each of the four as they individually masturbate—by hand and with vibrators. Full vaginal shots occupy the entire television screen as each woman comes to a climax. The quartet finally lines up, backs to the camera, hugging and laughing with each other.

Is public-access cable television really free and uncensored, as its promoters claim? The above scenes are from a five-minute videotape taken at Betty Dodson's body-consciousness workshop for women. Besides its unusual educational value, Dodson's tape may rate the distinction of bringing the case to the courts, according to Mike Luckman, producer and host of New York's new cause célèbre, the "Underground Tonight Show." Luckman has been challenging New York's two cable franchisers, TelePrompTer and Sterling Manhattan CATV, to a court case if they censor anything from his shows. Last summer, TelePrompTer fulfilled Luckman's fondest wish and censored Dodson's five-minute tape.

"Explicit sex acts would be something I would not air . . ." warned TelePrompTer's director of public access, Irene Roger, but added, "We do not *like* to censor." Sterling and TelePrompTer telecast together, but for this occasion the two systems aired separately. To avoid the wrath of the FCC, Sterling simply placed a disclaimer before the Dodson tape and presented the "Underground Tonight Show" uncut.

Bombarding the print media with publicity releases of his future expectations—cunnilingus, copulation, fellatio—Luckman is determined to push his show to the limit. "The real pornography is commercial television," says Luckman, ". . . a reinforcement of the system's worst traits appealing to mediocre taste and intellect dating to Puritan days. It's the single most dangerous force that exists in this country." And, like any good promoter, he adds the obligatory: "We are out to break all the rules."

Allan Tannenbaum

The Angels of Light camp, and two porn stars demonstrate their art.

Steeped in a countercultural view of urban society, the "Underground Tonight Show" has emerged as an irreverent, occasionally amusing, sometimes heavy-handed alternative to regular late-night television fare. Relatively unknown artists and personalities add their perspective to Luckman's at Greenwich Village's Cafe Wha? where the show is taped. Delford Rhett Brown exhibits her tapestries depicting cunnilingus and fellatio; Patti Smith sings of politics, power, and Patty Hearst; the bejeweled Angels of Light, a female/male glitter drag group who have toured with the Rolling Stones, camp to outrageously fun Thirties and Forties music; porn stars Sandy Foxx and Marc Stevens demonstrate tit-sucking; and a proprietor of a sex novelty shop exhibits arm-and-leg restraints, penis chastity belts, leather outfits—all of which are modeled by Luckman's nude Nymphets, a regular feature of his show.

As with the program's above-ground counterpart, the "Underground Tonight Show" presents a format heavy with interviews. But for Luckman's guests, the questions necessitate a greater degree of candor.

Talking to erotic painter Dodson, co-hostess Janet Himelstein asks, "How did you get into masturbation therapy?"

"I had done four life-sized classical nudes," replies Dodson, ". . . and they were all masturbating, two men and two women masturbating to orgasm. . . . This was my second exhibition and I was devoting it to masturbation because I had myself sort of gotten into it. I realized that one of the most perfect ways to sexually repress someone is to repress masturbation. If that's taken away from you, you don't develop. . . . I was going to redeem masturbation in a Madison Avenue art gallery."

"You said you were doing research, what kind of research?"

"Field research, obviously," explains Dodson. "I've got at least ten years of solid masturbation, fucking, oral sex, group sex, threesomes, foursomes, fivesomes. My credentials are, as you know, a lot of sexual experience."

In her studded jeans, Dodson demonstrates the proper way to get genital sensations. Directing the cameras to focus on her pelvis, she rolls her torso till she is standing in a position to give herself maximum feeling.

"I've also had a woman masturbating on my

show, *months ago*," smiles Anton Perich, whose own program—a pastiche of erotic soap operas, sexual spoofs, interviews, and pseudo ads that has obviously influenced Luckman's more recent video venture—has been delighting and shocking fans for close to two years. "She had panties on, but you could see everything."

Occasionally bleeped when he was first aired, Perich now says, "If they did it once, they didn't the next time. Maybe they were asleep." Shows abounding in erotica, however, make up less than 2 percent of public-access air time, and the "Anton Perich Show" and Luckman's program just about comprise that 2 percent.

At present, Perich seems less occupied with censorship and the erotic content of his programs than the stylistics of video. A Yugoslavian filmmaker, Perich is now working in holograms, three-dimensional picture stills taken by laser beam, and regular movie 3-D glasses for television. "It can be done now!" exults Perich.

For Luckman, the sexual content of his program remains most important, and he is presently planning a taboo tape to be run separately from the "Underground Tonight Show." Defecation, bestiality, fucking, and sucking can be expected.

But Luckman admits that none of it will probably ever reach the air—that's not quite the point of his enterprise. It will just be—as this video huckster puts it—"a lot of fun" to attack the censors once they censor him.—*Audrey Arbe*

TO THE REAR, MARCH

If Helen of Troy had the Face That Launched a Thousand Ships, are these the Cheeks That Launched a Hundred Pipers? Maybe not, but they're certainly helping highballers to get behind the brand, according to the agency (Brandwynne Burr Giordano, New York) which put the posterior on the poster in the first place. Their "Pipers Bottom" ad campaign broke in magazines and on the nation's billboards back in February, and since then

the fanny mail has flocked in to the Seagrams offices from far and wide.

Why, you may ask, in this era of total nudity, should a totally clad tush turn on tipplers? Well, there's no accounting for tastes, and if cut-off jeans are the means, so be it. Anyway, the Seagrams people are encouraged enough by the response to launch a nationwide search for the next Pipers posterior, and they're ready and willing to give it the national exposure it really deserves.

FILMS

YOU GOT TO BE A FOOTBALL HERO

Years ago they used to make a kind of movie in Hollywood where the point wasn't to tell a story or resolve an action—it was to stage a show, or fight a battle, or win a game. Along the way, the leading man might incidentally fall in love with the leading lady. But for the most part, these movies didn't have plots; they had projects. The project movie didn't ask for much thought, but it did ask for faith, and so it was a perfect form for the struggling, hopeful 1930s. To find it cropping up all over again in one of the good films of 1974 comes as a shock, but Robert Aldrich's *The Longest Yard* really has as its purpose the playing of a football game.

Not the most likely football game. The field is a Florida prison yard, the players are guards and inmates, and the stakes are some man-sized doses of self-respect. Pro quarterback Paul Crewe (Burt Reynolds), who lost his self-respect some time back when he shaved points in a game, finally walks out on the rich girl who's been keeping him, stealing her car in the process. When the cops catch up with him, he is sent not just to prison but to Citrus State Prison, where Warden Hazen's major passion in life is the reputation of his guards' semi-pro football team. Hazen (Eddie Albert), an authoritarian maniac, leans hard on Crewe, until he accepts an impossible task —to train a team of prisoners just to give the guards an easy pre-season warm-up and, incidentally, to let Hazen see a few of his charges reduced to pulp.

Paramount Pictures

Burt Reynolds as inmate football coach.

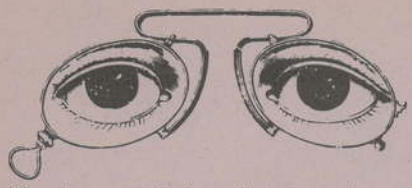
That's it—the training, the tensions, the victories, the reversals—until finally the big game, with the prisoner's soul and the warden's psychosis hanging in the balance. You'd just about have to go to prison to put a situation like that together, to take it cynically and seriously at the same time, and to see in all the cracked ribs and bleeding faces an essential humor and good spirits. *The Longest Yard* is the first decently violent movie I have seen in years. It is also the funniest movie football game I have ever seen, with teams full of giants, some of them for real (Ray Nitschke, Joe Kapp, Mike Henry, Pervis Atkins, Sonny Sixkiller, and others), as if the Superbowl, or Dr. Frankenstein's laboratory, had been let out in front of Aldrich's camera.

There are worse places to be. Robert Aldrich's directorial career spans twenty years and includes some minor classics (*Kiss Me Deadly* and *The Big Knife*) and some recent movies that may get to be classics (*Ulzana's Raid* and *Emperor of the North*). His films constitute one of the few viable bodies of work still capable of appreciating action for its own sake. Despite its disillusioned rhetoric, *The Longest Yard*—where the game is the meaning—feels like a discovery of lost innocence.

Reynolds, who has always been a bit better on screen than in his public image, gives his most resourceful performance so far. But my admiration really goes to some supporting players, to Mike Conrad as an aging former football pro (Warden Hazen's prison happens to be full of football pros) and to Ed Lauter as the sadistic captain of the guards—who learns that the game's the thing.

THE WAY WEST

No sooner have they carried him bodily from his apartment—an old man clutching his cat and shouting lines about the miseries of age from *King Lear*—than the wrecker's ball begins reducing the Manhattan tenement, in which Harry Coombs lived most of his life, to the condition of a flat space for parking cars —the shape of so much of the city's progress. But Harry, a retired English teacher, a relic of the days when there was a real New York school system, is already speeding to a new



life at a married son's house in another borough. An impossible life as it happens, because for Harry life means being on his own—with his tabby cat Tonto—and so he heads west, vaguely toward Chicago and Los Angeles, the homes of his other children, with whom he will also not settle down. Before Chicago, he has quit the bus (Tonto won't use the rest room), bought a car, and picked up a teenage runaway named Ginger, who is seeking her own fate in a Colorado commune. Several good vibes and some adventures later, Harry gives the car to Ginger and his own grandson Norman, a recent convert away from Zen and back to the land of the living, and he starts hitching rides. Outside Vegas he gets laid by a gorgeous whore, something unexpected for his seventy-two years. And when he goes to jail for pissing against the wall of a gambling casino—why, who should his cellmate be but Chief Dan George, doing time for casting spells, practicing medicine, that is, without a license.

There's more, much more. But even this little bit should be enough to show you that Paul Mazursky's new movie *Harry and Tonto* isn't quite your average senior citizen's golden odyssey to the land of surf and sunshine.

Indeed, it isn't particularly "senior" at all. Just about everybody plays beyond his age. Art Carney, as Harry, is a good seventeen years his own junior, and his old-man makeup simply makes him look younger. Geraldine Fitzgerald as an almost-forgotten first love whom Harry visits in a Midwest nursing home is supposedly half in her dotage. A woman whose main distinction is that she once danced with Isadora Duncan, she can no longer sort Harry out among her past lovers. But Geraldine Fitzgerald is in fact sixty, and she looks closer to fifty, and she furnishes no signs of senility except those written in the screenplay. She does furnish some moments of exceptional grace, worth the tears her situation begs for. And she adds to the general feeling of youthful vigor that helps make possible something so curious as a resolutely hopeful movie about advanced old age.

Which is to say that physical naturalism isn't the strong point of *Harry and Tonto*. Major revelations of theme or character aren't a strong point either. Rather, the point lies in the gradual unfolding of a sensibility with some capacity for gentleness and wonder—Harry's or his creator's, it isn't too important to say. Paul Mazursky (*Alex in Wonderland, Blume in Love*) has won a measure of critical admiration for his friendly satire of California types and manners. In *Harry and Tonto* he extends his range across the country without much loss in detail and with some gain in sympathetic understanding. At its deepest level—which I don't think is especially deep—*Harry and Tonto* attempts to build a continuity of experience and feeling—between East and West, past and present, youth and old age, man and woman, man and cat—an attempt that absolutely depends upon a lot of sentiment and a strong dose of good humor.

So among the ties that bind in the film are a series of running jokes—about "Ironsides" on TV, about getting it up after sixty, about a traveling salesman who sells cats. Nearly everything else exists in incidental vignettes, which is what you might expect from a road movie, and what you might also expect from an old man's encounters with life.

Except for Carney, a lucid and exceptionally unaffected performer, everybody in the movie essentially shows up for a kind of guest appearance before passing on or, in one case, passing away. I've mentioned Chief Dan George and Geraldine Fitzgerald. But I should also mention Arthur Hunnicutt, selling vitamins; Herbert Berghoff, defaming capitalism; and Melanie Mayron, hoping for community west of Denver. Ellen Burstyn has perhaps five minutes on screen as Harry's tough-girl daughter in Chicago, and they are the loveliest five minutes I have seen from Ellen Burstyn in the movies. And as if to cash in on its own odd-ball notion of notoriety, the casting also includes some celebrity next-of-kin specialties. Zero Mostel's son Joshua plays Harry's meditative grandson, and Lenny Bruce's mother plays a cheerful California woman who feeds many cats and would like to feed Harry—in return for marriage and a share in his retirement money.

20th Century Fox

Art Carney is Harry in new Mazursky film.

It is in his escape from her that the film manages its one major coup. On the beach, Harry notices a wayward cat who will not come to be fed by the cat lady. Recognizing a kindred spirit (who also happens to be the spitting image of Tonto, recently dead of old age) he gives chase. The impulse is a parody of Fellini—the pursuit of an illusive image of lost innocence, usually a young blond girl, but in this case a pussy cat—who has been parodied so often in American movies that there must by now be a whole sub-industry in Hollywood trying to figure out new ways to do it. This way works pretty well. It leads Harry right to the edge of the movie and to a little girl indeed, building sand castles. He kneels, offering friendship. She sticks out her tongue at him. He smiles a conspiratorial smile—which I think comprehends his own extinction, and justifies the movie.—*Roger Greenspun*

WORDS

RULES OF THE GAME

It is enormously refreshing to have a philosopher tell the sex-manual folks to go fuck themselves. For the most part, their manuals are insidious and dangerous in promoting the "normal." The sex urge is an undifferentiated itch; we can scratch it however we please.

The thesis of Dr. Peter Koestenbaum's *Existential Sexuality* (Spectrum, $2.45) is that there is no objective right or wrong. "In fact, infinite possibilities exist. Sex is a luxury, not a necessity . . . it is a genuine option, not an inevitable obligation; an opportunity, not a duty." And we are freed from the tyranny of "experts," medical or moral, wielding stethoscope or Cross. What we are left with, however, is Dr. Koestenbaum, the philosopher, the "expert" on the nature of man.

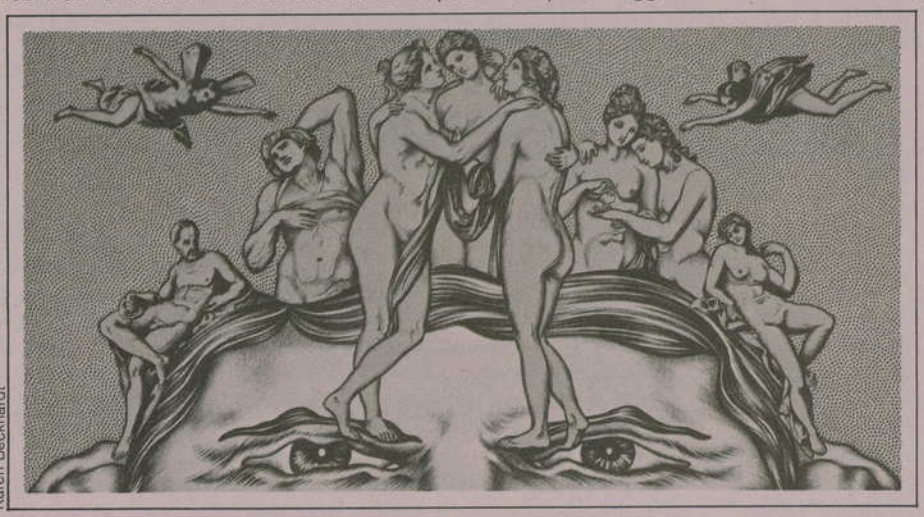
He won't make a choice for us—but look out! He is dead set on telling us *how* to make a choice. The catch is that total freedom necessitates total responsibility—hardly a new idea—but it comes through in new form from Dr. Koestenbaum. The first free choice he of-

fers is: are we or aren't we going to choose to cope with sex? We can choose not to cope, but I detect sinister possibilities there.

If we choose to cope—and coping can include denying sex—we have to consider what Winnie the Pooh would capitalize as The Consequences. While our "center of consciousness" is totally independent, we are, through our bodies, inextricably connected with external realities. An "authentic" choice is one that connects with objective reality, including other centers of consciousness, in an integrated way that will realize the consequences sought by our inner selves. Other choices become "inauthentic," and the difference can be determined from a kind of value table of action in the appendix of the book. It may sound as if he has merely substituted "authentic" and "inauthentic" for right and wrong, or good and evil, but in fairness, it's not that simple—and anyway at this point we're concerned with sex, not philosophy.

For sex, Dr. Koestenbaum—surprisingly—offers an ideal. First, he reassures us that we can live perfectly satisfactory lives by separating sex from love, love from marriage, marriage from family. But if we decide to make sex the "ultimate metaphor of existence," then we must start with *existential love*. Without going into it too deeply, this love involves the mirroring of one consciousness by that of another, and both resistance and surrender of one self to another. Since it is not sexual, it can involve any combination of either or both sexes in any convenient number. Learning to love does not involve practice, but rather inner growth.

Once love is realized, we can begin sexualizing it. Here the book gets into practice: questionnaires and exercises, but no mechanical sex techniques. A couple of suggestions struck me as perceptive and mature: one, "play the game of no game," which I take to mean "cut out role playing"; and two, "live from the inside out." People who try to be pretty or ugly are living outside in, and divorcing their bodies from themselves. Koestenbaum recommends two marriages—first for sexual experimentation, and second for love. He guesses it would be nice, but not necessary, for both to involve the same couple.



Karen Beckhardt

RECOMMENDED READING

The House of the Solitary Maggot by James Purdy (Doubleday, $7.95). Tones of Greek tragedy and elemental Old Testament passion combine with a lusty country humor to make this story of a doomed family into a Gothic tale of extraordinary power. It is impertinent to apply labels or to suggest a synopsis or to even tell who or what "the maggot" is. This is Purdy's own vision, his cosmos; and he is a superb storyteller. If this novel should bring Purdy the success he does not deign to enjoy, he stands strong enough in his art to survive it. Purdy's best work.—*Norman Hoss*

SOUNDS

DOWN FROM NASHVILLE

When the history of country music is finally written, it will show a gradual schism growing between traditional country and western and a liberal splinter group carrying the banner of "progressive country." The first stirrings of a separatist movement in the mid-1960's were built on solid historical precedents—easy-living Hank Williams in the Fifties and Western Swing pioneer Bob Wills in the Forties, both of whom ignored conventional tenets and shattered barriers between country and other areas of American music.

Williams and Wills, however, were isolated exceptions. Most country practitioners toed the Nashville line, and country music remained fairly rigid until the mid-Sixties. The rise of Bakersfield as a music center challenged Nashville's role as the country and western capital, when Merle Haggard and his California compatriots proved they needed neither Nashville nor the Grand Ole Opry to be successful and popular.

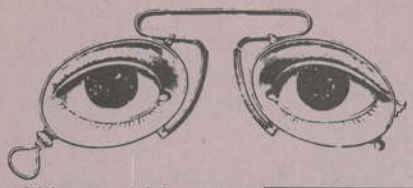
But the Nashville autocracy—a handful of producers, executives, and session players who had ruled for two decades—held sway until some of the younger pickers and songwriters began questioning traditional attitudes and values. Roger Miller's witty, unconventional songs began changing the face of country music, but it was Johnny Darrell's head-on attack against the system that made room for the Kristoffersons and John Prines. Darrell was the first to grow his hair long, to experiment with country-rock, and the first to associate with rock groups. He was also the first to be literally frozen out of Nashville.

Nonetheless, others followed his direction, including such veteran pickers as Waylon Jennings and Willie Nelson. Due to a mediocre Nashville career, Nelson moved back to his native Texas and switched to a New York record company. Almost overnight, he became the guru of the progressive country movement which came to be headquartered at his Austin, Texas, ranch. As the movement gained acceptance and popularity, the next logical step was a public "coming-out." Thus was born Willie Nelson's Annual Fourth of July Picnic, an outdoor extravaganza of the bands and musicians who gravitated to Nelson. The first Picnic in 1973 drew 35,000 hard-core young fans who braved 100° weather to see the first generation of "cosmic cowboys." Tom T. Hall flung his shirt into the crowd and set the theme for the festival.

"Rock had Woodstock," he told the cheering throng, "Jazz has Newport. Now we've got ours: the Willie Nelson Picnic!"

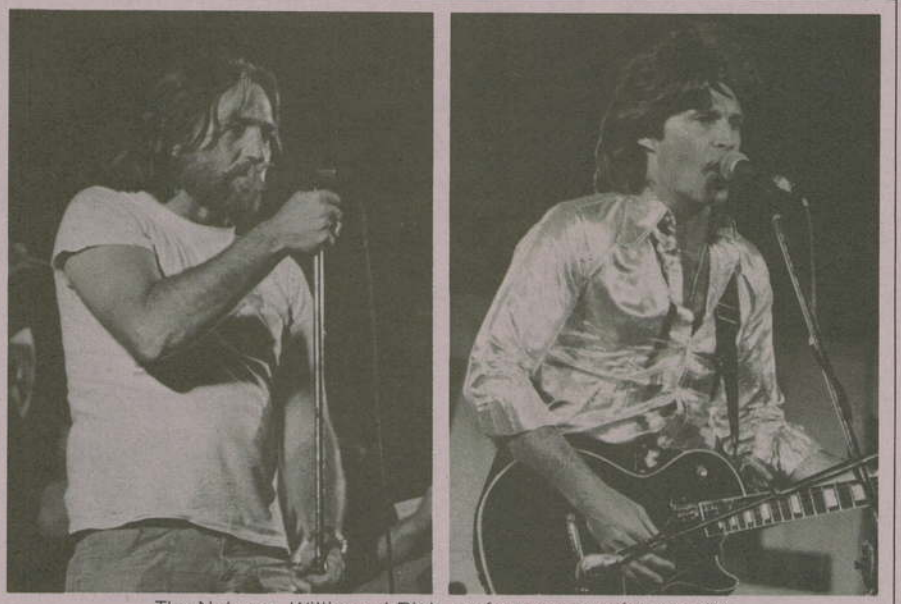
It was no coincidence, Nelson later admitted, that the first progressive C&W festival was held on Independence Day.

The success of that first outing led him to plan an even bigger affair for 1974, with fifty acts spread over three days. The first Picnic had been staged on a ranch; for 1974, Nelson moved to the Texas World Speedway, a mammoth crater near College Station. The Speedway is large enough to hold 50,000 in the infield, and Nelson anticipated such a crowd. He was to be disappointed, for attendance dwindled from an opening-day high of about 30,000 to less than 15,000 at the finish. Several reasons for the relatively poor turnout were obvious: the Speedway is not located



within easy driving distance of Texas's population centers, the site is a virtual sunbowl with no shade, and temperatures hovered around 95°.

In many ways, the second Fourth of July Picnic was a Texas rock festival. The audience, with no visible exceptions, was made up of young, long-haired urbanites who have come to embrace progressive country-rock as their own. Three years ago, they would have attended rock festivals; now they call themselves cosmic cowboys and are fiercely loyal to such performers as Nelson, Leon Russell, Jennings, Michael Murphey, and Doug Sahm.



Jim McGuire

The Nelsons, Willie and Rick, perform progressive-country.

Last year the Picnic stars were Kristofferson, Tom T. Hall, John Prine, and Charlie Rich. Since then their fortunes have flourished, and they were elsewhere this year. Taking their places were dozens of Texas acts and such "outsiders" as Rick Nelson, Doug Kershaw, Spanky and Our Gang, David Carradine, Tracy Nelson, Barefoot Jerry, and David Allan Coe, the Mysterious Rhinestone Cowboy. It is apparent that country-as-rock has now seized the imagination of the progressive-country audience in a complete and final split from Nashville. Your traditional country audience would not look kindly on a raucous version of "Up Against the Wall, Red-Neck Mother" by Ray Wylie Hubbard and the Cowboy Twinkies. Nor would they condone Leon Russell strolling up to stage front and calmly unzipping his fly, which was no major event to the Speedway crowd. The cosmic cowboy cadre—and audience—obviously have turned their backs on traditional C&W. The Nashville themes of lower-middle-class miseries, such as divorce and alcoholism, have been disregarded in favor of social immediacy, songs that reflect the interests of young urbanites who feel no affinity with the directions that rock music has taken. Just as the rock upheaval of the 1960's destroyed Tin Pan Alley's hold on pop music, so the progressive-country movement is serving a potential audience that Nashville could not reach. Jimmy Buffett's song "Why Don't We Get Drunk and Screw?" is by all definitions a good country song, but no one in Nashville will ever hear it. Today, Buffett is reaching an audience that neither rock nor country was serving. That audience is a potential gold mine, although no performer has yet mined it for all it's worth.

The cosmic cowboys are reaching for that brass ring, but thus far they've had only regional successes, primarily in Texas, where enthusiasm for country-rock has reached fever pitch and given rise to a new social class —"hip red-necks." The crowd at the 1974 Picnic was made up entirely of hip red-necks, with their long hair, straw cowboy hats, jeans, western shirts, and their drugs—cocaine, marijuana, and beer. Nashville's drugs are still pills and whiskey.

The backstage area was choked with Hollywood managers and talent agents, who are beginning to sense a commercial potential in what has been largely a provincial phenomenon. Wolfman Jack and his crew from the "Midnight Special" rock show pulled in and virtually took over the Picnic. And the Picnic became a TV special, rather than the down-home gathering Nelson had envisioned. Still, he and everyone else present recognized the value of television coverage for a fledgling movement.

Even Waylon Jennings, progressive-country's genuine maverick, consented to repeat his set three times until the TV crew filmed it right. Of course, that resulted in the cancellation of several acts, but it was of no concern in the face of national coverage. One country singer, who was bumped because of the TV schedule, was furious: "Welcome to Tinseltown! I waited three goddamn days to get my band onstage and some little creep from Hollywood decides I'm not worth it."

What progressive country is now getting to be, judging from such episodes, is country with a heavy rock emphasis and a heavier yearning for widespread acceptance and success—and money. It is exemplified by one of the better acts at the Picnic: Rick Nelson and the Stone Canyon Band. They are one of the best of the West Coast erstwhile-country-rock bands, though he is still light-years away from the country approach of a Willie Nelson or a Waylon Jennings. But Rick Nelson was an audience favorite and several persons in the beer-frenzied crowd began calling for him half an hour before he was announced. When he finally strode onto the big wooden stage, he was met by a frightening crowd roar. Wearing sequined bell-bottom jeans and a chrome-weave shirt, Nelson appeared to be momentarily taken aback, but he and his band got down to serious business as the TV cameras dollied in. The women in the first few rows shucked their blouses and swung their breasts exuberantly, and a stage manager wryly likened the audience to a "sea of tits." The crowd wouldn't let Nelson leave and called for encore after encore, especially that "rock stuff." A young man in the front row yelled, "Hey, Rick!" and tossed a full can of Lone Star beer at him. It missed Nelson and bounced off a guitar stand. Nelson looked around, nonplussed, and finally leaned over, picked up the can and opened it. The audience roar was overwhelming: he was finally accepted as a cosmic cowboy.—*Chet Flippo*

THE MYSTERIOUS RHINESTONE COWBOY

As Rick Nelson lost a teenaged television image to become one of the cosmic cowboys, thirty-five-year-old ex-con David Allan Coe has finally achieved a similar status—if not the popularity.

After six years of trying to make it in Nashville, Coe is being accepted on his own terms. He is no longer thought of as the former Ohio State Pen inmate saved from Death Row by the ending of capital punishment. He's now called "The Mysterious Rhinestone Cowboy," a promising performer in his own right, as well as the writer of the recent hit, "Would You Lay With Me (In a Field of Stone)?" sung

by Tanya Tucker, the new teen-queen of country music.

Over the years country and western and jail haven't exactly been strangers. Some of the rural sound's biggest stars, from country swing-king Spade Cooley to Merle Haggard, have spent time behind bars. Coe acknowledges his debt to Haggard: "He and Johnny Cash have done a lot for prisoners and their rehabilitation," but he is quick to add that "I was the first to admit to being an ex-con as soon as I got out of jail."

After an unsuccessful marriage back home in Akron, Ohio, Coe moved to Nashville, vowing to make a living from his music. As a convict he had been something of a celebrity, headlining the prison variety shows. Out of prison, he was just another struggling singer-songwriter. He recorded two albums of material written in jail, *Penitentiary Blues*, in a white-blues vein, and *Requiem For a Harlequin*, more of an up-tempo rocker. But Coe confesses he still had a lot to learn. "The stuff you write behind walls is so self-pitying," he explains. "Most of it has to be rewritten."

Drawing from his experiences on the outside, David Allan Coe soon came into his own as one of country's new crop of composers, in the same league as Kris Kristofferson, Mickey Newbury, and Billy Joe Shaver. Coe's big break came when producer Billy Sherrill decided to let Tanya Tucker record "Would You Lay With Me?" In response to the controversy generated by a fifteen-year-old singing such adult lyrics, Coe says, "Tanya Tucker's always sounded much older than she is. Besides, if anyone would bother to listen to all the words, they'd realize the song's a marriage vow. I originally wrote it for my younger brother's wedding."

CBS

Coe emerges as cosmic cowboy.

Hot on the heels of this smash, Coe got the chance to record some of his C&W tunes, including "A Sad Country Song," a good old-fashioned beer-guzzling weeper that has found its way onto jukeboxes around the country. Assured of an audience for his songs, he has taken to the bar and coffee-house circuit. Onstage, Coe's a flashy dude, from his rhinestone-studded hatband to the sparkler-encrusted spur straps around his ankles. But for all his surface glitter, Coe is a hardworking and engaging performer. Occasionally his material cries out for a raunchy rockabilly backup band, instead of the soft country-folk approach he takes. Yet, even the jaded audience at New York's Max's Kansas City was completely won over after hearing the first two songs in his varied set.

Despite his present success, Coe hasn't forgotten prisoners who are still in the pen. Along with his partners Bonnie Bucy and Paul Ritchie, he has established Captive Music, a publishing company to provide an outlet for songwriters behind bars. "We've received over five thousand songs," says Coe, "but only a handful of them were worth publishing. Even though we've had to cut back on staff, we'll still look at anything that comes in, even if it's written on toilet paper. Somewhere in there, there's still another Merle Haggard." Or, perhaps, another David Allan Coe?—*Steve Ditlea*

UNCHAINED MELODIES

Numerous groups sing about "paying your dues" and "trouble with the law," but the lyrics mean something more when the guys performing them are convicts. Throughout the Fifties and Sixties inmate musicians had imitated the Coasters, the Temptations, and Little Anthony and the Imperials, but they were never heard outside the prison enclave. Since Attica and the other prison riots of 1971, however, several musical groups in prison have gained recognition, and in a few cases they have signed contracts to cut records.

The first inmates to record while still in prison were the Escorts, a seven-man singing group from Rahway State Prison, New Jersey. In 1969 George Kerr, an ex-Motown producer, heard the Escorts in a Rahway talent show. Kerr wrote to Albert C. Wagner, then the Director of Corrections and Parole in New Jersey, about recording the group in prison, but he was told that his proposal "didn't fit into their rehabilitation program." Only after the riots at Rahway in November 1971 was Kerr allowed to take recording equipment into the prison. The Escorts' first album, *All We Need Is Another Chance*, was released by Alithia in June of the following year and has sold nearly 300,000 copies to date. Their new album, *Three Down, Four To Go*, is in current release with the cut, "Let's Make Love at Home Sometime," receiving heavy R&B airplay.

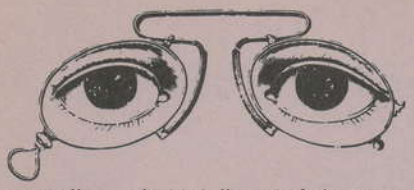
Alithia is now negotiating for TV specials, movie sound tracks, and a national tour—but only for the three Escorts who have been released from prison. In April of this year, New Jersey Governor Brendan Byrne cancelled all furloughs for prisoners. The four other members complain about communication problems between themselves and the record company. They resent not rehearsing with the new backup band that has been hired for them, and the lack of original material on their second album. As of last spring, the four Escorts in prison had not yet received royalty payments from their first album. "All we've got from them is ten dollars and a basket of fried chicken at Christmas," stated one inmate Escort.

When the Escorts' album was first released, it had seemed that their convict image would work as a plus in terms of popularity, but according to George Kerr it had just the opposite effect. The group is trying to lose that image, and as Kerr says, "Man, that's in the past. That's behind them. Let's not talk about that!" And the four inmates fear that the Escorts will soon develop a separate identity, that they will be replaced.

Despite the precedent set by the Escorts for in-prison recording, Isosceles, a three-man singing group at Napanoch, New York, had difficulty with both prison officials and record companies. When a prison guard, Jim Horray, took a rough recording of Isosceles to Avco, the company was interested. Avco wanted the three members to go to New York to make a demo. But the parole board did not allow even one member to leave the prison. Horray appealed the decision, and even offered to drive them back and forth to New York City each day for the recording sessions. Weeks later, when Horray had finally worked out an agreement with the prison officials, Avco said that many of their fall projects had been postponed due to the vinyl shortage, and that Isosceles was one of the casualties.

The music of both the Escorts and Isosceles comes out of the black rhythm-and-blues tradition, but the Escorts' sound is far more stylized and elaborately arranged than that of Isosceles, which is lean with a strong basic rhythm.

The Escorts' first album lacks some of the energy and drive that characterize their live performances, and their sound gets buried in the arrangement. They are at their best when singing cuts like "Ooh Baby, Baby" by Smokey Robinson. Songs like "By the Time I Get to Phoenix" and "Little Green Apples"



are well sung but totally out of character; and in fact this ability to sing in almost any style works against their own distinctive talents.

A jazz band at New York's Green Haven Correctional Facility has more professional experience than either the Escorts or Isosceles; but they have the commercial disadvantage of playing a highly sophisticated jazz. About two-thirds of the twenty-one-member band at Green Haven were full-time musicians before they went to prison. While the Escorts and Isosceles are all under thirty, several members of the jazz band of Green Haven are over forty, and the variety of their musical styles and experiences helps to enrich the band's sound. The more traditional Dixieland and big-band sound of the older musicians complements the modern style of younger men such as "Yaha" Owens, who has played with innovative musicians like Sun Ra.

The turnover of personnel is a major problem with close-knit inmate groups, but the constant influx of new musicians has given the band at Green Haven a freshness that aids the improvisational nature of jazz.

A more serious problem faces inmate musicians after they get out. The government may be willing for an inmate to occupy his time making music, but it makes it very difficult for him to earn his living this way. Hap Carter of the Green Haven band said, "I was sent to prison as a juvenile offender in the late Fifties. Because they had a marching band, they encouraged me to play the trumpet. But when I was released, I wasn't allowed to take jobs in bars or nightclubs and was sent out to work in a quilt factory instead. And that just doesn't make any sense." In order to perform on a steady basis, he would have to break parole. When Carter had an offer to play in Buddy Rich's band, he wasn't able to accept because the parole board wouldn't agree to his going on tour.

Seventy-five percent of the inmate musicians are in prison for drug-related crimes; offenses that are often repeated in the drug-laden music profession. And at present, the remuneration for these musicians is small. But when they perform, their music is distinguished by a sense of personal accomplishment. As one convict musician put it: "When you look up in the Yard and see five hundred brothers who've got nothing to be happy about just laughing and dancing around, then you know you're doing something right!"—*Dirk Wittenborn*

Alithia

The Escorts break through as an R&B hit.

CURRENT RELEASES

Before the Flood/Bob Dylan and The Band (Asylum AB201). Last winter, Bob Dylan went back on the road with The Band. Those concerts were so wildly successful that they managed to stave off the disappointment of *Planet Waves*. *Before the Flood* takes its material from those concerts, and every cut is first-rate, vintage material from Dylan and The Band. Dylan has chosen to exaggerate himself here, usually singing in a shout, and in ballads like "Lay Lady, Lay," he slides in long swoops over the words. He is not merely recreating his old recordings but reacting against them. A great new vitality is unleashed in songs that were written in response to the problems of the Sixties. Throughout the album, The Band performs with brilliance.

Diamond Dogs/David Bowie (RCA CPL1-0576). Mr. Bowie makes heavy "statements" about the apocalypse. "Rebel Rebel" is the album's one good cut—it rocks well and doesn't get bogged down in Bowie's half-baked futuristics. The horrendous finale is here, claims Bowie, in an album that is no more than a cut above glitter sci-fi.

Journey To the Center of the Earth/Rick Wakeman (A&M SP3621). Even before he left Yes, Rick Wakeman had been enamored of the "concept" album—well-trod musical narratives from movieland, such as *The Six Wives of Henry VIII*.

Journey is a musical production based on Jules Verne's story, and it is overripe with pretension, drama, adventure, and homages to *Hall of the Mountain King* à la King Crimson. While the London Symphony backs Wakeman, narrator David Hemmings speaks endlessly on the dangers of impossible missions. Although Wakeman's effort reeks of class, it is high camp at best.

Caribou/Elton John (MCA 2116). Elton John gives no sign of letting up. He and his production team are extremely prolific without hedging an inch on spirit or quality. For an Elton John album, *Caribou* is presented in a very casual manner: just a single album, not even a double cover—much less the usual barrage of pictures, folding flaps, and other packaging devices. But it is an exceptionally driving and inspired album. Lyricist Bernie Taupin is putting fewer words in Elton's mouth, and some songs seem extremely sparse, but Elton John's incredible performance maintains the LP's level of excellence throughout.

461 Ocean Blvd/Eric Clapton (RSO Records S04801). This is Eric Clapton's "return" album, and he remains one of the world's greatest guitarists. Clapton continues to feed his legend here with a fast and eloquent hand. His mournful, blues-based voice is coupled with some fine material. One song, "Give Me Strength," is just a shell, not much of a song, but Clapton's expertise builds it into a triumph of stylistics.

Walking Man/James Taylor (Warner Brothers W2794). This album contains James Taylor's finest material. One song, "Let It All Fall Down," is superlative and on a par with his "Mockingbird" duet with Carly Simon. Taylor has coauthored some very fine arrangements, and David Spinoza's production shows them to their best advantage.

These Foolish Things/Bryan Ferry (Atlantic SD7304). Ferry left Roxy Music some months ago to have a crack at the recording studio on his own. Not a wise-crack exactly; a sly-crack is more like it. Is he serious, or is he just very clever? Not a cosmic dilemma, but something to ponder. Songs like "A Hard Rain's Gonna Fall," "It's My Party," "Sympathy For the Devil," and "The Tracks of My Tears"—rock standards from widely varied sources—are all brought together here as finely wrought music and ingenious parody. This is Ferry's first solo album, and it is a small triumph. —*John Gibson*

THE SEAGRAM'S GIN BLOODY MARY.

1½ oz. of Seagram's Gin,
3 oz. tomato juice, ½ oz. of lemon juice,
a dash of Worcestershire,
salt, pepper. Shake with ice.

Seagram's. The Perfect Martini Gin. Perfect all ways.

Seagram Distillers Company, N.Y., N.Y. 86/90 Proof. Distilled Dry Gin. Distilled from American Grain.

THE LAST DAYS OF EARTH

In a large auditorium a concert was about to begin when flames were seen licking at the backstage curtains. The audience began to rush for the doors when they noted a cool-headed pianist onstage who strode nonchalantly to the piano, seated himself deliberately, and began to play. This calmed and reassured the audience, who returned to their seats and burned to death. Moral: if you run into a coolheaded pianist, get excited. He could lull you while Big Brother takes over. He could bring on 1984 ten years earlier than George Orwell expected it.

The specter of 1984 has been appearing a bit much lately. We are running out of resources and patience so fast that a man doesn't trust his neighbor and the government is unwilling to trust either of them. We

have to remember what the government would like us to forget. Remember how adroitly the government tried to bury Watergate?—"Grab them by their gas tanks, and their hearts and minds will follow."

Who could have predicted how successful the "energy crisis" would be? "The energy crisis," William F. Buckley, Jr., put it nicely back in late December, "is that we are being asked to get by on slightly *more* energy than we used in 1970" [emphasis added].

In 1970, you'll remember, we were still budgeting vast sums of energy on guns, bombs, overseas troops, B-52 raids, and other forms of conspicuous consumption.

Our leading conservationist delivers an emergency plan for continued life on this planet.
By **David R. Brower**

Yet we also had generous amounts of butter with our guns, and gas stations offered prizes to get people to buy more.

It goes to show that you can always make a cupboard *look* bare, if it serves your purpose.

What will it be like, at this rate, in the year 2014, or even 2004? The dates are not too far ahead to think about. Think back as far as 2004 is ahead and you are at the dawn of the atomic age and the end of World War II. Think as far back as the year 2014 is ahead, and you are back in the Great Depression.

Jacques Yves Cousteau, who explores and worries about oceans so well, likens our home to an egg. If the earth were that small, he says, all the water in the oceans, lakes, streams, and glaciers would be but a single drop on the egg's shell.

What about the atmosphere? If you reduce it to the density of water, then it is a mere thirty-three feet deep (a figure to remember when you think of how much garbage or heat we want it to carry). That amounts, on the egg's scale, to a droplet, to one thirty-second of an inch in diameter.

And the soil, upon which all life depends? On the egg scale, a barely visible speck.

Drop, droplet, and speck are all that make this planet different from the moon.

So much for our home. Now, consider man's time. We compressed the earth to an egg. Let's compress time even more, and squeeze the earth's four billion years to the six days of the week of creation. This makes available a startling instant replay.

Creation began, we can say, at midnight Sunday. Until noon on Tuesday it was all just a construction job. There was too poisonous an atmosphere when we finally got one, and there were too many toxic metals—such as mercury, lead, and cadmium—for life. They had to be locked out of the system, except for a few essential traces here and there, before life could take hold.

At noon Tuesday the miracle happened: there was a cell, there was a chromosome in the cell and genes in the chromosome. The genes said, "Let's split." We've had life on the planet since.

Life continued to expand through Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and into Saturday morning. It increased in abundance, diversification, stability, and beauty. Life produced the environmental capital of the earth, the "biomass," which is now so important to us. On Saturday morning, at about five o'clock, the oil that we're now using up so rapidly began to be laid down. At seven we had cockroaches, so well designed that there have been no important changes since. At four in the afternoon, the dinosaurs and other big reptiles came onstage; at nine they were off. Just before they left, there were redwoods and pelicans. An hour later the whales went back to the sea, and an hour after that, the seals.

All of this was the prelude to The Great Event. Three minutes before midnight, something like man arrived. What we readily recognize as man waited until eleven seconds before midnight. This was Neanderthal man, and with him came the beginning of our political process. Next, at one and one-half seconds before midnight, we had in Southeast Asia the first agriculture. Half a second later, agriculture had already destroyed most of the forests ringing the Mediterranean, such as the Cedars of Lebanon. Then, one-quarter of a second before midnight, Christianity arrived.

We create this perspective for one main purpose: it was not until one-fortieth of a second before midnight, the last day in the week of creation, that the Industrial Revolution began. Out of the marriage of coal and iron, we developed the capability to destroy the environmental capital of the earth. We came to like that so much that in the last 1/500th of a second before Sunday we became possessed by an idea that we appear to accept as a natural law: the only way we can continue to make this whole thing work is to continue to grow, and to grow faster. It is the key to economic survival, we thought. Almost all leaders leaped to the conclusion that growth was the only economic approach that would work. Grow—grind the environment down, use it up.

> People often don't realize that you can have an environment without an economy, but not the other way around.

Growth leads to problems of doubling that we could once forget, but now cannot. Two percent growth per year (the rate our population was growing until recently) will produce a doubling in thirty-five years. Seven percent growth (the rate of our growing demand for electricity) will produce a doubling in ten years. Zero growth (which is all the planet can grow) produces no doubling ever, and there's the problem. Either rethink growth or expand the planet. You can't have one without the other, but you can borrow for a while and fool yourself into thinking that you got away with it.

A French riddle will help to dramatize just how desperate our situation is: Suppose you own a pond on which a water lily is growing. The lily doubles in size each day. If the lily were allowed to grow unchecked, it would completely cover the pond in ten days, choking off all other forms of life in the water. But the lily plant seems small and so you decide not to worry about cutting it back until it covers half the pond. On what day will that be? Answer: The ninth day. You have one day to save the pond.

Our world is stocked with a given number of nonrenewable resources. There are also renewable resources that have been turning out to be less renewable every year. This doesn't just mean the not very renewable two-thousand-year-old redwoods. It refers to air, land, and sea that have had too much poison dumped into them by people who think the economy is more important than the environment, not realizing that you can have an environment without an economy but not the other way around.

The renewable resources are those that have kept renewing themselves with no more interruption than a volcanic cataclysm or major glacial advance. After that, the Industrial Revolution gave man the tools with which to make *permanent* interruptions, such as forcing a species into extinction. This kind of interruption makes a once renewable resource nonrenewable.

Renewable resources are not now, and never have been, self-sufficient. They rely upon an interdependency you have to see to believe.

A good many living things depend upon air, and there is no being that is self-sufficient in air. The earth has a single atmosphere. You can build a high smokestack up into it, spew your noxious poisons far above your reach, and they are dispersed by the winds. But dispersed where? Into the rain that brings the stuff down on your neighbors. Or the poison can circle the earth.

All living things depend upon water, and water has a way of seeking its own level. It is of all things most yielding, as the Chinese observed a few millennia ago, and it can overcome that which is most hard. It can reach things you wish it wouldn't. For example, the lethally radioactive wastes from atomic reactors—the permanent garbage we try to bury out of water's reach because we must not have it back in radioactive water or in any other form. But water has a way of bringing things out in the open. It will rust a container, corrode or erode it, seep into it, seep back out, and bring the lethal burden back to our door, where we should never have made it. And if it wants to, water can get tough on a moment's notice and break things up. In quantity, ice can return to Hanford, Washington, which the glaciers left a mere nine thousand years ago, and can excavate and release into the global environment the deadliest poison we know —the plutonium garbage that Dixy Lee Ray of the Atomic Energy Commission assures us will remain permanently isolated for 500,000 years in the Hanford clay, because she intended it that way.

The renewable resources renew themselves when all recycling systems are "GO." This is the way the world works. The systems have been built and tested over a period of three billion years, and we are not likely to second-guess them very well even though we keep trying to. The United States, with 6 percent of the world's population, presently uses about 50 percent of the world's resources and 33 percent of the world's energy. And many people feel that we need a still larger share. Before we blindly accept this prescription for unlimited growth—and disaster—we should examine how we are now using what we have and how we could use it more wisely.

For instance, transportation now takes up about one-fourth of America's energy bud-

get. Since World War II, we have favored the most wasteful means of transport. Waterways and railroads are approximately equal in efficiency; trucks use up about four times more energy per weight-unit of payload than trains; and airplanes use about sixty times as much as trains.

But the real waste occurs in America's passenger cars. They are the symbol and key element of everything that was so right and has become so wrong with America. Who could foresee what cars would do to oil and air, how they would make Los Angeleses out of cities, bedrooms out of nearby towns, and ghosts out of others? Could we have ever guessed the depth of our addiction to such a destroyer of fertile land, mineral resources, people, and even government? Did we know what willing victims of the road gang (oilers, pavers, automakers) we were letting ourselves become, and how we would shun the cold turkey of kicking addiction?

Replacing the car with mass transit will really stretch the oil fields. Commuter rail systems would be ideal, but they require a long lead time and terrific amounts of capital. In the interim, the expansion of bus systems is needed badly. The small entrepreneur could make a dent in the energy crisis by setting up jitney services that would require only enough capital to buy a modest amount of rolling stock, gasoline, and advertising. Small businessmen could buy microbuses to set up commuting runs and systems of transportation between cities or suburbs and working/shopping/entertainment centers.

Eric Hirst, energy-overuse analyst at the Oak Ridge National Laboratory, estimates that automobiles could be redesigned to be about twice as efficient (using half the fuel) by limiting car weight to 2,200 pounds, and using radial tires (they slip less and save 10 percent on fuel) and standard transmissions. These reforms might even put fun back into driving—and are within extant technology. Beyond that, changing from the internal-combustion engine would be a big help—auto diesel engines are about 44 percent more efficient than the standard internal-combustion engine, and stratified-charge engines are about 15 percent more efficient.

Hirst's basic strategy for making all transportation, both of freight and of folk, more efficient is to make better use of existing equipment. If trucks, airplanes, and buses travel full, or nearly so, the savings will be significant. The airlines have already given this a start by reducing the number of flights. This makes some things less convenient, perhaps, but taking a little longer on all our trips would not be such a bad idea—we could have more time with books, magazines, meals, naps, and stewardesses. Jumbo jets are more efficient than conventional jets: 747's use only 53 percent as much fuel per passenger-mile as 707's. Add to this the nice lounges and stand-up bars on 747's, DC 10's, and L-011's, and you have a set of nice ancillary benefits. So,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 92

ROI-TAN.

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THE LAST TESTAMENT OF LUCKY LUCIANO
PART 3

By Martin A. Gosch and Richard Hammer

Charles "Lucky" Luciano, certainly the most powerful figure in the history of organized crime in America, died in exile in Italy in 1962. Before his death he held a series of conversations with Martin Gosch, a writer and filmmaker. He told Gosch the entire story of how he had pulled together the warring elements of the American underworld to weld an organization which in wealth and influence rivaled the largest corporations.

Luciano made Gosch promise to wait until ten years after his death before publishing the book. Last year, while in the midst of preparing the manuscript, Gosch died. The work was continued by Richard Hammer, and this fall, Little, Brown and Company will publish The Last Testament of Lucky Luciano. *It is the first time that a gangland leader has ever revealed, in print, the detailed inner workings of the nationwide crime organization.*

This is the final installment of Penthouse's *three-part condensation of the book.*

Lucky Luciano was born Salvatore Lucania in a small Sicilian village in 1897. He came to America with his family at the age of nine and soon began his career of crime on New York's Lower East Side, together with Frank Costello, Meyer Lansky, "Bugsy" Siegel and, later, with Joey Adonis, Tommy Lucchese, Dutch Schultz, Louis "Lepke" Buchalter, and Vito Genovese. These men constituted the inner circle of the organization that eventually eliminated the old Mafia Dons, Salvatore "The Pope" Maranzano and Giuseppe Masseria.

Luciano called organized crime the "outfit," but the formal title was the Unione Siciliano. Others have called it the Mafia or the Syndicate. But whatever the name, it was all one.

Luciano and his men grew rich as bootleggers and proprietors of great gambling casinos, as well as through the numbers racket. Through loan-sharking operations they moved in to control scores of legitimate businesses, principally in the garment district. Luciano bribed policemen and, at least by his own account, police commissioners, mayors, and governors. The mob controlled Tammany Hall, the New York Democratic machine, while men of the caliber of Al Smith both asked for and got help in their political campaigns.

Lucky claimed that he was never involved in the drug traffic or in prostitution. But his underlings were. Eventually, a special prosecutor named Thomas E. Dewey won a conviction of Luciano as the chief vice lord of New York.

During his stay in prison, Luciano said his men arranged for the burning of the French liner Normandie *during World War II. Although this was widely believed to be an act of German sabotage, it was actually done to give Luciano a chance to bargain with the navy and Thomas Dewey (who was campaigning for governor) to provide the government with protection along the mob-controlled waterfront in return for Lucky's release from prison.*

But Lucky claims that the actual deal was a payoff of $90,000 to Dewey to help finance his 1944 campaign for president. When the war ended, Luciano won his freedom but Dewey insisted that he accept exile to Italy as the price. Luciano reluctantly agreed. A closely guarded farewell party on shipboard was attended by all the major gang leaders, who brought gifts of money, and by scores of important politicians.

Luciano put Meyer Lansky and Joey Adonis in charge of his interests in America, but he planned to return in person as soon as possible—hopefully by way of Cuba, where the mob had established a large-scale gambling operation.

Behind him, he left a close-knit criminal organization, over which in the next fifteen years he would fight a gradually losing battle to maintain control. In Italy, he began by taking over the Italian black-market organization set up by Vito Genovese during the war.

In early 1946, Charles "Lucky" Luciano arrived in the harbor of Genoa aboard the S.S. *Laura Keene*. The U.S. Army still controlled Italy and American authorities were not letting up on the underworld kingpin.

As Luciano said later, "Orders had come from the head of the Narcotics Bureau of the U.S. Treasury in Washington, from that dirty son of a bitch Asslinger [Luciano's constant corruption of the name of Harry Anslinger] to keep me under twenty-four-hour-a-day surveillance."

Luciano was at first restricted to his birthplace, the tiny village of Lercara Friddi on the island of Sicily. His arrival there was a big event.

"I remember it like it was yesterday. The band began to play the wonderful American music. Then our mayor came to the car and opened the door and he shook hands with 'Meester Sharlie.' " The mayor asked him to sign his name in the Official Register, signifying that he was once more a legal resident of Lercara Friddi.

Then Luciano was shown where he would live—the town hotel. "This two-story, broken-down, weatherbeaten joint was gonna be my Sicilian version of the Waldorf Towers. While I was lookin' at it, a guy introduces himself as my cousin, Paolo Rotolo. He seemed to understand that I was a little disappointed in where I was gonna live, but I told him not to apologize for it, that in many respects I was goddamn glad to be there."

But it was not long before Luciano's connections paid off and he was able to move to the city of Palermo and into one of the best hotels.

"The first thing I done was get in touch with another cousin of mine named Riccardo Barone who was a real hotshot in the black market. He went to work for me right away, settin' things up, carryin' dough and all that stuff. Also, he was in the Mafia. It wasn't nothin' like what J. Edgar Hoover and all them guys was always screamin' about in the States. Half the people I met in Sicily was in the Mafia—and I mean half the cops, too. Because in Sicily, the Mafia is first, then your own family, then your business, and then the Mafia again. In a way, you might say it's like a private club.

"It was kinda like the good old days when bootleggin' was the name of the game. Italy was the same thing all over again, except now it was whiskey, medicine, cigarettes, clothes—you name it. Everybody was in it, the legit guys, the ex-Fascists, the Communists. Every fuckin' son of a bitch was tryin' to make some money and he didn't give a goddamn how he got it. And that goes for the priests in the churches, too. There was plenty of them padres who learned to look the other way in order to keep the people in their parishes alive.

"A big part of the black market involved gettin' the real necessities of life outa the American PX's and commissaries. Then, pretty soon, I had a fleet of old fishin' boats comin' and goin' from Tangier, which was a free port. A dozen nylons could buy a half-interest in a bank in them days. When I finally got to Rome, I found out that for a carton of American cigarettes a girl would live with you for a week, do your laundry, sleep with you, and then go out and sell that carton —one cigarette at a time—and come up with a bundle that would keep her alive for a couple weeks more.

"I had a lotta cash dollars and I used 'em to buy lire cheap. Then I'd send Riccardo over to Tangier to change the lire back into dollars at a better price."

By June of 1946, Luciano had pulled enough strings to ease his way out of Sicily and into the luxurious Excelsior Hotel in Naples. He took over the black-market network that had been established by Genovese, picking up the contacts at the huge American naval base and in the American colony and opening a pipeline through which passed American foods, canned goods and staples, and American home appliances available nowhere else. "If you think we made big profits from bootleggin' in the States in the Twenties, it didn't compare to the Italian black market. Practically the whole naval base in Naples was in the black market. There hadda be a middleman, and I arranged to be the guy behind the guys in the middle."

Luciano stayed in Naples only long enough to solidify his control. Then, his political contacts giving the okay, he moved to Rome, to the famous Excelsior Hotel on the Via Veneto. Early in the fall, a message arrived from Lansky. The message was just three words: "December—Hotel Nacional."

In late September 1946, Luciano obtained not one but two Italian passports made out in the name of Salvatore Lucania, with visas for Mexico, Cuba, and several South American nations. Then he suddenly vanished from the Italian scene.

In December he arrived in Havana and met with Lansky, who proposed that Luciano purchase an interest in the casino at the Hotel Nacional, which was owned by Lansky and former Cuban president Fulgencio Batista. This would give Luciano a business interest and a legitimate reason for staying in Havana for as long as he liked. The figure of $150,000 was set for a small percentage.

"The only question was how I could avoid shellin' out the dough myself. Meyer said that if all our guys was happy to bring envelopes to my bon voyage party on the *Laura Keene*, they'd be more'n happy to bring envelopes to welcome me back again across the Atlantic. So that's the way we worked it."

Before the other underworld leaders arrived in Havana Vito Genovese appeared. He threw a bombshell. "He said, 'Let me tell you what I think, Charlie—it's a good proposition. I think you oughta quit—I mean, retire. You'll have all the dough you can ever need, and I give you my personal word on that. And you'll still be the boss, the *capo di capi re*. It's like you'll be the head, but I'll be runnin' things on the spot.'

"That guinea son of a bitch! I looked at Vito very calm, and I said, 'There is no boss of bosses.' I turned it down in front of everybody. If I ever change my mind, then *I* will take the title. Don't you ever let me hear this again, or I'll lose my temper.' "

The next day the delegates began arriving. From New York and New Jersey came Joe Adonis, Albert Anastasia, Joe "Bananas" Bonanno, Frank Costello, Tommy Lucchese, Joe Profaci and his heir apparent, Giuseppe Magliocco, Willie Moretti, Augie Pisano, and Mike Miranda. From Buffalo there was Steve Magaddino. Chicago sent its council chief, Tony Accardo, and the brothers Fischetti—Charlie and Rocco —cousins and heirs of Al Capone (who was then out of prison and dying of syphilis of the brain in his mansion on Palm Island off Miami Beach). Carlos Marcello arrived from New Orleans and Santo Trafficante from Florida. ("This is a guy who always man-

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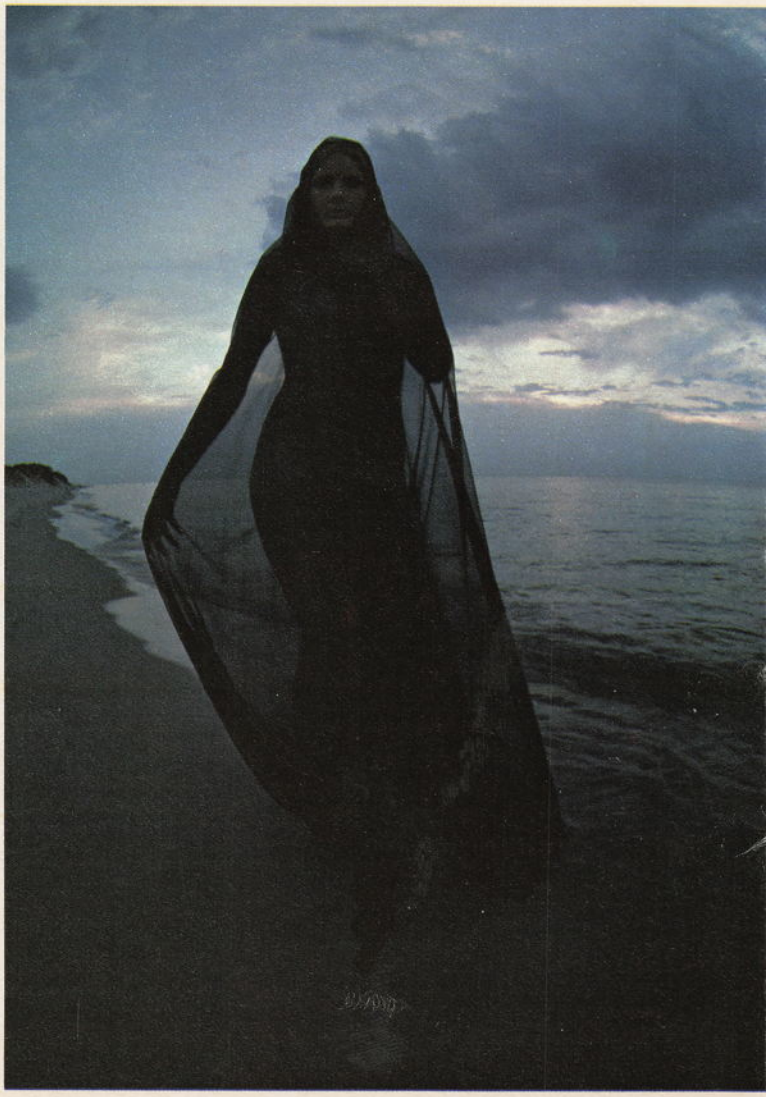
"There is nothing like making love outdoors. It's far more free and open—which is how I think sex should be."

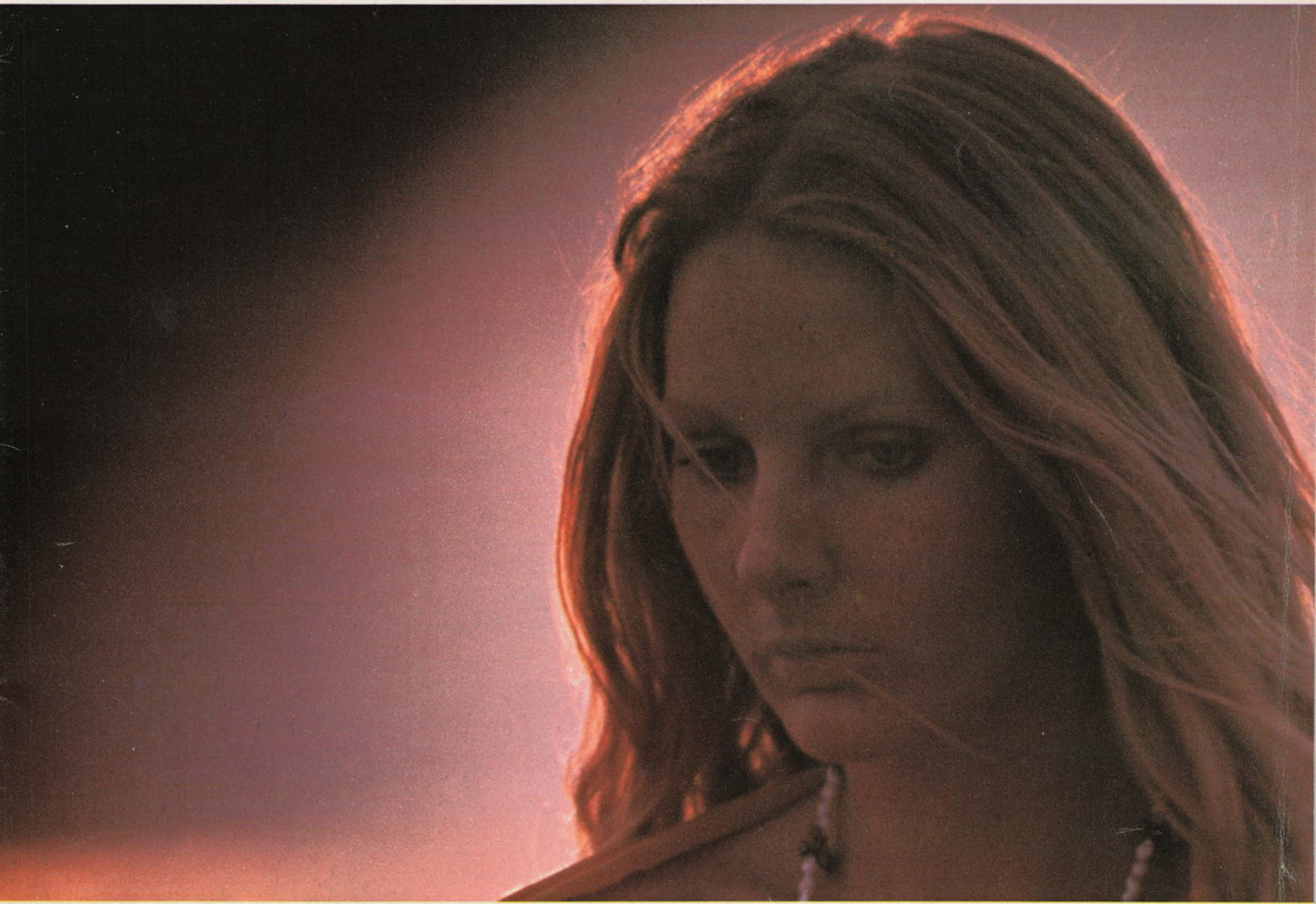
JANE



A GIRL FOR ALL SEASONS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STAN MALINOWSKI

"Once you've made love in the woods on a bed of leaves, looking up at the sky, with no sound except birds singing and the wind rustling in the branches, the bedroom seems a little boring." Thus, Jane Sommers, twenty-three years old, is rarely to be found cloistered within four walls. "I'm totally outdoor oriented," says Jane, "I'm out camping more often than I'm home. I love to ski and I've just learned to mountain-climb. My next project is to learn skydiving, and I'm looking forward to it."



A woman who can obviously keep up with her men, Jane says she's always been something of a tomboy. "Until high school, all the fellows just considered me one of the boys." But the boys clearly had to do a bit of reconsidering when their chum began to develop her 35-23-35 figure.

Jane skipped the college grind, preferring to find things out for herself. "I just took off and ran around the country...the Midwest, Colorado, Florida. I made my own way and met my own kind of people. I don't think I missed anything by not going to college. You can learn a lot more about life by living it."

For the time being, Jane's encamped in her native Tennessee, but she's looking forward to a long-planned and permanent move to Colorado—to the mountains where she prefers to live and make love, naturally. "There is nothing like making love outdoors. It's far more free and open—which is how I think sex should be.

I'm very temperamental, however, about my own role. Sometimes I like to be aggressive, sometimes not. I'm always into experimenting with my man, though I'm not especially kinky. I've never had sex with someone I didn't feel deeply about. There's plenty of variety to be found in a one man—one woman relationship."

A naturalist in all things, Jane has absolutely no qualms when it comes to posing nude. "I enjoy showing off my body. I like wearing clothes that are as abbreviated as possible, though it's sometimes been difficult in towns as small as the ones I've lived in. I can't stand that kind of provincial narrow-mindedness. The only thing that *really* makes me lose my temper is when people make judgments without trying to understand. People should be totally natural about their bodies. They're as much a part of nature as a mountain or a river. What's wrong with showing them?"

We can't think of a single thing, Jane.

CIA

PROTOCOL

By Matthew Jay

The CIA's extermination protocol was a marvel of systems analysis, nothing could go wrong. Well, almost nothing.

She swoops into my office, fire burning in her eyes and smoke billowing from her ass.

"Ronald. . . ." she grates, combining a banshee wail with a spoiled American whine.

I try to maintain composure, and keep my silence. After seventeen years with Constance you learn not to overreact, not to talk. Blend into the landscape, just like I tell my operatives. Become so obscure, no one will even know you're there.

"God, Ronald, do they think I'm some alien? They searched me, Ronald." My wife's voice picks up decibels like an approaching train.

"They looked . . . everywhere." I nod my head in mock sympathy.

"Doris Jameson doesn't go through this nonsense at Larry's office." The roots of Connie's just coiffed hair retreat to their natural mousy-brown state. Her face is consumed in a red glow normally associated with cantankerous old English gluttons. Constance is not one of those. She only looks and acts that way.

"You'll have to admit a different protocol exists at Larry's Water and Power than at the CIA, dear," I propose. "After all, as head of the West Coast office, I must set the example. The rules state 'All visitors to director's office will be searched.' You can't expect me, of all people, to make allowances in the rules . . . family included."

"Well, let me tell you something, Ronald Malm. I absolutely refuse to be disrobed and fondled by some dikey matron. That is, if it really *is* a matron. . . ."

"Constance!" The combination of my outburst with my obvious security here in my own world stifle her for a moment.

Unfortunately, I know it's only a brief victory. As soon as she gains her composure, she'll take over . . . get what she came for. It's always been that way, and I'm afraid it always will be that way.

"Security is a fact of life in the CIA, dear," I continue, not wanting to relinquish the floor. "If it makes you feel any better, all of us are searched each day. . . ."

"And who searches the searchers?" asks my unwelcome visitor. We both know the tide has turned. She doesn't wait for a response but, as is her custom, plunges on.

"Ronald, it's because of your silly little rules that I stay away from this place, and I most certainly would not be here today if you hadn't lost the Christmas list. Now take this list and give it to your secretary to type the envelopes."

I should have known that her visit has been prompted by our annual domestic crisis over the use of my office facilities for her personal life. I've tried to stop it, but she won't have it. She'll do anything to have someone else do the work on her petty little projects. Why, she recently told my secretary that I said it was okay for her to send the invitations for Connie's father's birthday party on CIA stationery. She and the old bastard still think I owe my public service career to him. I don't owe him a thing. Anyway, they frown on nepotism in the CIA.

Our conversation is suddenly halted by Agent 43. Wielding an

Illustration by Norman Adams

oversized aluminum briefcase, he enters on his hourly rounds.

"Excuse me, ma'am . . . sir," apologizes this average-height, average-weight, rather nondescript secret agent. "I'll come back after you're finished. . . ."

"What is your mission, Agent?" I bark, exhibiting the chain of command to Constance in case she isn't aware of my importance.

"Sir, my mission is to:

(a) Check all offices for air level;

(b) Check pollution and/or gas, if any; and

(c) Take temperature and humidity readings."

"And do you have authority to alter written orders?" I ask.

"No, sir."

"Then get on with it, man!"

"The mission, Agent 43. Always your mission. No questions. No regrets. Nothing stops the mission."

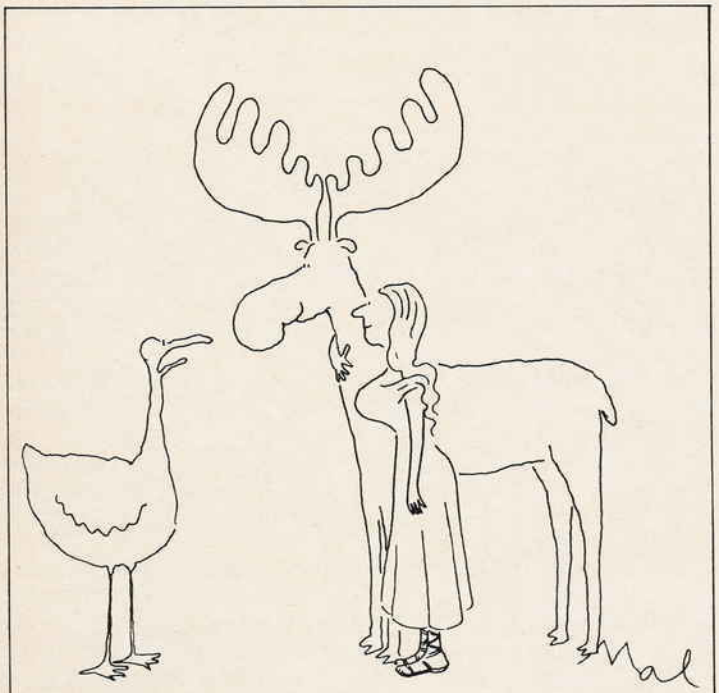
The agent sets his briefcase on the floor and quickly, without a sound, opens it and starts removing the contents.

"The Mission, 43. Always your mission. No questions. No regrets. Nothing stops the mission . . . not social amenities, not family." I pause to look at Constance. . . . "Nothing, is that clear?"

Agent 43 has unpacked several glass vials, a cage with three mice, and a black wand attached to an electronic device. With a professional flourish he produces a white medical smock. Even Connie is silent in the face of his technical mastery.

The white over-suit transforms this average-looking secret agent into an average-looking doctor—or if you will, a nondescript lab technician. It's not easy for me, running this office of drab men.

For one thing, I've got a size disadvantage, standing six feet, three inches and weighing in at 235 pounds. And if that isn't enough, it's all topped by the reddest of red hair. It's just not your typical spy look. Fortunately, a little gray is creeping in amongst the red. This, along with a slouch, makes me feel closer to the men. These encroaching symptoms of increasing middle age are the only good Constance has done for me.



"What do you mean, Leda, swans no longer turn you on!"

"What is this man doing, Ronald?" Constance is eyeing Agent 43 as he deftly moves the black wand in Geiger-counter style, keeping his eyes on the electronic dials. The three mice act much happier than my wife.

"Air check," I state, acting as though everybody did it.

"Oh, Ronald, I was concerned before . . . but now . . . are you sure this is the right line of work for you?" She exhibits a concerned demeanor quite unlike her normal sourness. Constance moves her legs for the approaching agent. "I wish you'd followed Daddy's advice and gone into something with a little less responsibility —like the Senate. . . ."

The agent, ignoring Connie's obvious grandstanding for his benefit, is putting the equipment away. "All clear, sir. . . . See you in an hour," he announces as he goes to the door. Before he leaves, the lights go out. Connie screams. We hear a slight thump as 43 misses the door but, true to his training, utters not a sound. True to her nature, my wife utters only sound.

"What happened to the lights?" she gasps.

"Four o'clock blackout drill," I smile invisibly.

"My God, let me out of this asylum!" she yells, stumbling and fumbling for the door. Trying to drown out her hysteria, I shout, "You know, you're very lucky, dear. We only discontinued our exit search last week."

Her choked reply is muffled by the slamming door. In the darkness I finger the twelve-page list she left. Damn! Every year it gets longer. I wonder what did happen to the first list she gave me . . . no matter, I'll just sit and wait for the lights to go on. Maybe I'll work late again . . . got that new project.

Sir, are you coming to the lab with us?" asks Agent 32X, carefully loading the blue-and-yellow-striped container into the dirt-smudged, off-white panel truck parked in front of the French Consulate. An unobtrusive sign, ACME PLUMBING, is discreetly written on both sides of the van, and Acme's trademark —crossed plumber's friends—is X'ed across the rear doors.

"No, I'm looking into one of our operations downtown," I answer, noting my men's attention to detail. God, it feels good to be out in the field, participating in a mission. Away from the office, the phone, and Constance.

"How did it go?" I ask.

"Not a hitch, sir, except. . . ." Agent 32X's hesitation catches me off guard, for this is one operation that must go right. It's my ticket back to D.C.—where I'd still be if it wasn't for that tramp Loreen. No more office stuff for me. My new policy is to keep sex out of the office and home, and put it in an expensive but secret condominium, where it belongs.

"Except what, Agent 32X?" I feel my blood heat up as I try to control myself. Keep calm. Field testing is designed to work out the bugs of new procedures. But, damn it, this project is so simple. Based on the premise that, after blood, urine is the best index of a man's state of health, we steal the urine of the subject under surveillance. Maybe there's a problem I haven't considered in translating my theory into the actual purloining. . . ? The lavatory of the French Consulate seemed the ideal starting place. Damn! Constance won't let me concentrate anymore. . . .

"Well sir, there was a heavy run on the facility and . . . and . . . well, we had an overflow of information."

"Input exceeding capacity," I mutter in relief. Collection and delivery of secret data is always difficult, but my introduction of liquid information has caused unique problems. Electronic eavesdropping is like child's play compared to clandestine plumbing. And when one does the plumbing right under the noses of the French Consulate . . . well, it isn't really their nose that it's under. . . .

Pleased that the "problem" is a minor one, I instruct the agent. "We'll try an expanding holding tank next time."

"One other question, sir," the operative begins as he closes the van's doors.

"Yes?"

"Should we label the report 'Confidential,' 'Secret,' 'Top Secret,' or 'For Your Eyes Only'?"

"Just check the *Manual*, 32X, it's all there. Whether it's distribution of memos or elimination of undesirables, you'll find that it's all there in the book."

I wish there was a book governing my life with Constance. Why is it that I can run my office so effectively by simply insisting on literal and absolute observation of protocol, but with Constance, there's no protocol. . . .

We all need a book or blueprint for the things we do, otherwise life becomes chaotic, anarchistic, or worse, communistic. If we anticipate contingencies, the unexpected can be controlled. It's the team that follows the game-plan best that wins.

Take our extermination protocol. Although not yet utilized in the West Coast office, it is a marvel of systems analysis, advanced planning, and organization—efficient and completely blameproof. The orders come in to the head of the office. To the secretaries and staff, they look like an interoffice memo with a column of names. But as district chief I know that, with a particular watermark, this memo has become a death list. Once I put that innocent-looking paper into my out-box, any number of qualified agents may receive its hidden assignment. No one but the agent receiving the memo knows who executes the mission. Even I, the head of the office, don't know. For further obfuscation, all such eliminations are accomplished by sophisticated, but seemingly accidental means—on weekends and legal holidays. Damn fine protocol.

"Based on the premise that, after blood, urine is the best index of a man's state of health, we steal the urine of the subject under surveillance."

I like this Agent 32X. He may be ready to move up. When I get back to the office, I'll look at his records . . . maybe he's due for a Level 4. Gives him a chance to carry a gun. Then Level 5 gives him the authority to shoot it. . . .

When I call my office for messages, they tell me that Constance wants me to bring a dozen folders, stationery, and a box of large paper clips. And did I get the Christmas cards out? Damn her! It's one thing the way she always bitches at me to bring the stuff home, but when she lets the whole world know that the CIA is paying for the Malms' stationery and paper clips. . . . Damn her!

Ranny, vat time is it?"

"It's that time," I reluctantly answer my beautiful Brigit. I need to recharge my batteries before coming home, and Brigit can provide the proper shock therapy for any system. After a session with my Swedish bombshell, I couldn't care less about Connie's demands. My wife ought to be grateful. With Brigit's preparation, I can absorb all the abuse Constance has to give.

Brigit allows me to be open, an attitude which my dear wife would shove down my throat. Everybody should have a Brigit.

Bill Abernathy's death leaves me numb. Constance tells me about it when I come in about eleven-thirty.

"They say his car looks like an accordion."

"Does Marian know?"

"She was the one who called."

It's funny, even all my years in the business haven't prepared me for this. I guess CIA people are human too. Bill and I were friends since college. Always competing. Cars. Girls. Everything. We even got married about the same time. I'd say he won that one . . . Marian is really something.

"Will the office come through with the Olds, Ronald?"

"Jesus! I know you never cared much for the guy . . . but Jesus, to bring up that old crap about the car at a time like this. . . ."

"But you promised!"

"Constance." I try to keep my voice even, but feel control slipping.

"Due to the nature of our work, the best I can get is a *used* Plymouth or Chevy, either gray or beige. We can't drive big, flashy cars in the Agency. . . . You certainly should be able to see that. What's the matter with you?" My voice cracks.

"Life must go on," Constance consoles.

The lab report tells me more about the French Consulate than they probably know about themselves. Turns out their big guy is impotent. That tickles me—after all these years of hearing about Gallic virility. Amazing the story a little urine can tell. Maybe I'll get back to D.C. sooner than I thought. Constance would rather we stay here. That's the best damn reason to send in the report as soon as possible. That's what I'm doing here now at Brigit's.

She, like so many foreigners, has a better fix on the correct use of language than most of us natives. I guess it's because they learn it the right way. . . . She follows the grammatical rules better than I do, because she doesn't have the errors of a lifetime built in. But it's getting late, and much as I hate to leave the softest editor in town, I must. Brigit is always willing to help. She gives great Edit.

Constance is indomitable tonight. I can't get a word in. I try to shut myself in the den to work on the paper, but her voice follows me everywhere.

"Don't you know anyone who can get us tickets? It's only the best performance she has ever given."

"Why don't you throw out that old suit . . . it embarrasses me."

"Are you sure your secretary mailed all the cards?"

Only the telephone, that most hated, yet most useful, of instruments has the power to pull her away. God! What an awesome device. I'm sure Bell had no idea what power he unleashed upon the world.

The beautiful gorgeous silence in the wake of her departure leaves me gasping. It's like breathing pure oxygen after an attack of severe pollution. Constance's absence does that to me these days.

But my newfound freedom ends three minutes later. She comes back into our combination den-gameroom-study. She is ashen gray.

"The Baxters," she mutters, hardly opening her mouth. "It's the Baxters. . . ."

"What about the Baxters?" I ask, halfway knowing the answer.

"Their house . . . all of them . . . gas explosion." Constance collapses in our big easy chair.

"My God!" I exclaim, with appropriate anguish. Actually I never much cared for the Baxters. He was such a phony and she such a climber, but I play out the charade. "How?"

"The furnace," she sobs. "And Doris just had a man in this morning. You just can't find good service people anymore."

I can't work on my report anymore tonight.

Miss Taylor, bring in the list, will you?" I am speaking on the intercom. "Yes, the Christmas list. No, I can't speak to my wife now. Tell her I'm on a . . . uh . . . secret mission."

The list. The goddamned list. Do your wife a goddamned favor and look what happens. If only there was a manual on handling your wife I'd. . . .

"Thank you, Miss Taylor," I say, automatically acknowledging her promptness.

When she's gone I look at the list. Just as I thought. Abernathy . . . then Baxter. So *that's* where the first Christmas list ended up. . . ! There's that watermark. . . . I told Constance not to take stuff from the office. Serves her right. Oh well, the wheels are in motion now! No way to stop it, once it's under way—not if you want to keep the water still. What bureaucrat wants any attention—if it's bad. That's the shame and the beauty about protocols . . . perpetual motion so long as you keep feeding it. . . . I close my eyes and think deeply. Now sure of myself, I punch the intercom.

"Miss Taylor, I'll be finished with the list in a minute. It will be in the out-box. Please process it like the last one after you've addressed all the envelopes as my wife asked."

Let's see, how shall the new cover memo read? I'll write it out myself, I think, noting the watermark:

"This memo supersedes prior memo. Pursue same actions as earlier, but add the following:

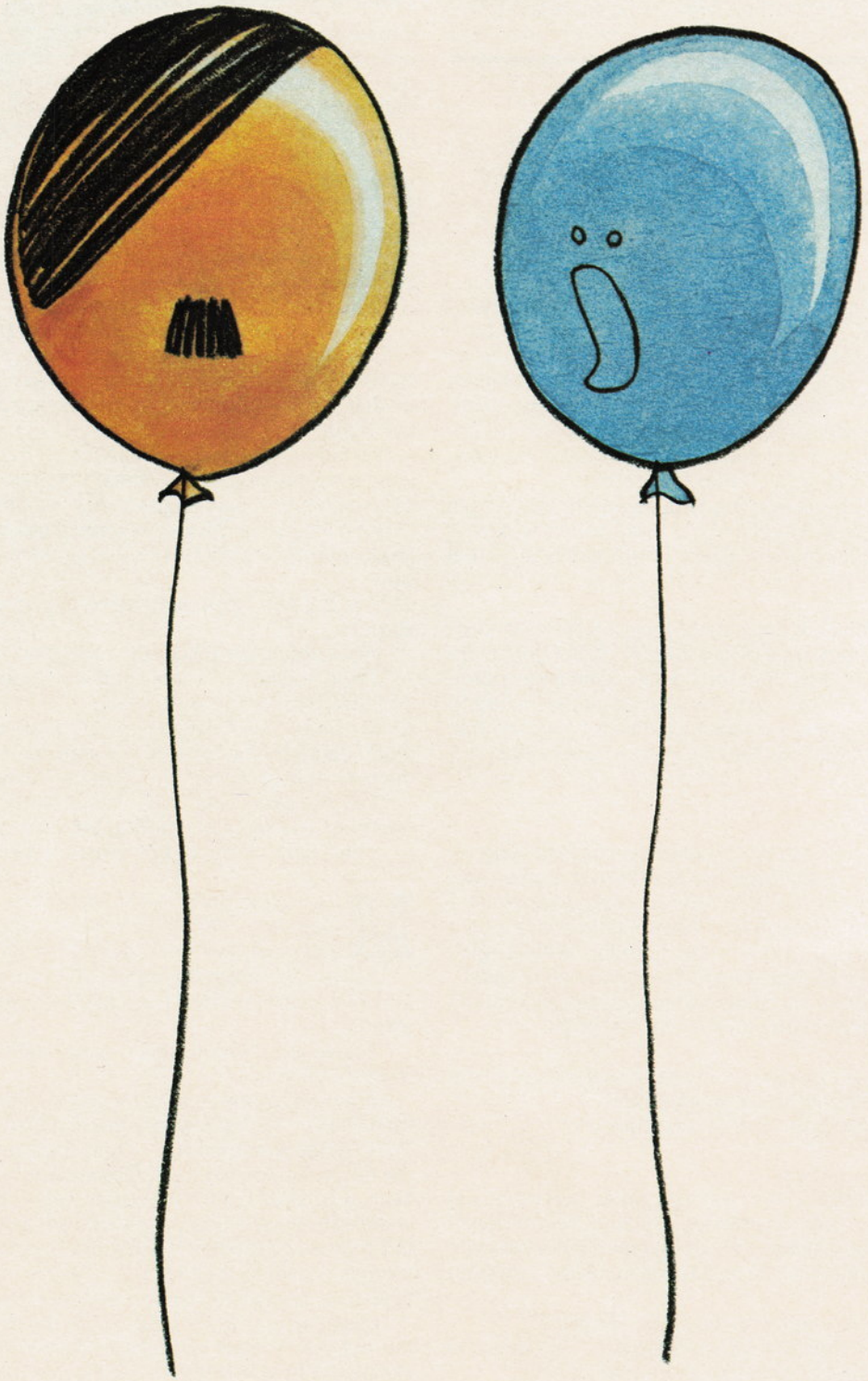
Mrs. Constance Malm.

Thank you for your cooperation in this matter." O+

Photographs by Klaus Lucka

Balloonheads

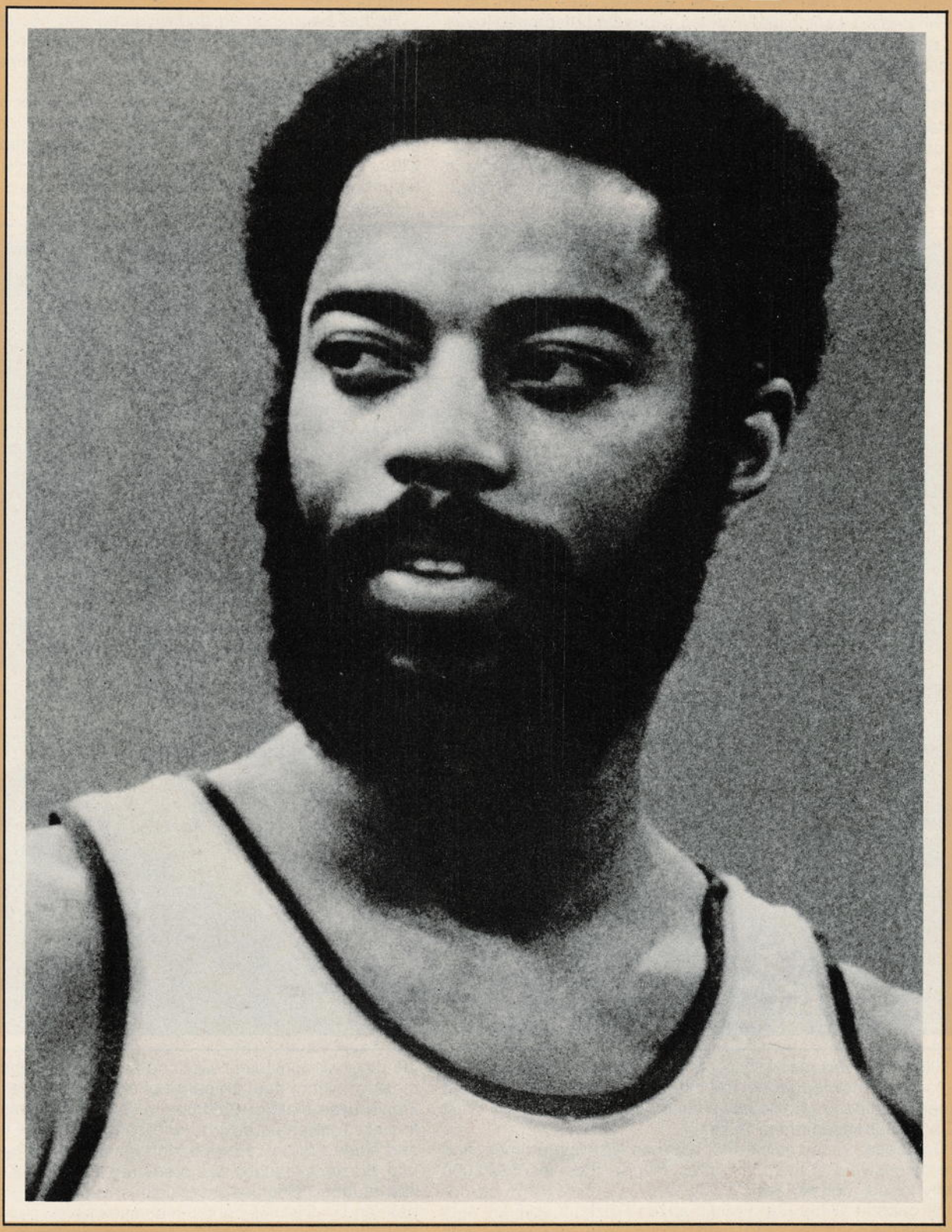
ART CUMINGS



"Sam, you're a good politician—don't blow it because of a haircut!"

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

Walt Frazier



George Kalinsky

"I don't need to have people telling me how great I am—I can tell myself, and believe it. I can do anything."

Walt Frazier is a shy, rich, immaculately clad, twenty-nine-year-old bachelor from Atlanta who is the undisputed, all-around greatest guard in professional basketball. He is also a cool, cool conservative, a loner and a virtual teetotaler (a little wine), as well as a nonsmoker. He is a lover who says he has never been in love. He is a man wh doesn't want to get involved, a private person who loves all the public adulation that can be laid on him.

He came from David T. Howard High School, an ambidextrous quarterback with more scholarships for football than basketball. Though he was called the "Johnny Unitas of Atlanta," he opted for basketball because he didn't think they would make him the first black quarterback in profootball.

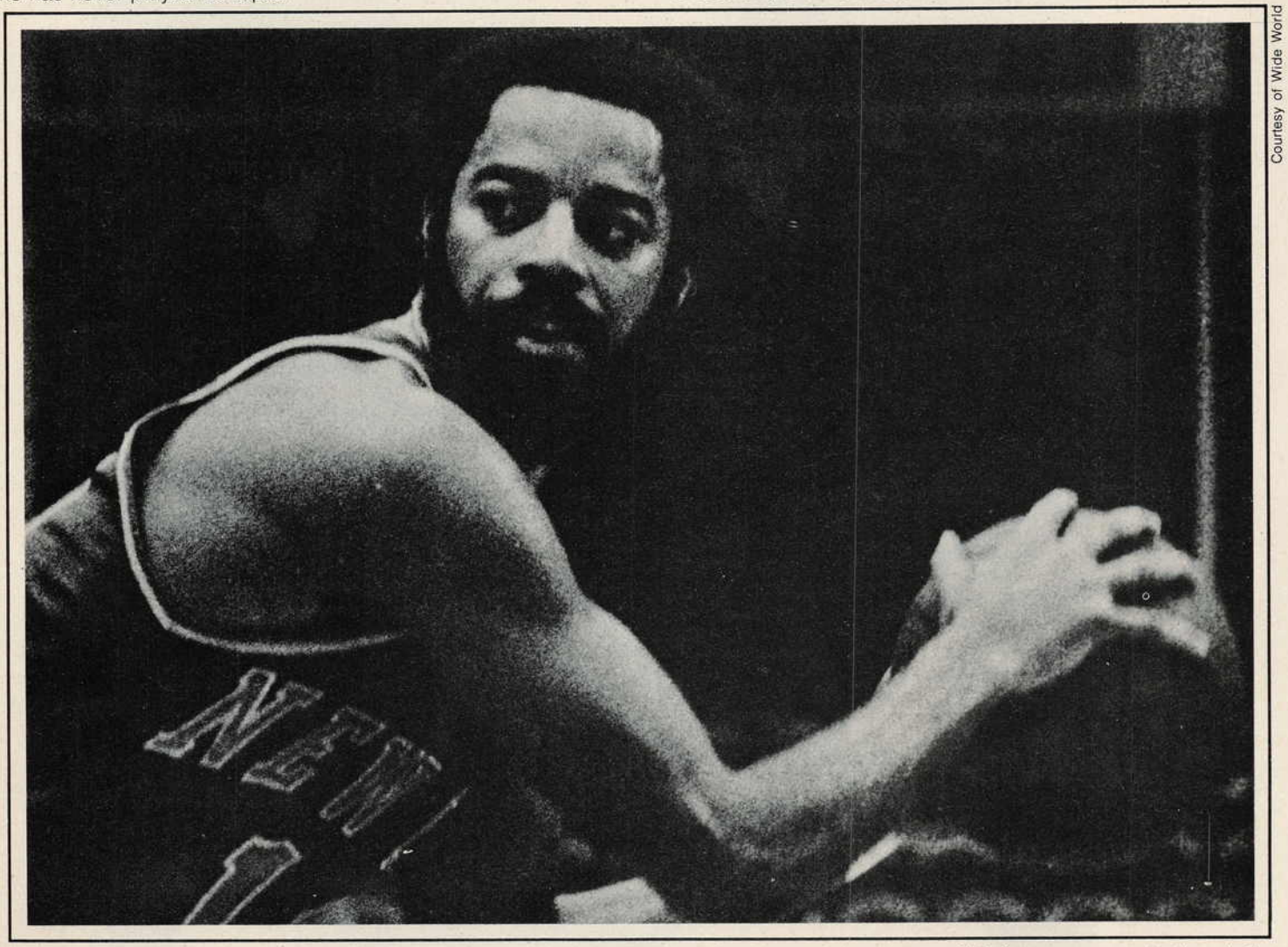
In his sophomore year at Southern Illinois University he made small-college all-America in 1964, playing as a forward, a position he has never played as a pro.

penthouse apartment with a $3,500 beige mink bedspread and mirrored walls and ceiling), but a woman is only a woman, whereas a gorgeous set of threads is at once a tonic for the soul, a joy to behold, and an advertisement for Walt Frazier. He owns more than fifty suits, mink and elephant-skin coats, and nearly a hundred pairs of shoes.

He has been married and divorced and has one son. He also supports his mother who lives in Atlanta. When he grows too old to make it on the court he'll probably devote full time to Walt Frazier Enterprises, his athlete management firm.

Frazier likes things the way they are. He's not going to rock the boat for any cause and he has a Zen-like instinct for flowing with the stream—which may explain some of those incredible maneuvers where he steals the ball with soft, strong hands and then floats over, around, and under frustrated opponents.

One example will serve to demonstrate both his tendency to take



Courtesy of Wide World

In 1967 he joined the New York Knickerbockers and last year came to be acknowledged as the inheritor to the title of "greatest pro guard," an honor previously shared by the Lakers' Jerry West and Oscar Robertson of the Bucks.

He has been named to the first team all-NBA three times, and all-Pro defensive first team six times. Henow receives $300,000 annually for six months' work.

Knick captain Willis Reed summarizes Frazier's abilities very nicely: "On the court, the seed [ball] belongs to Frazier. He just lets the rest of us borrow it—sometimes."

They call him Clyde, a nickname that makes little sense now. He picked it up a few years back when the film *Bonnie and Clyde* was influencing clohing styles. As *the* reigning sartorial figure in the world of sports, Frazier was naturally on top—or a little ahead—of the fashions, and so he became "Clyde."

Clothes are his passion. Women are nice, yes (he has a luxurious

the rational, nonviolent way and his intense concentration: In the closing rush of the fifth game of a play-off series with Baltimore, Frazier was making Baltimore's young Phil Chenier look a little foolish. Tormented beyond endurance, Chenier forgot basketball and started to box. He punched Frazier in the neck, blind-siding him. Frazier's reaction was predictable and more terrible than if he had clubbed Chenier unconscious. He simply continued to play ball, and in the closing seconds sank seven consecutive baskets including the game clincher. Many people thought, "Aha, see what happens when you get Walt mad." But according to Walt, that's *not* what happened. The punch meant nothing to him—it neither upset his concentration nor did it inspire him to greater heights. It was a minor annoyance that had nothing to do with the game. He would have hit for seven baskets anyway.

This *Penthouse* interview was conducted by **Terry Guerin** in Walt Frazier's Manhattan apartment.

Penthouse: Do you feel any responsibility toward those who idolize you?
Frazier: I feel a responsibility to the kids. But as far as adults, I don't care. They seem to feel that when you win, you're great, when you lose you're nothing. Kids, I find, are very real. For them, I try to project a good image, which I do have basically. I drink wine. I don't smoke.
Penthouse: Not even pot?
Frazier: No, I never tried dope. I try to tell the kids that you have to be your own man—do what you want to do and not what everybody else is doing.
Penthouse: Who are your heroes?
Frazier: I don't have any. The only guy I like is Clint Eastwood. I like his movies because I think he's cool. I see myself in those Westerns that he plays. These days I could see myself being that way.
Penthouse: What about women?
Frazier: The only woman I dig is Sophia Loren. She's my idea of a real woman. She's never caught in scandals. She's never flaunting it. She's always being herself, carrying herself like a lady.
Penthouse: Have you ever been in love?
Frazier: I haven't been in love, but I've seen how it works. I know once you love something, you're blind to everything. I don't know if I can love anybody. If I saw one of my girls out with you, I wouldn't get upset because I think all women are that way. Very few are faithful.
Penthouse: Don't women see men the same way—as unfaithful?
Frazier: Right. But most men *don't* really view women that way. Most guys would get pissed off if they saw their girl out with another guy. I wouldn't feel any anger or hurt.
Penthouse: Do you date white girls?
Frazier: Yeah, if I like them. They don't have to have blond hair, they don't all have to be fine. A lot of it is personality.
Penthouse: Would you marry a white girl?
Frazier: I never say never. But for the average black man, I would say no, he shouldn't—because of the abuse he would have to take. Me, I have enough money. I can say fuck them.
Penthouse: What kind of woman do you like?
Frazier: I have to have strong chicks, because I don't build up their egos. I don't say I like them every day. I don't tell them how good they look every day. If you were a chick and were sitting here now, I might go on like you weren't even here. That's the way I am. I'm so used to thinking just for one person. For instance, let's say we're going to eat at nine o'clock. Nine o'clock comes, you're not ready? You've had three hours to *get* ready!
Penthouse: That kind of thing bothers you?
Frazier: Yeah. I've had it all my life with my sisters. Like we're going somewhere and we'd set a time. But then they'd mess around. Now it's time to go and they're rushing, still trying to get ready. I get pissed off. I used to leave my mother. She's very late. I'm glad I didn't take after her, in that respect. Now, if I have a date, I tell a chick to be ready at a certain time. And if she's not ready, I'll leave.
Penthouse: Okay, you expect this of *other* people. But I was here at two o'clock. A time set by you. And *you* weren't here. You could have called and changed the time. What happened?
Frazier: But the thing is I *thought* I was going to be here. I didn't call, because I didn't have my doorman's number.
Penthouse: You could have left a note.
Frazier: I left here at twelve o'clock. I went to a luncheon. I anticipated being back by two. But my manager and I went to try on some suits or something. We got in a long conversation and the time went by. . . . Okay, I apologize to you. But I wasn't pissed at *you* for leaving. I could have said, "He should have waited." Some *chicks* would have said that in a similar situation.
Penthouse: Does your indifference make you more attractive to some females?
Frazier: Yeah, 'cause they don't get that all the time. Most guys wine and dine and are nice. But actually, sometimes I give in and I might even wait.
Penthouse: Do you want a family?
Frazier: No, I have a son. That's it for me. Normally I go out with mature chicks, so I've never had a lot of paternity suits and all that stuff. I don't want any more kids, though. But I can't think of taking that operation . . . what is it?
Penthouse: A vasectomy?
Frazier: Yeah, I just can't see doing that. There's something in my mind that would never let me do it.
Penthouse: You're famous for your wardrobe. Do clothes make the man?

Courtesy of UPI

Frazier: I think the man makes the clothes. Because you have to have the body to carry certain stuff. I don't think everybody could wear the stuff I wear and look good.
Penthouse: There are a lot of guys out there trying to look like you.
Frazier: But they all look alike. My stuff is unique. It's fly and it's not that fly. I call myself a wild conservative. I don't like gaudy stuff, loud colors. I can wear red but it doesn't really grab you. I come on nice and easy. I could never wear something that didn't fit right on me. Like people say, "Why don't you ever wear blue jeans?" Well, I can't find any that fit me right, and I won't wear them just to say I wear jeans.
Penthouse: Do you still buy sealskin coats?
Frazier: They don't make them anymore because of the ecology thing. I always buy fur coats. I have one raccoon, two sealskins, one elephant, one mink, one otter. I love clothes, man. That's my only vice. Some guys like booze, broads. The only thing I spend money on is clothes.
Penthouse: How do other black people feel about you?
Frazier: In the black community a lot of people like clothes and cars. Only I did what most of them didn't do—I took care of my family first and I put money in the bank. In the black community I'm like a movie star. It's like Shaft—Shaft's a guy on a screen, but I am like him in real life. They dig the way "Clyde's" cool. I really respect them for that. A lot of blacks hate me because of what I have. But I've also seen guys who I'd think were too cool to come over and ask me for an autograph, come over. They say, "Hey, man, aren't you Walt Frazier?" I've never had that before from black people. Maybe some white people would ask for autographs but not blacks. That's really a great feeling to be able to go to the ghetto and have people dig you. That might be the greatest thrill I get from all this.
Penthouse: Do you run with any of the Knicks?
Frazier: Nobody. I run alone. Always.
Penthouse: Some players have ladies in every city. What's your style?
Frazier: Sometimes I have chicks. It depends on the schedule. You know, my whole thing is basketball for eight months. Everything else is secondary. I'm not going to bang some broad the night before a game.
Penthouse: How about after?
Frazier: Yeah, after a game it's different. Basically, I like to pick my spots. I don't know if sex affects your game but mentally, to me, I think it does. On the road, I'm not a big party-goer. I stay in, order room service, watch the tube, just relax. Sometimes I have a weak moment.
Penthouse: What do you think of the press you've gotten?
Frazier: I find that I often tell something to writers and then most of them interpret it in their own way. I can't see why you would want to talk to me and then knock me. Like they write, "Frazier, the only book he has in the house is basketball." What difference does that make? I don't read a lot because there's not a lot that interests me. Like the Watergate, that shit doesn't interest me. Unless it's going to affect my municipal bonds [laughs]. If the president comes out with something about the tax structure, *that* I read because it directly relates to me. I read the vocabulary books and I find that helps. I like quotations.
Penthouse: Give me a quote.
Frazier: I always like to say, "I don't put my trust in money, I put my money in trust." Or, like if a chick thinks I'm giving her a hard time, I'll say something like, "Never the rose without the thorn." I find you can really understand people with quotes. Like, "Nothing to look back on with pride and nothing to look forward to with hope." That's the kids in the ghetto. Hopeless.
Penthouse: Were you ever a hopeless kid?
Frazier: i was better off than most because, even though we had a large family, we always had enough to eat . . . enough clothes. I had a very happy childhood.
Penthouse: What's going to relieve the hopeless future for those kids?
Frazier: Well, I feel if a kid has it in him, he can overcome that hopelessness. Athletics is one way. They can no longer say—like I could have—that people are prejudiced and we don't have a chance.
Penthouse: Not at all?
Frazier: Oh, to a certain extent. But if you got it, you can go to school and become somebody.
Penthouse: But all kids *don't* have it. What about

Penthouse: What were you like as a boy?
Frazier: I was quiet and shy, which I am now. I just loved sports. I never ran with a gang. I had no interest in gangs or gambling. Basically, I was always home at night. If I wasn't, you could always find me in the playground. I'm the same way to-all the thousands, the millions, who aren't self-starters? Who's going to help them with that little extra they need?
Frazier: There's no answer but another war to kill off some of the people.
Penthouse: Population control by automatic weapon?
Frazier: That's the only thing. War would give more people jobs. That's destiny. . . . I believe in destiny.
Penthouse: This planet can't survive too many more wars.
Frazier: There won't be that type of war. They won't destroy the world.
Penthouse: You're sure?
Frazier: Positive.
Penthouse: What about water pollution, the destruction of the forests, all the crimes against the environment?
Frazier: That's progress. You can eliminate pollution if you eliminate some of the luxuries we have. But certain industries have to make pollution.
Penthouse: Shouldn't they be *forced* to find a way of stopping it?
Frazier: Money talks. That's why they don't have to do it. They pay off. So why should I knock myself out worrying about that?
Penthouse: Muhammed Ali speaks out about what he thinks. Didn't that gain him self-respect?
Frazier: Nobody remembers that. He was a fool. He talked at the wrong time. I can be outspoken —*now*—because I've got my money.
Penthouse: All right, but you're not. Why not?
Frazier: I don't feel it's my obligation. Ali mouthed off so much he couldn't back down. Now if he had been quiet and gone in the service, he wouldn't have had to fight, man. He would have gone in Special Services. I think he made a bad move. He does too.
Penthouse: He does?
Frazier: He'd have to. He lost three or four years of his best years. And all for a belief.
Penthouse: Didn't he believe there was something greater than his own comfort and security?
Frazier: Nobody believes that deeply. He was brainwashed. I think. That's why you should never say never. There's always an easier way out. All he had to do was just sit back and not make any outrageous statements. I don't admire anybody like that.
Penthouse: Have you ever met Ali?
Frazier: I've been in his presence one or two times. He does a lot of good. He's always helping people. He loves people. He needs them because of his personality. He couldn't be like me, staying alone all the time. Most boxers are that way. I don't need guys telling me how great I am —I can tell myself, and believe it.
Penthouse: Last year, you were quoted as saying "I'm the most complete ballplayer in basketball."
Frazier: Well, I'm the best all-around guard. I can do everything.
Penthouse: Most other athletes are superhumble. They would say something like they owe it all to the old coach.
Frazier: That's all bull. You owe some of it to your coach and teammates. No man is a team, that's true. But I think if I played anywhere, I'd be the best all-around.
Penthouse: There's a distinction between being the best, and being the best and *saying* it.
Frazier: I say what I believe. When I'm no longer the best, I won't say it . . . I'll say somebody else is the best.

"Most black men shouldn't marry white girls because of the abuse they'd take. Me—I have enough money. I can say fuck them."

day. I always go out alone.
Penthouse: Is it true you learned to dribble on a very rocky, muddy court?
Frazier: Yeah, a dirt court. So when it rained, it had soil erosion.
Penthouse: But you were an all-star football player in high school.
Frazier: Yeah, I was all-city and all-state in my senior year. I was a good passer. But I felt at the time there were no black quarterbacks in the pros, and I didn't feel I had enough speed to become a defensive back, which is what they made most black guys who played quarterback. So I went with basketball. The biggest decision I think I made was leaving college and coming to the Knicks.
Penthouse: When you signed with the Knicks in 1967 you had a year of college eligibility left. What kind of bonus did they give you?
Frazier: Twenty-five thousand dollars. Some people say I should have gotten more. But the bonus made me feel secure. I had a three-year, no-cut contract. See, I never thought I had the talent to be a pro player. I would read about all these other guys and I wouldn't ever be mentioned. They are only so many guys who can play pro ball. So I figured, what chance do I have?
Penthouse: If you hadn't passed up your last year of college, would the Knick offer have been good the next year?
Frazier: No, I would have gone back into the draft, and any team could have picked me the next year. There weren't too many teams that had money. L.A., the Knicks, maybe Boston, but they've never had to pay anybody. They always had winning teams, so they never had to shell out a lot of money to get number-one draft picks.
Penthouse: Would a huge cash offer tempt you to jump leagues?
Frazier: Of course. That's the name of the game. Money. But I'm locked in for four years so they'd have to wait to get me.
Penthouse: You were never in military service. Why?
Frazier: There are two things I never wanted to do: go into the army and get married.
Penthouse: But marriage kept you out of service.
Frazier: No, the lottery draft saved me. I was 1-A. They were really after me. So I applied as a hardship case, which I should have won because I was supporting my mother. But when I presented this to the draft board they turned me down. This was in Georgia. I thought it had to be prejudice because I had written proof of what I was doing with my money. I appealed to the president, but they turned me down again. Then the lottery came out and my number was so low I escaped.
Penthouse: What do you think of conscientious objectors?
Frazier: I don't think I would have done that, personally. But I think people should do what they believe in.
Penthouse: You support a man's right to make a choice?
Frazier: I wouldn't *support* them. But I wouldn't knock them. Like I wouldn't knock junkies, because they're weak.
Penthouse: *Born* weak?
Frazier: Some people are. Maybe without the junk they would just kill themselves. I wouldn't knock a prostitute. I wouldn't knock a pimp. I try to sympathize with everybody. I know what it's like to be down. For instance, I remember in my sophomore year in college I wanted to leave. The guys on the team were prejudiced against me. All of a sudden they don't throw me the ball. A guy would be coming my way, see me, and throw the ball the other way. After a while I felt that they were freezing me out.
Penthouse: Did your grades fall off because of that?
Frazier: Yes. I stopped studying. Then I went back because of my parents.
Penthouse: If you hadn't made it in basketball, what would you have done?
Frazier: I would have gotten an education. But I think it's a shame that people stress school. You can go to school all your life and not make any money. Just because I can bounce a basketball, I'm rich. It's a disgrace.
Penthouse: What do you think of college recruiting techniques and the type of education a college athlete gets?
Frazier: Well, the black kids in particular don't get the right guidance. You have to have something to fall back on if you don't make it as a basketball player. A lot of kids are lazy. They go to school just to be basketball players, football players. If they get hurt or don't make it, then what?
Penthouse: Is it because the athletic departments are not interested in whether they finish school?
Frazier: Right. I saw it happen.
Penthouse: Lots of kids from black school districts reach high school age and are not able to read. But if they have a special, immediately marketable talent—like the ability to put a ball in a basket—they get into school.
Frazier: They're still getting a break. Maybe in four years they might find themselves in college. Become good citizens. Otherwise, they're gonna be crooks. What else can they do?
Penthouse: Are those the only alternatives?
Frazier: What else? The odds are against change. I didn't make the system and I can't change it.
Penthouse: You have a basketball camp in New Jersey that costs one hundred and seventy dollars a week. Do you have any ghetto kids?
Frazier: Yeah. I give scholarships. They don't know it yet, but I will. There are a lot of kids who hang around my liquor store.
Penthouse: You've been criticized for owning a liquor store in Harlem.
Frazier: I don't think it's justified. What's the difference if I have one or somebody else has one? I can't sell liquor to minors anyway, so I'm not doing any harm. I don't think people are going to drink just because of me.
Penthouse: Do you invest anywhere else in the black community?
Frazier: No, I haven't thus far. You know, the black community is good but I still have to make a profit. I'm not going to just throw my money away.
Penthouse: How many poor kids who worship "Clyde" have the twenty-five dollars to buy the basketball shoes you endorse?
Frazier: Very few, but then again I can remember

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"I guess they're trying to eliminate all middlemen."

GLOBAL
WAR
VIET NAM

THE VIETNAM VETERAN

March 29, 1974: Honor Vietnam Veterans Day. The air is warm in the nation's capital; springtime, cherry-blossom time. The war is over, the boys are home, even the POWs, and it is at last time to pay homage, time to honor and praise. President Nixon arrives for a small ceremony at Fort McNair—a military enclave tucked away from all the bitterness and impeachment fever that infects Washington. Nixon beams and smiles, predicts that the country will someday be proud of its role in Southeast Asia. Those who fought there, Nixon declares, can sleep well at night, knowing that the war was fought "in good conscience, honorably undertaken and honorably ended."

Meanwhile at one of the plush downtown hotels, a half-empty banquet hall echoes with more rhetoric. Not many veterans are there, but the Army Band shows up and gamely plays marching tunes of an earlier and happier era. Old Strom Thurmond, himself an anachronism, comes to the rostrum and belts out a fiery anticommunist speech, commending the gallant American fighting men, telling them to be proud, to hold their chins high. Like the ceremony at Fort McNair, the hotel luncheon is a dream, a gentle sleepwalking; it is as if the bloody and infected years of Vietnam had been wiped clean by the God of Time; the speeches are testaments to what should have been, not what was.

Where are they? On this sunny day of honor, where are the 2.5 million soldiers, fliers, and sailors who fought the nasty war? Where are the 6.5 million veterans of the Vietnam era? At the luncheon there are rows of empty seats; hundreds of courses of elegant chicken tarragon are kept simmering in the hotel kitchens.

Only on Capitol Hill, in a Senate hearing room filled with straggly, unshaven young men, is there any realization that this day is to honor the survivors and not the dead. The veterans come to the hearing room like the remnants of a lost battalion, arriving in small groups, keeping mostly to themselves. They troop in wearing old jungle fatigues and bush hats, olive-drab jackets and canvas steel-toed combat boots. They come with a message: no more speeches, no more promises, no more high rhetoric. They shout down the senators. They hoot and jeer Veterans Administration officials. They raise their banners. They curse, shaking their fists and bellowing. The mention of Richard Nixon brings them to their feet with catcalls and curses.

For all the ferocity and anger, their complaints are simple: the "system" has either ignored or screwed them; the "bureaucracy" is a hopeless tangle; they have gone largely unrewarded for their service. Essentially they want what we all want—good jobs, a useful place in society, fair treatment from the government, dignity. Mostly, though, they want a future.

"A future," one of them says, "means education and training. We missed it in the war, and now we want it. No handouts, no welfare. None of that. And no more speeches. That doesn't give us a future; it gives us a pain in the ass. We'll help ourselves, but we need a chance for learning."

Senator Vance Hartke, who chaired the hearings, holds aloft a bumper sticker—"HONOR VIETNAM VETERANS"—and declares that bumper stickers "won't pay the tuition. It won't put any food on the table. You can't eat bumper stickers, can you?"

It is rhetoric, but it is agreeable rhetoric, and the veterans cheer and applaud.

"Money, man, money!" one hollers.

When the Veterans Administration's director of benefits tries to explain a VA program that pays full college tuition for disabled soldiers, allowing them to study at the college of their choice, an angry veteran shouts: "Why do you have to get shot to go to Harvard?"

When the VA people finally retreat, the veterans turn on Hartke himself, who promises to hold more hearings in April.

"April?" they bellow. "We don't want more *hearings*, goddammit!"

The hearing ends like the Vietnam War, in mixed rage and frustration and ambiguity—as does Honor Vietnam Veterans Day, March 29, 1974. At the downtown luncheon it ends with a whimper. At the Senate hearing room it ends with a bang. Across the country the festivities do not end at all, for they never happened. There was no Honor Vietnam Veterans Day. It was too late.

World War II was different, of course. The parades were exciting and happy. And, after the parades, there was real opportunity for returning veterans, because on June 22, 1944, President Franklin Roosevelt signed the Servicemen's Readjustment Act of 1944—the GI Bill.

Its impact was enormous. According to one report: "The World War II GI Bill was one of the most important and effective pieces of social legislation ever enacted. It profoundly affected the fortunes of veterans and postwar society and it transformed the nation's higher education system."

With the force of a bulldozer, the GI Bill transformed the lives of hundreds of thousands of World War II veterans. Using the Bill, 360,000 ex-servicemen turned themselves into schoolteachers. The GI Bill produced 138,000 electricians; 450,000 engineers; 107,000 lawyers; 180,000 doctors, dentists, and nurses; 150,000 scientists; 233,000 accountants; 36,000 ministers; 700,000 businessmen. The World War II GI Bill educated sixty-five members of the current U.S. House of Representatives and

THE GI BILL-LESS THAN ENOUGH

By Tim O'Brien

Project Consultant, Carl M. A. McCarden Project Editor, F. Joseph Spieler

twenty members of the Senate. It enabled public and private colleges to expand their facilities, to erect new buildings and research centers, to hire new teachers. The Bill kept thousands of veterans off the unemployment rolls while the nation regeared its economy; the Bill salvaged human lives, built careers, built the future.

That was after World War II. Vietnam was a different war, and the GI Bill of 1974 is not the GI Bill of 1944. Veterans are not sexy anymore. The drama is not there.

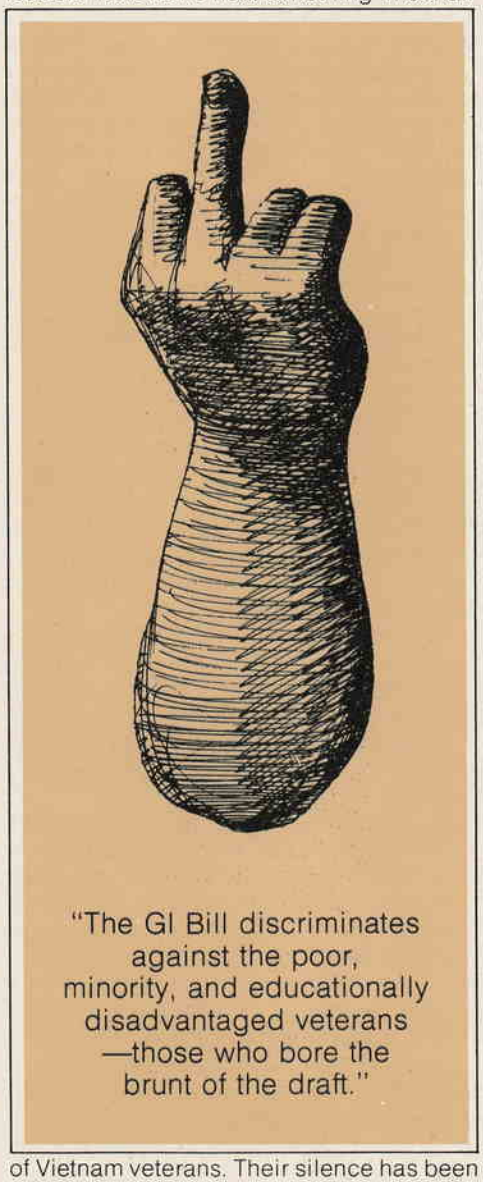
"Nixon and his administration made all the old, familiar promises," says Forrest (Rusty) Lindley, a former Green Beret captain and Vietnam veteran who is now lobbying for veterans. "But the administration didn't provide the dollars and commitment to back them up. Promises, promises. Lots of fine words. It's like what John Mitchell once said: *Watch what we do, not what we say*. Well, the fact is they never did much. For millions of Vietnam vets, the present GI Bill benefits just aren't as good as those our fathers got thirty years ago."

In a massive study of today's GI Bill, the prestigious Educational Testing Service (ETS) of Princeton, New Jersey, reached the same conclusion in more academic language: "In general, the 'real value' of the educational allowances available to veterans of World War II was greater than the current allowance being paid to veterans of the Vietnam conflict, when adjustments are made for the payment of tuition, fees, books and supplies."

After being confronted by the facts, the Nixon administration responded this way:

- The Veterans Administration, backed by Nixon's favorite budget-cutters in the Office of Management and Budget, disowned the ETS study, even though the VA itself had commissioned the report. Instead of using the study as a lever to pry increased benefits from Congress, which might have been the course for an administration interested in "doing right by those who have borne the war's heaviest burdens" (as Nixon once put it), the VA simply stuffed the report in the inactive file, saying it was no good.
- The president, through his friends in Congress, threatened to veto any increase in GI Bill education benefits that exceeded 8 percent, which would not even allow the present inadequate benefits to keep pace with inflation.
- Nixon, through his friends in Congress, threatened to veto any increase in GI Bill education benefits that exceeded 8 percent, which would not even allow the present inadequate benefits to keep pace with inflation.
- Nixon starved a program that provides funds for veterans to hold part-time jobs while attending school. He also asked Congress to eliminate funds for the program in 1974.
- The administration refused to support a provision to extend the period of time during which veterans could take advantage of the GI Bill.
- In 1969–70, the administration refused to act on a secret proposal by the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare to set up a systematic, well-funded program to inform returning veterans of their benefits and help them enroll in school. Even though one cabinet officer, typical of the Nixon men, suggested the program might help to "capitalize" on the public sentiment behind veterans, nothing important happened.

Inaction combined with empty rhetoric about veterans is not limited to the government. Stuart Feldman, head of a veterans project for the National League of Cities, points out that "well-known educational leaders have done next to nothing in behalf of Vietnam veterans. Their silence has been deafening."



"The GI Bill discriminates against the poor, minority, and educationally disadvantaged veterans —those who bore the brunt of the draft."

Perhaps the educators' silence is rooted in fear. After all, who wants a swarm of smelly junkie-weirdo-killer-freaks invading their serene campuses? Even after World War II such fears existed. Robert Hutchins, then president of the University of Chicago: "Colleges and universities will find themselves converted into educational hobo jungles. And veterans, unable to get work and equally unable to resist putting pressure on the colleges and universities, will find themselves educational hobos. . . ." Of course, Hutchins was wrong. Three years after his prediction the *New York Times* reported: "The GIs are hogging the honor rolls and the dean's lists; they are walking away with the top marks in all their courses. . . . Far from being an educational problem, the veteran has become an asset to higher education."

But the triumphs of the World War II veterans are no real help to the young veterans of today, who are scrambling for a decent education—men like Ron Cordell.

After spending four years in the air force, Cordell was discharged honorably in 1969—one of more than six million Vietnam-era veterans. He was young, intelligent, highly motivated. His military service, he says, was an obligation he willingly fulfilled, and at twenty-two things looked bright. He was ready for school, he was ready to make his future.

"I enrolled in an undergraduate program at the University of Tennessee," Cordell recalls. "I really wanted an education. But at that time, 1969, the GI Bill only gave me $230 a month—for me, my wife, and my kid. Not much.

"Anyhow, I took a job in a textile factory, even though it paid a measly two bucks an hour or so. On top of it, I had to start borrowing money. I worked from 7 A.M. to 4 P.M., full time. It was this hot factory; steaming hot, tough work. Sometimes the temperature went over a hundred degrees. Then, after work, I'd drive fifty miles to school three nights a week, sometimes still sweating and dirty, tired, worn-out. And I'd try to stay awake and alert. That's not the best way to pursue your education."

Although Cordell's tuition costs were only $135 a quarter—cheap by modern standards—he was spending $20 a week getting back and forth to night classes. Then there were bills to pay: food, books, rent, supplies, fees, clothes . . . and a wife and child.

"We ran up plenty of bills, just barely hanging in there," he drawls. If it weren't for the drawl, he might sound angry. "Then my kid had to have this operation. That snapped up $400 right there. So we borrowed more, went deeper into debt, just trying to stay afloat; me working like a bull all the while, trying to study, sweating in the factory, dashing to class."

Unlike many other veterans' stories, Cordell's tale ends happily. He got his degree, and later he won a Master's in his academic speciality, college counseling. "But it was rough, really rough," he says. "You come out of the military and find your buddies have a big jump on you. You're older, you've got responsibilities. You're just not able to fall back so easily on relatives. You feel the government owes you a better opportunity for all your effort."

Though Cordell's story is neither pretty nor encouraging, his success was real. He made it. "The point is this," he says. "I was motivated. I really wanted that darn degree, I wanted an education and there was nothing that was going to stop me. But what about the guys who just can't hack it? What about the marginal cases, the guys who

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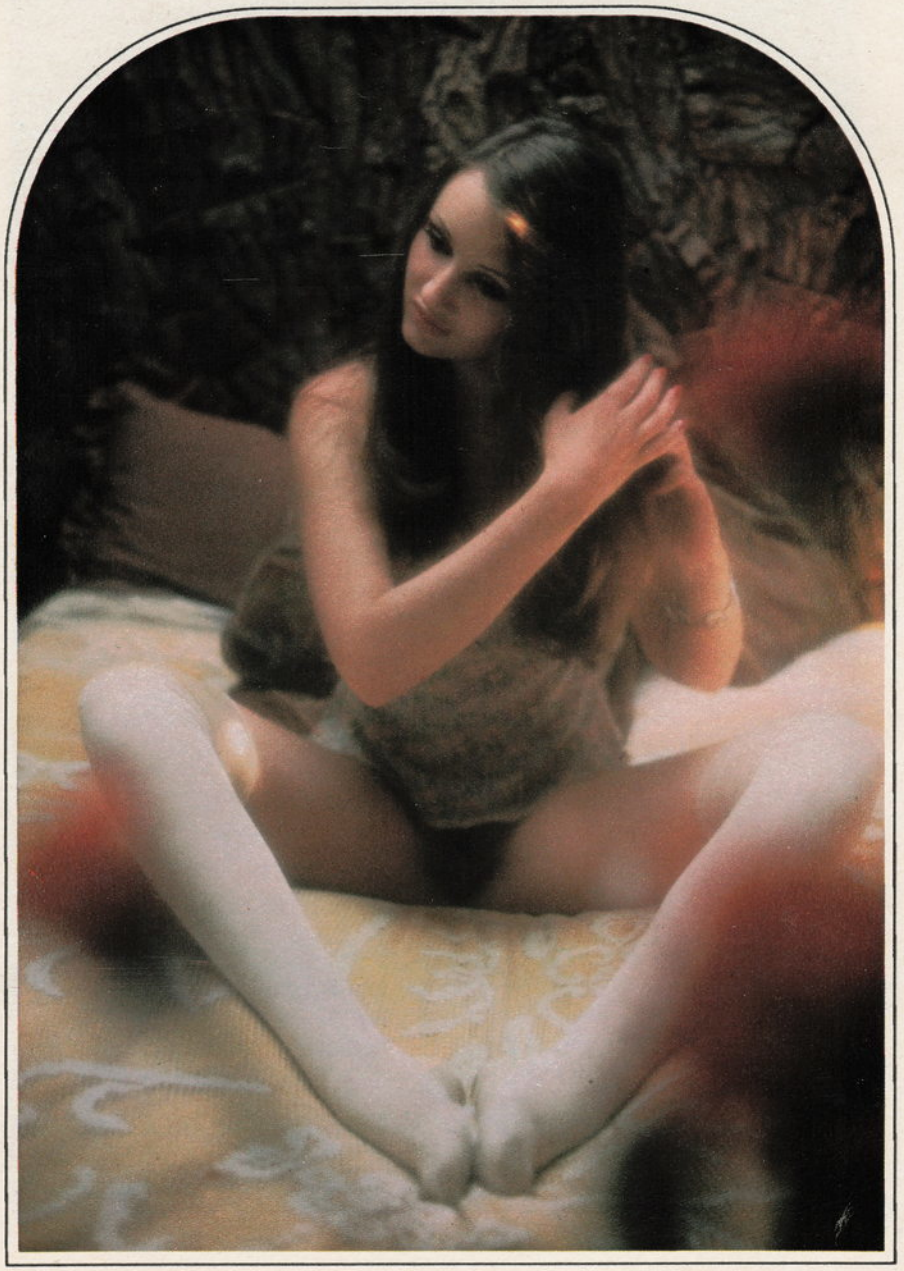


SHARON

"I love to see a man in jeans—tight jeans.
I look at his bottom first and then
I can't help but look at where his cock is
to see what kind of bulge he has."

When Sharon Longworth was a student at a convent school in Preston, England, the good nuns did their level best to keep their young charges cloistered—in much the same way that they clipped the wings of the swans which lived on the school grounds to prevent them from flying away. But you can't keep a good bird down, at least for very long, and Sharon soon learned that stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage. "We made intricate plans for getting over the wall to meet the local boys at lunchtime," she recalls. "We had our fun. I was fourteen when I lost my virginity and I left the convent that same year."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFF DUNAS

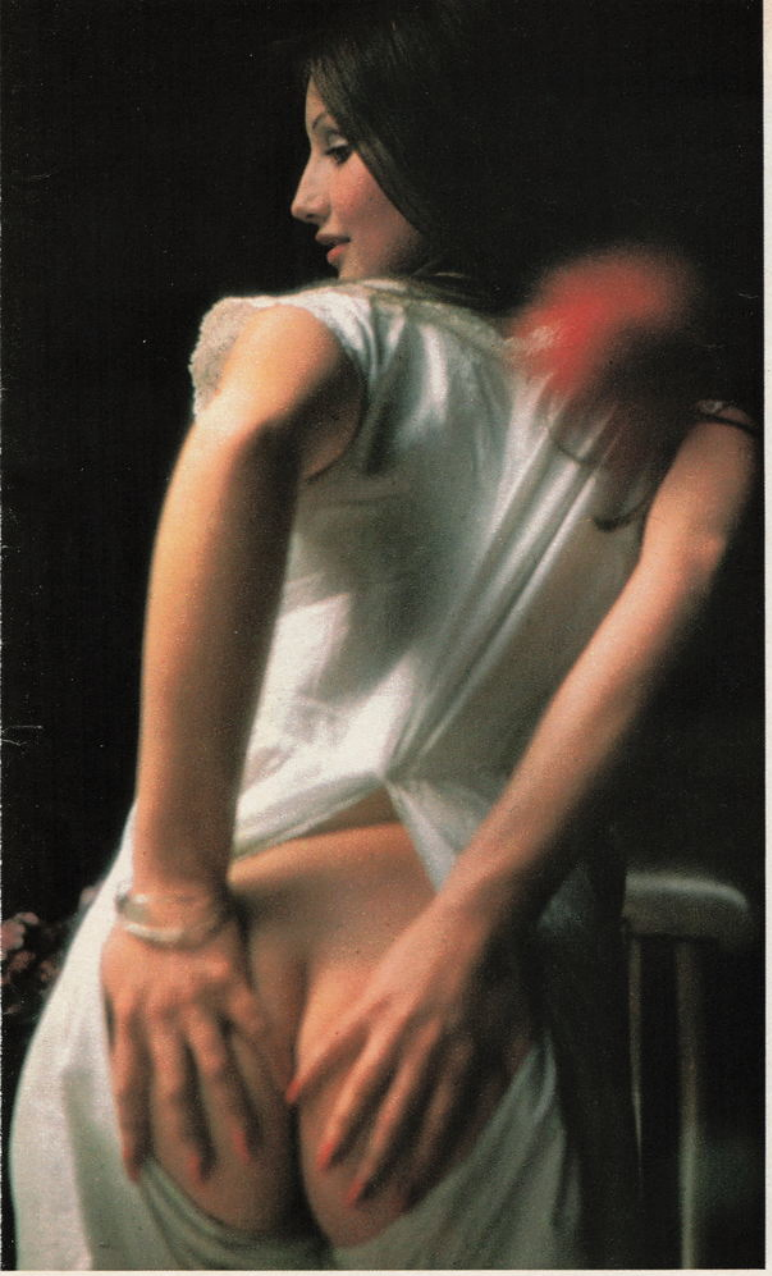
SWAN SONG

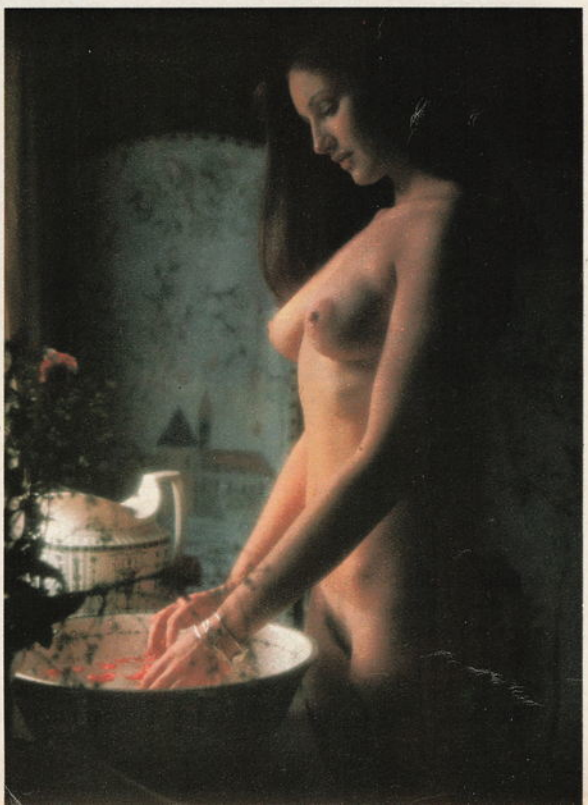
Sharon came to the convent via a more roundabout route than the one she used to leave it—by way of Trieste, in fact, where she was born. "My father," she explains, "was a career soldier in the British Army, and we traveled everywhere. I loved it all, and if I had the money, I'd spend all my time on the road."

And en route from her global travels as an "army brat" to her global exposure as our Pet of the Month, Sharon gained poise and maturity, but lost her faith. "I became disillusioned with religion because of that school. It was driven into us and we were not allowed to question it. The nuns would never give us an honest answer to questions like 'where did I come from?' They avoided the mention of sex completely."

That is one tendency to which Sharon is definitely not prone. "Making love is what I'm really into," she says. "Usually I'm the adventurer in bed. I like to initiate the love-making and take the lead role. I like making love in the water, in bed, in the shower, outdoors, indoors, anytime, or anywhere the mood takes me. I don't like to be beaten, but a playful spanking can be very arousing."

A striking 5 feet, 9 inches in her bare feet, and with a posture that does full justice to her 35-23-35 accoutrements, Sharon prefers a taller man keeping cadence with





her. She's not particularly discriminating about looks, but she does emphasize a few important qualities. "I like my lovers to have small bottoms," she specifies, "and nice hands.... But it's a man's bottom that really turns me on. If it's small and muscular, it shows me that he is not fat and that he's likely to be fit and athletic in bed. And, I love to see a man in jeans—tight jeans. I look at his bottom first, and then I can't help but look at where his cock is to see what kind of bulge he has. I think those are the places most women look at."

Sharon has an equally astute notion of where most men look, and is not at all averse to displaying a thigh

for a thigh and a cheek for a cheek. "I like my clothes cut tight," she says, "because I like men to look at me. I know that with a pair of crotch-hugging trousers, a man can see virtually everything. In fact, walking down the street really turns me on, because when my trousers are tight around the crotch they rub me and I get so aroused I have to come home and make love."

She knows what she wants and how to get it. "Variety is the spice of my life," she vows. "I can be with one man for a while and get a lot out of that kind of relationship, but I really like having lots of boyfriends.

I like meeting people. If I go out with a boyfriend, I always leave with him. But if during the evening, I see a man who turns me on, I'll somehow arrange to see him later. Being attracted to a man is an impulse thing with me. If I see a man I like, I'm immediately thinking of getting to know him sexually."

As a well-traveled, free-thinking woman, does Sharon have any national preferences in her partners? "Not really," she says. "It depends on individual circumstances. But if I had to narrow it down, then I prefer Americans and Englishmen. I find Europeans too aggressive, and if there's one thing I really hate, it's

aggressive people. In truth, Europeans lack the finesse they *think* they have."

It may well be that Sharon's aversion to aggressiveness accounts for her views on militant women's libbers. "They go too far," she says flatly. "I don't think organization is necessary for women to establish their individuality. It's a personal thing. You have to liberate yourself from your upbringing, not from men. I *enjoy* cooking for a man and looking after him. I enjoy being a woman, because these days we are the most prominent sex. We have what men want, so we control the situation, and I dig that. I like to be protected and

cared for by a man, but"—she says emphatically—"out of bed only."

If it's refreshing to hear that kind of straight talk from a self-liberated lady of the Seventies, then "refreshing" is the word that best defines Sharon Longworth. She doesn't ask for too much—just the means to be able to travel, to meet people. And if she has one vivid memory left over from her convent school days, it's of those swans with clipped wings. Like them, she wants to fly free, to touch down where and when she wants, and to love as and when she chooses.

MISS SHARON LONGWORTH/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

THE LAST DAYS OF EARTH

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rather than fifteen flights daily from San Francisco to New York—some 707's, some others, most of them flying one-quarter full—why not two or three 747's? Let the airlines trade departure days, times, crews, meals, and ads so they can keep competing. They can pick up Europe's (and Dulles Airport's) wise plan of busing passengers to a common airplane parking lot. They can then fill whatever airline's craft is handy, letting the accounting offices sort it all out for financial reports. After all, who can tell TWA or American Airlines from United or Delta in the dark?

America's goal for July 4, 1976, is clear: Get the big cars off to pasture and recycling centers. Favor small cars (under 2,500 pounds) but not too many, and longer lasting, with a lot more craft in them. Persuade armies of commuters to leave their cars with pleasing, subsidized mass transportation. Recognize buses as the most energy-conserving mode of passenger transport. End the short airline flights—take railroads instead. Let's hear it for stewardesses (stewards, too) on trains and buses! Let's long-haul freight on trains, piggyback, with truck drivers along in Pullmans, if that aids the transition.

The 1973 Federal Aid Highway Act (the Highway Trust Fund Act) will put up $200 million for buses in 1975 and $800 million in 1976 for buses and railroads, if the cities will demand it. Raise the ante. The bus business and railroad-car and locomotive business could keep Detroit thriving, moving into people-intensive, better-engineered work as the automobile age dies out.

A tremendous amount of energy is also wasted on housing. In 1970 almost 57 percent of all electricity produced in the United States was used for housing. Of this, 7.5 percent went into actually producing building materials and putting them in place. The rest went for lighting, heating, cooling, cooking, and so on. Last winter forced a cutback in all these uses of electricity and, hopefully, ushered in an era of energy practicalism. We will have to look very carefully, for a change, at how we use energy and whether we can make do with less.

New housing should be centered around apartment buildings, for a number of reasons. First comes cost. In the last ten years, land costs have risen 50 percent, materials 46 percent, and labor 40 percent. Taxation has followed suit. Zoning is coming under scrutiny. The single-family home may once again become everywhere the luxury it once was in cities. Apartments and other large buildings can be heated more efficiently because they lose less heat to the outside. The per-person cost of keeping warm is less. It is also easier to deliver heat and light in a large building, to collect garbage, to deliver mail, to service telephones, and to recycle trash for paper, heat, and valuable metals.

Garrett Hardin, professor of human ecology at the University of California at Santa Barbara, has scolded architects for being unaware of the existence of the sun. They design the hot, sunny side of a building the same way they build the cool, shady side, wasting vast quantities of energy. The Chinese use less electricity for everything than we, with but a quarter of their population, use for air conditioning alone. The World Trade Center in New York uses as much electricity as the city of Schenectady (population 100,000), partly because the building is heated with light bulbs—a rather inefficient device for heating! The lights are simply left on most of the time to keep the building warm through the waste heat they give off. Then, when the building gets too hot, it is air-conditioned to make it bearable.

Improved insulation, though it adds to the initial costs of a building, ultimately saves money because heating and cooling costs go down, sometimes by as much as one-fourth. As electricity moves into full-pricing, instead of the upside-down rates now used by utilities (where the biggest users pay the least per kilowatt hour), these savings in maintenance will be important.

We may also see the beginnings of the exploitation of solar and wind energy for housing needs. Though the government assures us that solar energy is not yet feasible, it is misrepresenting the facts by referring to generating electricity on a mass scale from solar power. There are far humbler uses: it can heat rooms, it can heat and cool water. This technology is already here, in the form of rooftop solar plants common in Europe and Israel. The Massachusetts Audubon Society's new building will depend on solar power for part of its energy. On a simpler level, a young Englishman, Colin Moorcraft, has equipped a house with solar power that provides 80 percent of its energy needs.

Professor William Heronemus of the University of Massachusetts has suggested what would have been laughable a few years ago but no longer seems droll—using windmills to generate power for our houses.

We can exploit wind by using technology we had almost forgotten. With land it is different. There is currently a revolution going on in land-use planning. Today many planners, together with their host communities, are questioning the whole idea of constant growth. Do the economic benefits really compensate for the loss of land, the loss of openness, of wilderness?

The idea of setting a size limit to a community is gaining ground. It may be too late for communities like Boulder, Colorado, which saw the light a little too late to prevent the spread of urban blight. But other areas are restricting the tract developments realizing that once open space is gone, it is hard to get it back; and once wilderness is gone, there is no way at all.

Second-home developments are in for retrenchment in the next few years. The community that was once grateful to be a resort is beginning to resent having to pay the economic and environmental bills for absentee residents, even though their children are schooled elsewhere. Communities are beginning to be careful about selling their character, their uniqueness, and their wilderness to the highest bidder.

Growth in replanned communities can be redirected. Large buildings, or a cluster of smaller ones, as opposed to scattered structures, make more efficient use of the land around them. For example, if we have a

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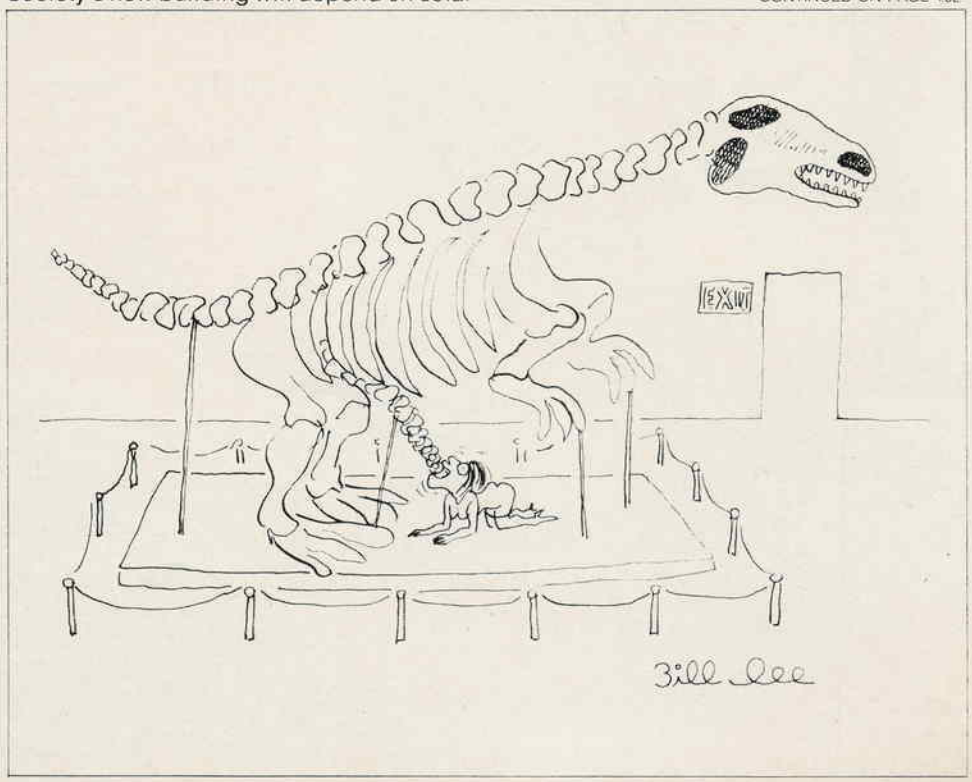
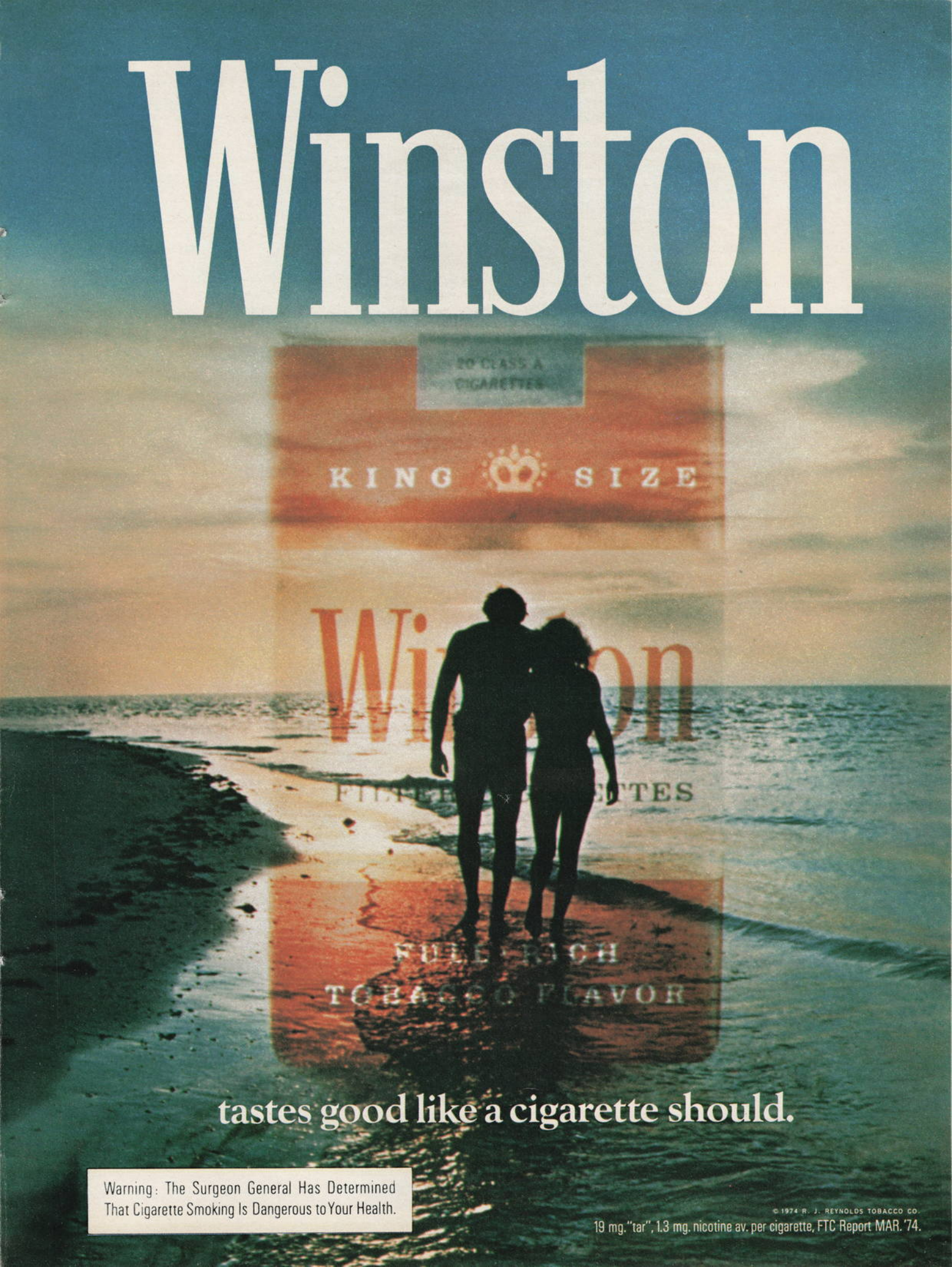


Winston



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '74.

True Grit

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

We've all read some version of the old Victorian fable about the Country Girl in the Big City, where the heroine inevitably returns to the family fold in tears and tatters. Times—and country girls—have changed, and for Lavinia Douglas the move from her sleepy village in the English countryside to London and the heady lifestyle of cocktail petting at the London Penthouse Club was eased by little more than her own determination.

Miss Douglas' diminutive size (a feathery ninety-one pounds lovingly distributed over five flawless feet) is no measure of her grit. Admittedly, however, there were initial doubts. "I had very little confidence when I first came," she told us, "but I was lucky. I had a boyfriend who bolstered my ego to the point where I could tackle anything." It was he who gave her a gentle shove in the direction of our London Club, and her 35-21-35 résumé did the rest. At twenty-three, she remains a Pet in good standing.

Still, she hesitated when it came to stripping off the last vestiges of her

Victorian propriety—namely, her clothes. "Before I knew it, I was whisked off to Africa for a promotion-cum-photographic trip with Bob Guccione, and I was tempted to try. If it had been anyone else, I just couldn't have done it, but Bob made me feel so good. He was kind and thoughtful, and he treated me like a human being with feelings, not just as a photographic object." But long before she shed her remaining inhibitions in public, Lavinia had lost many of the sexual restraints that may have clung to her in the long psychological journey from country to city girl. "I was brought up in a typical small-town atmosphere. Even now, I couldn't involve myself in a one-night stand—just like that—but that doesn't mean I'm not sexually adventurous. I just have to be deeply involved before sex happens. With a man I'm close to I like to make 'funny' suggestions, sexually, you know, about

things to do in bed. But it would be awkward on the first night with a man to make that kind of suggestion. I need to be sure of myself with a man before I can attain the real depth of pleasure I want. But when I am sure, I can be adventurous . . . very adventurous." Lavinia is now preparing to widen her horizons still further. She and her man will make waves vacation-time on their forty-foot ketch, the *Bohen,* which they've just purchased. And later? "I'll just take off and go where the

mood strikes me, so long as I have my man alongside." Liberated though she may be, our Miss Douglas has little desire to go it alone as a single, unattached woman. "I like to be dominated in a nice way, without jealousy, by a man I know will take care of all my problems. I always want a man to share things with. Otherwise, it means nothing —nothing at all." She smiles, "A happy sex life can really liberate one." At the very least, Lavinia, it really liberates two.

THE LAST DAYS OF EARTH

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fifteen-acre parcel, we could, as in suburbia, divide it into sixty lots of equal size. Or we could put all the housing and services on five acres and leave ten acres of open space that everyone can use. Think of all the wasted space in tract-home developments—all the unused front yards, all the miles of concrete!

As rising gasoline prices make commuting more difficult, more people will question the value of a two-hour, five-dollar (or more) commute every day. There will be a slow migration of city people back to the cities—and green-thumb people back to farms. People who return to reclaim cities can restore them, or rediscover the wonderful places they ought to be. The silver living of the energy crisis could be in the cities.

With mobility more limited, we won't be spending so much money on recreational vehicles, second cars, house trailers, snowmobiles, campers, powerboats, trail bikes, and dune buggies. We will be more interested in making where we are more livable rather than making the wilderness less enjoyable.

Try to imagine an energy-saving home in the city. It has windows that open and close; it is well-insulated; it has doors between rooms so that different areas can be kept at different temperatures. It is near shops and public transportation. Look closely at that description. It fits an older apartment exactly, one built perhaps in the Twenties or Thirties. It is to be found in a neighborhood, not someplace called Vista Village (or Pasture Plaza). It has shops, movies, people, neighbors, instead of a Shopping Mall and Entertainment Center five miles down the pike. It even has what planner Jane Jacobs recognized long ago as a city essential—a diversity of sin to fit everyone's taste, admitted or secret.

Sins we don't need are the zoning and tax laws that force the tearing down of structurally sound buildings that have decades of life left in them, or, if they were put together really well, a century or more. Replacing them with flimsy, flashy structures is monstrously wasteful of resources, including energy. Happily, renovation, as opposed to steamroller urban renewal, is becoming accepted. Far fewer materials are needed, saving resources like wood, steel, aluminum, and copper—and saving, too, the handiwork of people who knew beauty, cared, and built solidly and well.

In the end, though, we are more concerned with how we live than in what we live. The real revolution in housing will not be how much we have but what we do with it. With so much money not having to go for escape, people will spend more on discovering their families and friends, sharing better television and radio, books and records, food and conversation. They will also find time to make their own music, paint, carve, sculpt, write, weave, make an art of cooking, sew, make mobiles, reinvent quilting bees, get and stay in shape, and otherwise improve their capacities. They will take a page from the European countries and make tiny allotments of derelict land blossom and bear fruit.

Agriculture is a little-discussed side issue of the energy problem. We use five times more energy in wet-rice agriculture then we get out of it, while the Indochinese farmers get out fifty times more than they put in. Opinion polls say that most people would prefer to live in the country if they could only support themselves there, but how can they? Farms, to survive, must now be huge, mechanized, drenched with capital. Big farms use more fertilizer per acre and, for the most part, get no better yields than the small ones. Their energy-intensive methods tend to harm the land and make us dependent on oil for our food supply. Worse, the soil, in effect, is mined. Nutrients are not returned to the land and a desert begins forming. A second desert is started when the nutrients get dumped in large concentrations in the sea. Sometimes land is overirrigated, causing mineral salts to accumulate and threatening productive valleys like the Imperial Valley of California with salinization and death.

"Veni, Vidi, Wham!"

A major economic crisis is brewing that will make the Great Depression look no more serious than a child's blowing his week's allowance foolishly. It will come directly from our stubborn persistence in making agriculture increasingly dependent on superfarms, which in turn need oil-derived fertilizer. This is our present policy. It widens the gap between rich and poor, and it widens it rapidly. Blacks and Chicanos lead in taking a beating, and are far more vulnerable now, insecure in the cities, than they were in the Thirties, when they were home on the land and owned some of it, with good air to breathe and with food from the work of their own hands.

In high-energy agriculture, food prices must skyrocket as energy prices surge. Getting nutrients out of a retrograde soil costs more, transportation costs more, and agricultural profits must go up if agribusiness is to compete for capital with other sectors using more energy—such as the energy business itself. The profits on food will have an affinity, we know, for middlemen—processors, chemical manufacturers, the chain stores. Prices keep rising as we keep diverting more land, sea, air, water, and dollars to generate more and more energy, the lion's share going anywhere but to food production. The age of the food surplus is long past, here and abroad. And suddenly the oil is gone too.

Too unlikely a scenario to worry about? We wish it were. It isn't. What happened to that storied great dark lake of untapped Arab oil that could produce more oil than all history has used? Present policy would blow it fast, ten or fifteen years. That is the goal of the oil companies and the American government.

We must move swiftly to a policy that recognizes that our overcommitment to high-energy agriculture has pushed nature too far already. If we do, we can avert several agricultural catastrophes brought on by the use of too much energy in nonagriculture. For instance, we should stop cooling atomic-reactor and other electrical-plant condensers with water needed by crops. We shouldn't cool them with air, either, because air doesn't have that much cool. We shouldn't burn high-sulfur coal in fossil-fuel

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LUCIANO

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aged to hug the background, but he was tough and reliable. In fact, he's one of the few guys in the whole country that Meyer would never tangle with.") And there were two high-ranking delegates who had no vote, because they were Jewish: Meyer Lansky and the New Orleans partner of the outfit, "Dandy Phil" Kastel.

As each delegate arrived in Havana, his first call after checking into the Hotel Nacional was at Luciano's villa, to greet the leader, reaffirm loyalty, and acknowledge him as chairman of the board, still ruler of his own organization. At a dinner hosted by Lansky, Costello, and Adonis, everyone came forward with envelopes stuffed with cash.

"I was a little embarrassed about takin' the money, but Meyer put out the word that it was for a legit business and I figured what the hell, they really owe me a lot more, so why not let 'em do it? I took a hundred and fifty grand and let Meyer have it for my points in the casino, and he handed me stock in the business."

The next morning, December 22, the first general meeting of the council of the Unione Siciliano in more than a decade was called to order. Luciano sat at the head of the huge rectangular table, flanked by Lansky, Costello, Genovese, and Adonis. "I opened the meeting by expressin' my thanks that everybody I asked for accepted the invitations. And I thanked 'em for the envelopes, too. Even though I told Vito that I didn't want the title of Boss of Bosses—I really didn't, except I knew it was necessary—I sort of mentioned it casually. The minute I used that expression Anastasia got up and said, 'Charlie, I want to say this in front, before this here meeting goes any further. For me, you are the Big Boss, whether you like it or not. That's the way I look at it, and I would like to hear from anybody who don't feel the same way.'

"Albert was sittin' right across from Vito, and he looked him square in the eye as he stood up. Everybody noticed it, and everybody knew what it meant. There was a big silence. Nobody said a word, and that was all I was after—first, to teach Vito a lesson in public without his losin' face, and also to get the title without havin' to fight for it.

"I told the meetin' that when I was in Italy, I heard about the trouble between Vito and Albert. I laughed when I said I didn't expect 'em to love each other, because I knew that was impossible. I told 'em that jealousy was our biggest enemy.

"I must've talked for an hour, maybe more. When I felt that I had 'em goin' along with me complete, I got around to narcotics. I told 'em there was so much dough to be made in everythin' else we had, why ruin it playin' around with junk. I tried to make 'em understand that everythin' was different now that the war was over; we was businessmen giv-

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My name is Mike Warren, and I'm happy to say I don't worry about bills anymore. Oh, I used to grind and sweat and swear, too, when the first of the month rolled around . . . let this go another month, pay a little on that. Payday was "exchange day." In fact, I was so busy working for everybody else that I never had time to work for myself.

For most of us life is a day-to-day struggle . . . a losing effort to get ahead of car payments, mortgage payments, insurance payments . . . payments for groceries, gas, dry cleaning, tuition, clothing. Payments, payments, payments . . . it goes on and on. Where does it end? Like the Red Queen in *Alice In Wonderland*, the faster we go, the behinder we get!

But, as I say, all that is behind me now. These days I spend my time as I like . . . because *I've found the secret of success. What* secret, you say? Don't laugh, now . . . I make my money betting on the horses! -

I can hear you laughing anyway. Well, go ahead, have a chuckle on me. I don't mind . . . I have my money to console me. More money than I ever saw before. Money to buy what I need . . . and fulfill my family's needs. Money to go where I want. Money to do what I like. And—believe it or not—all my money comes from one place: the Thoroughbred race track.

Yes, friend, I *can* beat the races. I can go to any race track and pick up what I need—a hundred or a thousand—whenever I need it. Of course, I don't go every day . . . I don't press. Why take advantage of a good thing? Some days I'd rather work on my sports car, or play tennis, or take my kids to the zoo, or just loaf around the pool. But I could go to the race track every day if I wanted to . . . and, I suspect, win day after day after day. Not bad for a kid with a high school education, eh? This has been going on for over three years now—every since I quit my old job to start living my life the way *I* want to.

The other day I paid a visit to my local race track to pick up some spare change. I guess I really *saw*, for the first time, the looks of anguish and despair on the faces of many in the crowd . . . tearing up losing tickets, cursing their luck, getting ready to go back to jobs they hate. It occurred to me that I might be able to help some of those people . . . as well as many who have never been to the races in their lives and don't know the first thing about horses. Besides, I figure I don't even have to go to the race track anymore. All I have to do is put my secrets on paper and sell them for a profit. I reason that people would have to be crazy not to part with a few dollars if I could show them the road to retirement tomorrow . . . with enough money to do what they want. A vacation, new clothes, a car . . . or just do what I do—spend more time with the family and watch the kids grow.

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So if you've ever said to yourself, ". . . tomorrow . . . next week . . . next year . . . as soon as we get caught up . . .," stop dreaming and act now. Why let another day slip by when you could be living the way you'd like to—the way I do.

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in' people what they wanted in a way that didn't hurt nobody. People wanted to gamble, we helped 'em gamble; they needed booze, cigarettes, and meat durin' the war, we took care of that. Sure, here and there we would squeeze some guys, but on the other hand, look at all the money we was puttin' in circulation just from other good businessmen buyin' our protection. I said there wasn't a politician or a cop who could hold on to none of the money we paid him off with, that they spent it as soon as they got it, and that was very good for the American economy—to put money in circulation.

"But on the subject of narcotics, I could see I wasn't getting through. Frank Costello had the same feelin' and he leaned over and whispered to me, 'Charlie, don't hit your head against the wall. Vito rigged it before the meet started. Try to get out of it as soon as you can. Someday, they'll all be sorry.'

"I took his advice and I told the meetin' I would never go against the majority. Vito won that round. And it would cause more trouble in our outfit than anythin' we ever done up to that day."

Then a sober Meyer Lansky rose to discuss what he called "the Siegel Situation." Bugsy Siegel had not been informed of the meeting, since he would be the subject of major discussions and decisions; that he would learn of it no one doubted, but it was important that he learn only later.

Siegel had sunk more than $6 million into building the Flamingo hotel and casino in Las Vegas. Lansky suspected that Siegel and his mistress Virginia Hill had been putting away a lot of the money in Swiss bank accounts. Since the mob had been contributing freely to Siegel's venture, they were irritated by the theft.

The council voted unanimously to have Siegel killed, but they waited to see if the Flamingo opening a few nights later on December 26 would be a success. It wasn't. Lansky then maneuvered to have the Flamingo corporation thrown into receivership so that the "outfit" could buy out the original corporation and its creditors at pennies on the dollar. (Siegel, meanwhile, received a reprieve, which ended in June when he was shot to death."

Before the Havana meeting ended, Vito Genovese sought another private audience with Luciano. "We went upstairs, not sayin' a word. Then he closes the door, turns to me and says 'Charlie, I want half of Italy.' I looked at him like he was crazy."

Genovese figured Luciano owed him half the Italian operation because Genovese had originally organized the black market. Finally, Lucky lost his temper. He went after Genovese, shoving him against the wall.

"He was a tough little prick, but I was bigger and a helluva lot tougher. I didn't hit him in the face—I didn't want to mark him up. I just belted him in the guts and in the kidneys, and when he fell down I started to kick him in the belly, and every shot I took with my fists and my foot I told him he was only a shit and a son of a bitch and a dirty rotten Neapolitan louse—even worse, he was a fink American who turned on his own country like a fuckin' traitor.

"I beat him up so bad he couldn't get out of his room for three days."

After the mob leaders had returned to the States, Luciano began enjoying Havana's night life. But news of his presence—virtually on the doorstep of the United States—quickly spread, and the publicity attracted the attention of Harry Anslinger. In February 1947 the U.S. narcotics chief declared that Luciano was a danger to the safety of the United States and sent a formal demand to Cuba for Luciano's expulsion.

The Cuban authorities resisted. But Anslinger promptly announced publicly that until Cuba sent Luciano back to Italy—and no place but Italy—the United States would embargo all shipments of ethical drugs and other vital medical supplies to Cuba.

On the way back to Italy, Luciano brooded about the coming election in America. "You'd think more than four weeks on the ocean would give you time to plan anythin'. But all the angles I could think of or invent just come back to one thing. My only hope was that Tom Dewey would beat Harry Truman in 1948. With Truman, I didn't stand a chance. With Dewey, I bought him once, so there hadda be a way to buy him again."

When he arrived in Italy he found that the Italian government had turned hostile. Luciano was accused of being a peril to the state. He was arrested and a commission was appointed to investigate him. For some weeks, the commission heard testimony and arguments. Then on May 14, 1947, the commission reached a decision. Luciano was to be released from jail in Genoa and given full freedom. He was judged "not socially dangerous."

Despite close surveillance, Luciano maintained his power over the American underworld. Couriers and letters flowed both ways. Friendly army officers let him use APO addresses to insure privacy. And each month a courier brought $25,000 to him—profits from his U.S. enterprises.

Luciano alway claimed that no matter what he did, it was misinterpreted. He cited clothes hijacking as an example. Shipments from America, destined for the poor, were being stolen.

"One day a priest come to see me. He explained about the clothes bein' hijacked. He figured that because I was the big American gangster, I could probably help fight fire with fire."

Luciano met with the hijackers. "I told 'em, 'Cut out the fuckin' hijackin' of American clothes—or else.' They started to argue with me, but I said to them, 'If I walk outta here, ten minutes later you'll all be dead.' So the hijackin' stopped right away, and from then on them clothes reached where they were supposed to be goin'.

"Not more'n two days later, some newspaper guys started to write stories that I was the one behind the used-rags racket and was makin' a fuckin' killin' on it. That's the way it always was for me."

In 1948 love came to Lucky Luciano. He met Igea Lissoni, a twenty-six-year-old nightclub dancer. She had studied ballet and was the daughter of a bourgeois family in Milan. Though at first she was repelled by his reputation, she finally became his mistress—even though he offered to marry her.

"She was the only girl I ever loved in my whole life; in fact, she was my whole life, and she was the only girl I ever wanted to marry. But as it worked out, we couldn't get married. She was willin' to live with me, just like we was man and wife. She even wore a gold weddin' band. I used to wonder what made a nice girl like her hook up with a hoodlum like me. It was months before I had guts enough to ask her. She said, 'That you were an American gangster or perhaps that you were in trouble with the police had nothing to do with it. It is merely that I discovered what every woman must have—you love me and you need me.' "

The attitude of the Italian police continued to vary. For a time in 1949 Luciano was forced to return to Sicily to live in Lercara Friddi, and later he was allowed on the mainland but not north of Rome. But then, in October 1950, he was issued a passport that allowed him to travel abroad to Switzerland, Belgium, France, Spain, and England. When he went to Paris he especially enjoyed the movies, primarily because the American actors were not dubbed, as they were in Italian cinemas, and he could enjoy hearing American speech again.

Late in 1950, Carlo Gambino arrived in Naples to tell Luciano that his old friend Willie Moretti was suffering from advanced syphilis. His brain was affected, and the outfit was afraid that Willie would say dangerous things in public. Reluctantly, it was suggested that Willie be laid to rest.

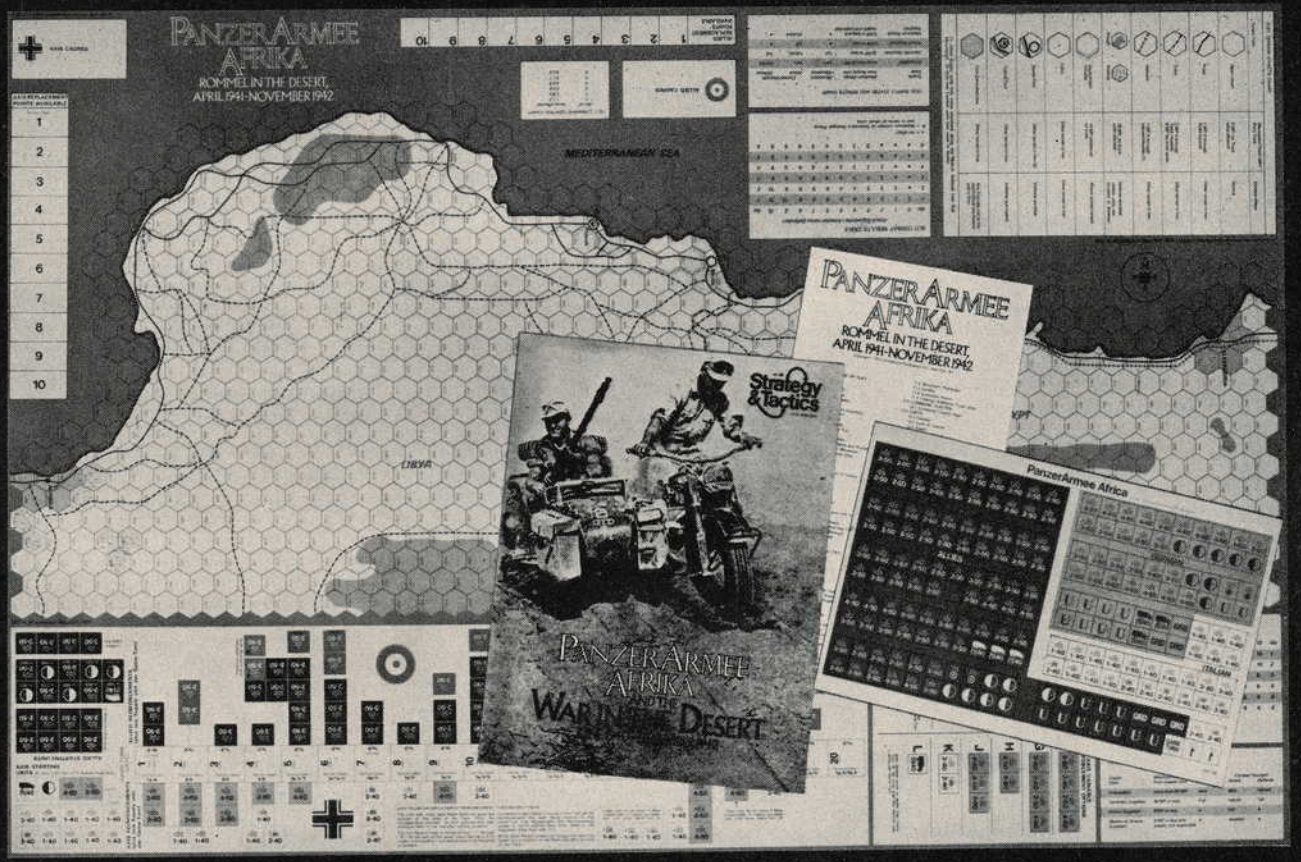
Luciano ordered the hit to be held off until the best possible medical advice had been obtained. But Moretti's condition proved irreversible. On October 24, 1951, he was shot twice in the head, from the front, in a restaurant near Cliffside Park, New Jersey.

Despite his freedom in the years after 1950 to travel outside Italy and, to a limited extent, within the country, Luciano was never far from the feeling that he was teetering on the brink of disaster. The conviction of American and Italian authorities continued that he was the dominant figure not only in the organized rackets of both countries, but more particularly in the illegal narcotics trade around the world.

Early in 1951, Charles Siragusa arrived in Italy as a narcotics agent for the U.S. Treasury. He began a vendetta against Luciano, and unable to get him on dope charges, he was reduced to reporting that a Buick—sent to Lucky as a present from America—was not registered in Italy. Luciano paid a fine.

"That's when I decided to do somethin' radical. I decided to go to Mr. Harry Anslinger. Around the end of April, I sent him a proposition in writing. I had somebody write it for me, in good English. I told him I would agree to solve his whole goddamn narcotics problem, or at least a fuckin' good part of it, if he would pull the wires that could get me back to the States. I said even though he

Strategy & Tactics



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knew I didn't deal in junk, I had the reputation for bein' the head of it because of the publicity he and Kefauver and the rest of them guys was givin' me. So I would use that position to do somethin' that he never had the brains to think of and that I was probably the only guy in the world who could do it."

Luciano suggested that he round up the suppliers and organize them so that no dope could leave the Mediterranean without his approval. Then he would go to the mob in the States and tell them to get out of the business. "The worst thing that could've happened to me was they would knock me off. But I figured such a drastic thing on my part would make the guys in the States realize I was serious, and later on they'd all respect me for helpin' all of 'em, the whole outfit."

Nothing came of it—Anslinger never answered the letter. But Siragusa and the Italian police kept trying to trap Luciano. Lucky claimed that a countess was employed to try to lure him into a dope transaction. She offered her body as an enticement. Luciano pretended to accept, and accompanied the lady to her boudoir.

"As soon as I lock the door, I turn to her grab her dress by the neck, and tear it right off. And then I clipped her right on the jaw and knocked her across the bed. Her eyes almost popped. I was so mad I could've torn her apart. She was practically naked, but it didn't mean a thing to me. I said to her, 'I got a girl who's worth a thousand of you. Tell me why you're tryin' to set me up.' She said that Florita [the Naples police chief] and Siragusa gave her the money to stage this little play and she was supposed to let me carry some junk for her."

There were still the attempts to embroil Luciano. Late in 1953, Mayor Lorenzo Rago of the town of Battipaglia, on the coast near Naples, disappeared, and Siragusa and Florita were off and running once more. A body was found which was thought to be the missing mayor. Luciano was accused of murder, based on the assumption that he and the mayor had been involved in a narcotics deal, but the case dissolved when the dead man proved to be someone else.

Meanwhile, Luciano's finances were declining. His Swiss bank account was going down. He had losses from various legitimate enterprises—a candy company, appliances, medical equipment. A Father Francisco "Don Cheech" Scarpato, whom Luciano had befriended and to whose church he had contributed, had talked him into raising the money for a clinic for the poor people of his area. And Luciano was also approached each day by the poor—by fellow deportees, by people who had once been on his payroll or who were still on it. The $25,000 a month from America was stretched thin.

A meeting with Joe Adonis in Zurich didn't help. Adonis arrived and handed Luciano $100,000. He then proceeded to unpack three million dollars of his own money for deposit in Swiss accounts. "I was so fuckin' mad I could've gone through the wall. I said to him, 'Joe, what the hell's goin' on here? I get a hundred grand and you're puttin' in three million?'

"Joe A. says, 'That's the way it is, Charlie. The three million's the dough I socked away all over the years. It's my own personal money.'

"I said, 'Joe, that's bullshit. You live just as high as me and you spend whatever you get. You guys are mintin' money over there and you're shortchangin' me.'

"I said to him, 'Joe, if it hadn't been for me, you wouldn't have a fuckin' quarter. I started you, all the way back from the time I took you down to Philly and put up the dough for you to buy that Scotch from Waxey Gordon. Your memory stinks, Joe. Don't you know I made you?'

"You know what he said? He said, 'Maybe you did, Charlie, but you can't break me.'

"Thirty years of friendship went right down the crapper, then and there. I never trusted the son of a bitch again."

In the early 1950's in Italy, Luciano watched with horror as his old friends were dragged from the dark corners where they had hidden, from behind the respectable fronts they had assumed, to be exposed as the masters of the organized underworld. Luciano found nothing enthralling in Estes Kefauver, the drawling Tennessee senator, or his touring Senate crime investigating committee.

Luciano was sickened by the sight of Frank Costello's hands nervously clenching and unclenching (he refused to permit his face to be televised) and the sound of his rasping voice, barely audible as he refused to answer questions on advice of counsel. Costello was the star of the show, the heavy; and Virginia Hill was the comic relief, good for a laugh—though not from Luciano—with her portrayal of an innocent, dumb, naïve blond who knew nothing about anything. (Virginia had been allowed to live after Bugsy's execution, because she cooperated in recovering the money from the Swiss bank accounts and her testimony before the Senate committee proved harmless. In March 1966 she committed suicide.)

There was a long parade of Lucky's old friends, their faces no longer anonymous—Joe Adonis, Longie Zwillman, Meyer Lansky, Willie Moretti, Albert Anastasia, the whole underworld hierarchy—professing shocked surprise, feigning ignorance, or responding with sullen silence, devious evasions, and outright refusals to answer. Former New York Mayor William O'Dwyer, by then United States ambassador to Mexico, was there sweating, fidgeting, attempting to minimize the import of his relationship with Costello, Luciano, and others. Perhaps the only satisfaction for Luciano was the sight of New York Governor Thomas E. Dewey arrogantly refusing to testify in public before the committee about the release of Luciano or about the open gambling at Saratoga.

"For me, it was like a nightmare," said Luciano. "Every time my name got mentioned, the Italian cops kept pullin' me in for questionin', makin' my life miserable."

But Dewey's statements that Luciano had been released for services performed while in prison during World War II gave Luciano an opening. He embroidered on Dewey's remarks for the benefit of reporters. "You'd have thought I was General Eisenhower, the way I told 'em what a big American patriot I'd been, how I got all the Italians and Sicilians in the States workin' to knock out the Nazis and how I got everybody in Sicily helpin' the Americans during 1943, which was why the invasion was such a big success. It was all shit, but it was what they wanted to hear and they loved it."

One day, Luciano had a surprising visitor to his new home, a United States senator. The senator intimated that he wanted to help Luciano get home again. He drank a lot and talked a lot. As he was leaving he noticed an expensive ring on Luciano's finger. "He said to me, 'That's a beautiful ring. I've always wanted one like that.' I could've thrown that hayseed right off the roof. Instead, I said, 'Senator, you can have it and a lot more the day I set foot in New York—permanent.' We shook hands and left and that's the last I ever saw of that chiselin' son of a bitch."

(Off to one side of the room during this conversation sat an Italian friend of Luciano's who spoke no English. But he remembered the meeting clearly, for when it was over Luciano told him that the man was an important United States senator. Recently this friend described Luciano's visitor as "a tall, thin man. He wore glasses and he had a very prominent nose. What I remember best about him is his enormous capacity for drinking.")

For a time Luciano enjoyed relative freedom from harassment. Then, in 1955, his nemesis, Siragusa, became European director of the U.S. Bureau of Narcotics and began once more to denounce Luciano and demand that something be done about him by the Italian authorities. Luciano was ordered to appear before a special commission in Naples. This commission finally declared him "socially dangerous," and as such, he was to be barred for the next two years from leaving his home between dusk and dawn, from traveling more than sixteen miles outside Naples, and from frequenting public places such as nightclubs and the Agnano Racetrack. Certain minor exceptions, however, were made: he and Igea were allowed to go to the beach resort at Ostia outside Rome for a vacation, and he was permitted to visit his farm at Santa Marinella, forty miles northwest of Rome.

Under the guidance of Igea Lissoni, Luciano spent many of his evenings after curfew reading the books that he had ignored all his life.

In 1961 he talked about his discovery of Shakespeare. "Well, in *Julius Caesar*, you remember a guy by the name of Cassius? He was a pain in the ass. It seems like everybody's got a Cassius in his life. And I got one, too—only his name is Vito Genovese." He paused for a moment. "Come to think of it, I even had two Cassiuses in my life, the other one bein' a guy by the name of Meyer Lansky. But I didn't get on to him for a long time."

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"I MADE $35,000 IN JUST 1 DAY AT HOME IN BED WITH THE FLU"

By simply putting my successful money method in action I'm making thousands of dollars every week whether I work or not...

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My briefcase crammed with thousands of dollars to be deposited in my bank.

I WILL QUICKLY TEACH ANY MAN OR WOMAN MY PROVEN "EASY MONEY SECRET" OF STARTING FROM SCRATCH AND MAKING A FORTUNE PRACTICALLY OVERNIGHT!

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TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

As the Accountant for Unique Ideas, Inc., Mr. Ernie Tucker, Pres., I attest to the fact that he earned Thirty Five Thousand Dollars in a single day and presently averages in the thousands every week.

Personally I've always found him to be both a Successful and Honest Man. I Certify that all of these statements are true.

Accountant's Name and Bank Reference Available on Request.

Notary Public

Harry Shalita Dec. 3 1973

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AN HONEST NO NONSENSE WAY TO RICHES IT ACTUALLY WORKS FOR YOU

No equipment to buy or lease, no hustling your friends to buy junk merchandise and no books or correspondence course required.

DEFINITELY NOT A CON GAME, FRANCHISE, INVESTMENT SCHEME OR GIMMICK

YOU DON'T NEED MONEY TO MAKE MONEY

Obviously you were not born rich so what? 85% of the men and women who are rich today started with very little money and had only average education, so why not be honest with yourself and stop using lame excuses, stand up and face the fact that the only real difference between you and thousands of rich Americans is that they discovered the right moves to make and you did not!

YOU GET RICH MAKING "THE RIGHT MOVES"

I've proven this to be true despite the fact that I was born poor and barely squeaked through high school. I still made a fortune in just a short period by making the right moves and I'll show you exactly how I did it.

But why am I so anxious to reveal to you my secret money making method? Surely there's more to it than because I enjoy helping others share in the rich good life as I have but frankly I expect to profit at least two hundred thousand dollars, maybe more, from the publishing of these ads in nationally famous magazines and newspapers.

STOP WASTING PRECIOUS YEARS

I should know, I wasted more good years than I care to remember, before I finally discovered the secret of making money, I stayed up to my neck in debt, bounced around from one eight hour dead end job to another. Just working, waiting and wishing for a great fortune to fall in my lap. I got married, became a proud father at a young age. I worked in a toy factory for a short time and peddled cosmetics from door to door, but everything I tried my hands at failed because I didn't know the right moves to make. This only happened to me twelve years ago. No doubt there are millions who are suffering this agonizing torment now.

REVEALING: THE RICH MAN'S SECRET MONEY MAKING METHOD

It's true that most rich persons keep their money making secrets to themselves, seldom sharing it with others, but fortunately I met several unusually fair minded rich men who were so impressed with my ambition to get rich that they agreed to teach me the secret money making techniques that their many years of making millions had taught them, providing I would virtually work for them at least one year. I eagerly jumped at the opportunity to gain this valuable knowledge and said yes to their generous proposition. So for one year I listened and watched very closely, until I learned from A to Z how these financial wizards made thousands of dollars every single day. I'll always be most grateful to these men for teaching me their fast and easy money making secrets. It didn't even matter that I was practically pennyless when I first put these methods into action.

SUDDENLY IT STARTED MAKING MONEY FOR ME

At first it was unbelievable ... I paid off all my bills and my wealth continued to multiply. Huge sums of cash poured in so fast that I was forced to employ a full time bookkeeper and retain a corporation attorney, accountant and tax expert to help manage my prosperous financial affairs.

We had investments, property, stocks, money in the bank and can afford most anything we want. My family and I enjoyed our wealth and success. We were very proud of our accomplishments and it was our secret of making the right easy moves that made it all happen.

THIS IS YOUR CHANCE DON'T BLOW IT

It's a better chance than I had. If you're really serious I'm willing to share my secret. Surely I can afford to give it to you free of charge, but I won't, why should I give you something for nothing? Instead I'm going to ask you to send me ten dollars for sharing my secret. What's more, I want you to know that I intend to make a fair profit from the information I mail you, why not? If I can show you how to make more money than you ever made in your life why should you care if I make a profit? Remember what I'm giving you for only ten dollars cost me 12 years to master. Even more important you get certified and documented proof beyond the slightest doubt that my method can make a fortune, this is why I can offer you the strongest legally binding guarantee possible!! A guarantee so incredible that you'll probably think it sounds too good to be true.

UNUSUAL $1000 GUARANTEE

This is a legal and binding guarantee from me to you - The information I'll send you can actually put thousands of dollars in your pocket. But this is my pledge to you, after just 10 days if you don't agree my secret method is worth at least $1000.00 in cash to you (one hundred times the ten dollars you pay) send it back and I'll rush a full refund, including your 10¢ postage. You take absolutely no-risk —not even the price of a stamp.

GET READY TO GET RICH

Every single day my method can bring you more cash. You'll never again need to borrow, budget or ask anyone for credit. You'll be proudly independent. You can enjoy those luxuries you've always dreamed about, but never could afford. Sound impossible? But it's not, you only need a serious belief in my proven method, very small capital and enough ambition to give it a try. Remember "nothing ventured nothing gained" and there's absolutely no way you can lose.

JOIN THOUSANDS WHO ENJOY THE RICH GOOD LIFE:

Ed K. says: "I never earned over one hundred dollars a week in my life until I made 2 thousand dollars the first month using your money making method. I'm glad I took a chance." Sincerely, Ed K., N.Y. You can easily learn what I taught him and now his money worries are over, so why not take advantage of this rewarding opportunity. Any news of good fortune travels fast, already thousands of just average men and women have benefited from my concept, you will too. But I will not promise you'll make as much money as fast as I have, yet, it's possible you'll make a lot more even faster.

YOU CAN LIVE HIGH ON THE HOG AND DO LESS WORK...

I'll show you how to stop breaking your back to make ends meet and start using your head to get easy riches. If you're seriously fed up with being treated like a hard working stiff while others enjoy the rich good life, then don't pass up this opportunity—you risk absolutely nothing—not even the price of a stamp.

MAKE THE RIGHT MOVE NOW

RUSH ORDER COUPON

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Dept. PTH-5
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New York, N.Y. 10019

Yes count me in on your $1000 guarantee offer. I enclose $10. Rush your proven easy money method. I understand that it has been officially certified, notorized and documented. If I don't agree it can actually put $1000 or more in my pocket within 10 days I can return it for a full refund, **including my 10¢ postage.** There is no risk on my part.

Name.....

Address .....

City.....

State..... Zip.....

The greed of Genovese soon became apparent once more. Frank Costello, plagued by tax troubles, had asked the council to let him retire and continue to enjoy the profits from certain of his real estate and gambling enterprises. Genovese insisted that Costello's interests be divided among the other syndicate families and that Costello be pensioned. "That little son of a bitch was out to get Costello because he never forgot that time when Costello insulted him when he objected to me bringin' Dutch Schultz into our outfit."

Despite a council vote in favor of Costello, Genovese secretly decreed his old partner's death. On May 2, 1957, after a dinner with friends, Costello took a cab to his apartment house, the Majestic, at 115 Central Park West, on the corner of Seventy-first Street. A large black Cadillac pulled up behind and an assassin got out and hurried into the building. Costello strolled in behind him without haste. Then, when Costello was halfway into the lobby, the killer stepped out from behind a pillar, a .38 caliber revolver in his hand. He shouted, "This is for you, Frank!" Then he fired one shot.

At the sound of the voice, Costello turned, and that movement saved his life. The bullet creased the right side of his scalp, tearing it open just above the ear. But the assassin assumed that his mission was a success. He raced out to the waiting Cadillac and sped away.

Costello survived. He refused to talk about the incident, and he also refused to identify his attacker. Partly because of a paper found in his pocket, Costello was tied in to gambling revenues from the Tropicana Hotel in Las Vegas. He served a short jail sentence and then at last achieved the retirement he had sought.

For Genovese, whose repudiation of the council's ruling was now in the open, the abortive attempt on Costello's life was dangerous. He sealed himself inside his palatial home in Atlantic Highlands, New Jersey, protected by more than forty armed men, and proceeded to summon all the lieutenants in the Luciano family for a show of support for his actions.

One of them, Little Augie Carfano, failed to show. Within two years he was shot to death on Genovese's order. Frank Scalise, second in command of the Anastasia family, protested Genovese's actions. A month later he was killed.

Albert Anastasia let it be known that he was after Genovese personally. Luciano sent word to Albert to cool off, but in the meantime, Genovese put out a contract on Luciano. The two thugs hired for the job muffed it. They were badly beaten by Luciano and one of his men and were sent home, in first-class seats, with a message to Genovese not to try it again.

But even if he missed Luciano, Vito was determined to get Anastasia. On October 25, 1957, in the barber shop in the Park Sheraton Hotel in Manhattan, two masked men pumped five bullets into Albert Anastasia. The assassins were never caught. Luciano said later that he had been told that one of them was "Crazy Joe" Gallo, a young Brooklyn hood who at the time was working for Carlo Gambino. (Gallo, of course, met the same fate himself fifteen years later in a restaurant in Manhattan's Little Italy.)

Genovese now felt powerful enough to convene a general meeting of America's underworld leaders, telling them that Luciano had ordered it. Lucky sent individual messages to his colleagues in the States repudiating Vito's call. "I told Carlo to go to the meet, but not to bring no envelope [Genovese was expecting payments, as if he had become the big boss], and he took my advice. Frank Costello got out of it by saying he had too much heat on him. Little Meyer said he had a sore throat and leavin' Florida in November would be too risky for his health."

On November 24, 1957, about a hundred top and middle-level underworld leaders from all over the United States—most of them Italians—gathered at the estate of an outwardly respectable Buffalo businessman named Joseph Barbara in the rural upstate New York community of Apalachin. The parade of so many big black limousines containing so many obviously unrural gentlemen aroused the suspicions of New York State Police Sergeant Edgar Cresswell.

> "With Dewey, I bought him once, so there hadda be a way to buy him again."

Roads were blocked and the police closed in. In one of the most ludicrous scenes in the history of organized crime in the United States, the leaders of the American underworld, dressed in their hand-tailored silk and imported woolen suits, went scurrying out of windows and doors and crashing away through the woods and underbrush in a frantic effort to escape. Many did, but Cresswell and his troopers, aided by reinforcements, rounded up sixty.

Genovese, Joe Bonanno, Joe Profaci, and other well-known names were among the captured. Not one would explain why he was there. A number were fined and given prison sentences for conspiring to obstruct justice. Though all the convictions were eventually overturned, the damage done was immense. The careful cover of respectability, behind which so many crime figures had hidden themselves, was now gone.

For Luciano it was a catastrophe. "I could only think about the outfit that I designed and built up from nothin', and in less than an hour that dirty fuckin' pig Genovese practically threw it down the shithouse. I went into the bathroom and vomited. Everything I had to eat and all the bile I'd been swallowin' all through the years in Italy come up at the same time."

Luciano immediately began planning to get Genovese. "I decided the best way to get him without knockin' him off was to let the U.S. Government do the job. If we could work it right, we could get him tied in with narcotics on a personal basis and that meant a Federal rap good for fifteen years minimum."

Lucky and Carlo Gambino worked out a plan, and Longie Zwillman, Luciano's old friend from New Jersey, set Vito up with a promise to get him a million dollars in heroin from a hard-up pusher who was willing to sell for sixty or seventy thousand. The buy was set for a spot on a back road in New Jersey, and federal narcotics agents were tipped off. They were ready to pounce as soon as the money and heroin changed hands.

"Would you believe it? The federal idiots blew it. They was supposed to be waitin' down the road, only nobody was there and that little prick Vito got away with it. I heard he made over seven hundred grand out of that buy, net. When I heard about it two days after, I damn near went through the ceiling."

But Carlo Gambino had a secondary plan, already rehearsed and prepared. Serving a narcotics sentence in Sing Sing was a minor Puerto Rican hoodlum named Nelson Cantellops, who was persuaded—for $100,000—to testify against Genovese. In mid-1959, he became the star witness for the government against Genovese and twenty-four others, including Gigante, for narcotics conspiracy. On the basis of his testimony, all were convicted, and Genovese was sentenced to fifteen years in federal prison. He served the first years in Atlanta and then was transferred to Leavenworth. In 1969 he died of heart failure at the federal medical facility in Missouri. Zwillman had died by hanging in 1959, officially a suicide, although Luciano said he had been murdered in revenge. Cantellops was released from prison and enjoyed his money for a while, but in 1965 he was slain in a nightclub brawl.

Early in 1958, during the time he was plotting against Genovese, tragedy struck Luciano. Igea Lissoni was found to have cancer. Her left breast was removed.

"The first thing she noticed was all the heavy bandages around her chest. She asked me, 'They took off my breast?' All I could do was nod my head. My throat was so tight I couldn't talk and when she asked me, 'I have cancer, isn't that right?' she said it like it was a death sentence and then she started to cry. What could I say? What could I do? I just told her the surgeons said they got it all and that she'd be okay. But the words stuck in my throat and she shook her head, like she knew it was a lie."

The couple attempted to resume a normal life. But in a few months cancer appeared again—this time in Igea's right breast—and a second operation revealed that the disease had reached the terminal stage. In September of 1958 she fell into a coma.

"Don Cheech came all the time and prayed. Sometimes there would be a dozen friends in our livin' room, all of 'em hoodlums, deportees, the roughest kind of guys you could think of, accordin' to the police, and they'd get down on their knees and cry

as they prayed along with Father Scarpato. Everybody loved Igea."

Early in the morning on September 27, 1958, Igea awoke briefly. Recognizing Luciano, she tried to form some words, then said distinctly, "*Caro mio*." She lapsed back into unconsciousness and within an hour, at the age of thirty-seven, Igea Lissoni was dead.

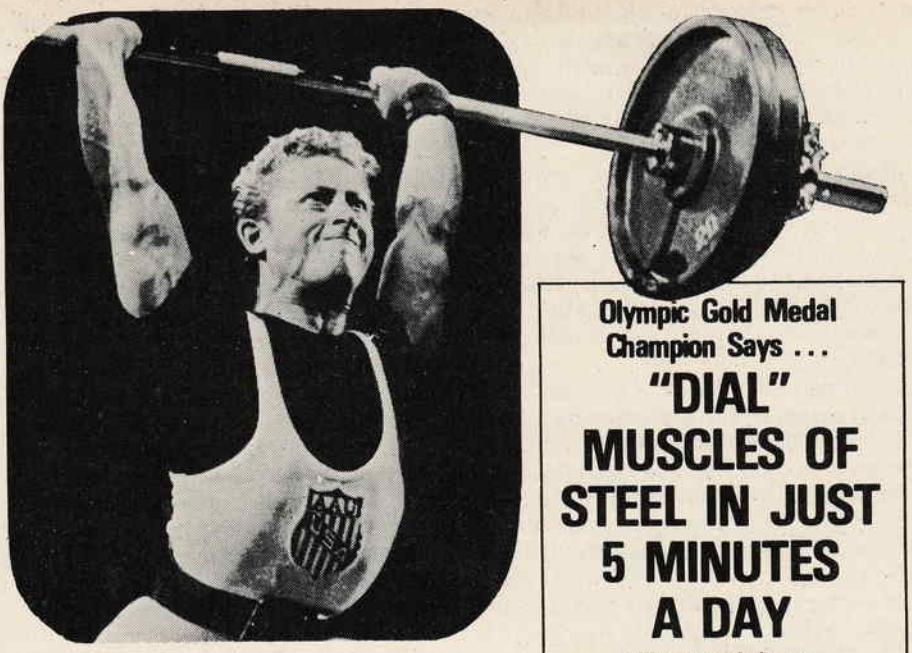
For weeks, Luciano mourned, wearing the traditional black tie and black ribbon in his lapel. He was morose, uncommunicative. But eleven weeks after Igea's death, he was forced back into the world. He had again been the target of police investigators who had spent most of 1958 probing his activities. On December 13, the Italian Court of Appeals declared that Luciano "had nothing to do with murder, narcotics, or illegal rackets."

In 1959 Luciano's outward mourning ended, and he renewed his attention to business. The plot against Genovese was reaching its climax, for one thing. For another, Fidel Castro and the revolution had driven the mob out of Cuba, and Lansky had been forced to make new arrangements with government oficials in the Bahamas. He told Luciano that he had helped Batista transfer $300 million to Swiss banks before Havana was shut down.

Luciano found a new companion in a plump Neapolitan shopgirl named Adriana Rizzo. But the sexual demands of this twenty-three-year-old were hard on a sixty-two year-old man. A month after she moved in, Luciano had a heart attack.

He recovered, but under doctor's orders he cut down on all his activities, including sex with Adriana. Then a young friend, Pat Eboli, who had long served as a courier to America, told him of a new problem. "Pat told me that a plan was bein' worked out all around the country to do somethin' about a television program called 'The Untouchables.' It was a big hit and all it did was use some of the newspaper files about the old Chicago mob in the Capone days and maybe change a couple names. The program was really goin' over with the public, and the sponsor, Chesterfield cigarettes, was as happy as a kid with a new toy. So the council had a meet about it, and one of the guys in Profaci's outfit, named Joe Colombo, come up with the idea of formin' a legitimate association of Americans with Italian backgrounds to start a campaign against usin' just Italian names for them gangsters in the TV shows and movies. The whole idea was to try to get 'The Untouchables' off the fuckin' air. Pat was told to get my point of view and see if I could recommend the right guy to head up the new association.

"It had to really look good, or it would fall into the shithouse before it ever got off the ground. I looked over the list of names they sent me and finally I agreed on Santangelo." (Congressman Alfred Santangelo, New York Democrat, was soon named New York State President of the Federation of Italian-American Democratic Organizations and headed a nationwide campaign to force "The Untouchables" off the air through a boycott of



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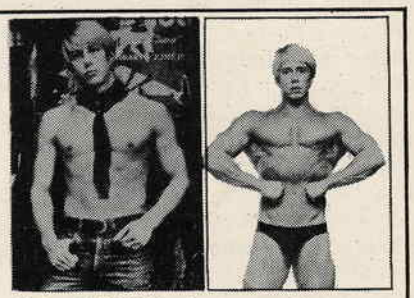

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the sponsor, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company. The campaign finally paid off on March 14, 1961, when the cigarette manufacturer announced that it was withdrawing its sponsorship of the program because of the pressures.)

Although Luciano had often been approached by film producers seeking to do a movie on his life, nothing had ever worked out up to the time he met Martin Gosch, one of the authors of this article. Gosch, a former Hollywood producer and screenwriter, was then running his own production company in Spain.

Gosch had an idea for a film, and they reached agreement on a screenplay, wholly fictionalized but based on the relationship between an exiled American gangster and an Italian girl. It would center around attempts by other underworld characters to gain possession of the gangster's diary, in which all his secrets were recorded. Some scenes were to deal with such events as the attempt on Frank Costello's life and the murder of Albert Anastasia.

To Gosch's amusement, Luciano suggested Cary Grant for the lead. Gosch pointed out that Grant was perhaps rather too polished and had an English accent. So they settled on Dean Martin and a script was dispatched to Martin via his friend Frank Sinatra.

But another courier arrived from America first—with word that the entire leadership of the American underworld advised against the movie. The last thing the Unione Siciliano wanted at this point was a motion picture about a Sicilian-born gangster, which would put the light once more on a galaxy of Italian criminals. After all, they were in the middle of the campaign to drive "The Untouchables" off the air.

Though Luciano was angry, he had no choice but to give in. It was then that he reached his agreement with Gosch to tell *all*, with the proviso that Gosch would publish Luciano's story in book form ten years after Lucky's death—and not before.

Frustrated, Lucky revealed to Gosch his plans for the future. "All these years," he said, "I've been accused of bein' the king of narcotics for the whole fuckin' world. It was all bullshit." But now, he continued, he would organize all the suppliers in the Mediterranean area and force his onetime associates in the United States to deal through him. He would become the narcotics boss he had denied being all these many years.

When he put the plan into operation, however, and sent out word to the outfit of his intentions, a great storm broke. Unsigned threatening letters arrived regularly. Realizing that he was bucking both the U.S. narcotics people and Vito Genovese—who he knew would try to set him up either for a narcotics arrest or for an assassination—Luciano gave in and sent word that he was pulling out of his new business.

The power over organized crime that had once been his had vanished, and now he knew it.

His message reached New York early in September, 1961. About ten days later, a courier arrived in Naples with an envelope filled with cash. It was not back up to the old $25,000, but close to it. Through the ensuing weeks of the year, the flow of funds continued and even improved.

But on January 17, 1962, Pat Eboli arrived in Naples. He had come as a friend and not as a courier, though he had messages from New York. Luciano, he said, had been the subject of council discussions, and the general feeling was that he had become a danger to the organization he had founded. There was a strong belief that as long as Luciano lived, nobody was safe. His execution, Eboli told Luciano, was imminent. Still, Eboli told him, there was one chance. If he could get back the signed copy of the movie script from Gosch and send it back to the outfit, the underworld leaders might be persuaded to let Luciano live. But as long as the script existed, the danger was great.

Luciano called Gosch in Madrid on January 24, asking that he bring "the script." The call was monitored by the police who thought he was speaking in code and that Gosch would be bringing narcotics. Lucky had had another heart attack earlier in the month, so he was in very poor shape when he was arrested at one o'clock on the morning of January 25 and taken to the police station for questioning. He was released later that afternoon and allowed to go home under police guard to sleep. Then, on the following day, a police officer picked him up again, and they drove to the airport to meet Gosch who was arriving on the five o'clock flight.

When Martin Gosch saw Luciano he was stunned. The man seemed to have aged twenty-five years since they had last met in November; he seemed shrunken, his skin almost parchment, his voice weak.

"Hello, Charlie. How are you?"

"I'm pretty lousy," Luciano said.

Gosch handed Luciano a paper bag containing a bottle of his favorite Spanish brandy and a box of chocolates for Adriana.

Luciano thanked Gosch, then pointed to the officer. "This guy's a pal of mine. He don't speak too much English." Gosch and the policeman shook hands, Gosch assuming that he was one of Luciano's Italian associates.

The three men started to walk through the airport building toward the parking lot. They walked slowly. Luciano began to speak to Gosch in a low, halting voice. "I fucked myself, Marty. They're gonna kill me."

"Who's going to kill you?"

"All of 'em, all of 'em. I only got one friend in the world, Pat Eboli. . . . He's a good kid and you can trust him. Please remember the promise you made me . . . but use it all. . . . Don't hold back." The words were coming with great effort, Luciano pausing and gulping for breath. "I couldn't even go through with the narcotics . . . and I'm not even gonna end up the king of junk. . . . Meyer Lansky's gonna wind up the boss of everything . . . and all the money. . . . They wouldn't let me out. . . . It was dead or nothin'. Some choice, huh?"

Suddenly, he lurched against Gosch and started to sag to the ground. "Marty. . . ." His eyes rolled up as he gasped for breath. With the help of the policeman, Gosch lowered Luciano to the pavement.

Gosch took a half-dozen of Luciano's nitroglycerin tablets and placed them under his tongue. Lucky shuddered, his gasping stopped, and his eyes opened—staring at nothing. Gosch glanced at the terminal clock; it was 5:26 on the afternoon of January 26, 1962. An ambulance pulled up a moment later and an attendant inserted a long hypodermic needle into Luciano's chest. Adrenalin. One of the attendants put a stethoscope to Luciano's heart, looked at his eyes, checked his pulse. It was too late.

Gosch turned to the attendant. "Do you know who this man is?" The attendant shook his head. "*Egli è famoso*. He is Charlie 'Lucky' Luciano." The man stared in disbelief. The few onlookers also heard the name and redoubled their staring.

Once Luciano had said he would end up on a concrete slab. So he did. But it was on the pavement of an airport parking lot, and he had died of natural causes.

Three days later there was a requiem mass at the Holy Trinity Church in Naples. More than three hundred people—many of them watchful police officers—attended and later followed the funeral carriage to the chapel of the English Cemetery. Joe Adonis was there with a mournful expression, tears in his eyes, and a floral wreath bearing the gangland farewell, "So long, Pal."

Pat Eboli was there, too. And so was Luciano's brother Bartolo. Though Lansky sent a floral offering, as did many others, not a single one of his other old friends appeared—even though news of his death had made headlines around the world. Vito Genovese, in prison, sent no word.

Early in February, American authorities in Washington decided that there would be no peril in permitting Luciano's remains to be returned home for burial. On February 7, the coffin bearing his body was taken from a cargo plane at a New York airport, put in a hearse, and driven at high speed to St. John's Cemetery. It was placed in a vault bearing the name LUCANIA. A hundred feet away was another vault marked GENOVESE. Seven years later, the remains of Vito would be entombed there, the bodies of the old enemies to remain within a pistol shot of each other through eternity.

A score of reporters met the plane. So did the police; fifty of them representing the FBI, the narcotics bureau, the New York City police, and the state police. But there were only two mourners . . . Bartolo and Joseph Lucania, brothers of the deceased.

Someone noticed a stained-glass window in the vault, depicting the likeness of a bearded saint. They asked Bartolo Lucania who the saint was. "I don't know," he said, "I'm not acquainted with saints." O+

(This is the final part of a three-part article.)

The Europeans have a word for it:

Apéritifs

by Kingsley Amis

In theory, an apéritif is a drink that sharpens your appetite for food. This is utter nonsense: any and every kind of liquor is full of calories and so, in fact, reduces your hunger. All right, a single small glass of dry sherry before a meal has been known to have the desired effect, but that information will be of far more use to you as a talking point than as a practical tip.

Be that as it may, a single small glass, or several large glasses, of dry or medium-dry sherry can't fail as a preprandial potation. Nor can champagne. Nor can almost any non-sweet drink. And there are some very good apéritifs, in the specialized sense of the word—that is, wine flavored with various herbs and topped up with grape spirits to give the mixture a strength about equal to sherry.

The best apéritifs come from France and Italy and the best known is vermouth. The illogical but handy rule is that, of the two main types, the dry/light-colored variety is called "French," even if it's made in Italy; and the sweet/red is "Italian," even if it's made in France. A third type, almost all of it made in Italy, is Bianco. It's even sweeter than the red, too much so for me, but a squeeze as well as a slice of lemon will help to cut that.

Of French vermouths, the two best for drinking unmixed are Chambéry and Noilly Prat. Purists drink them straight, lightly chilled, and they're probably right. In this country however, you may find Noilly Prat a little easier to come by than Chambéry. Choose Martini Dry for Dry Martini and Vodkatini cocktails (1 part vermouth, anything from 3 to 12 parts gin or vodka according to taste, and of course lots of ice). The Sweet Martini, roughly equal parts of gin and Italian, is rather a grannyish drink today, and most Italian vermouth is drunk unmixed.

A type of vermouth, or near-vermouth, less well known than it should be is Punt e Mes, also from Italy, with a touch of bitterness behind the sweetness. I drink it on the rocks, with a slice of lemon if I'm feeling energetic, but others prefer a slice of orange and add a little soda or ginger ale. Still others spike it with gin, which I think is a mistake. Not that I'm opposed to strengthening drinks, but in this case it seems to me a pity to interfere with a striking and unique flavor.

I wouldn't say the same about Campari, which is unique in a different way—indeed, it isn't a vermouth at all, it's just Campari. Taken with ice, soda, and a lemon slice, as it usually is, it is delightful, and I enjoy it even more with a little gin added—though I should point out that on its own it's at least 50 percent stronger than any vermouth. It mixes well, one to one, with Italian vermouth to produce the Americano cocktail; at least I recommend one to one—you may prefer to double the vermouth proportion. There's an already-mixed Americano, brand-name Cora, on the market: not just a time-saver but a distinctive drink in its own right. Recommended. Oh, and if you add gin to an Americano it becomes a Negroni. When I'm eating Italian food I tend to kick off with a couple of them: no more unless it's Sunday tomorrow.

The best non-vermouth French apéritif is probably Dubonnet. It's unusually versatile: good with the standard ice-and-soda additive, also good with the usual mixes—tonic, lemonade, and so on. With gin it's almost too good, the only form of liquor that has ever rendered me unable to stand up *before* dinner.

And speaking of France, I shouldn't fail to mention that classic Gallic standby—Kir, a name that not so long ago brought blank stares from most bartenders plying their trade on this side of the water. It's simply white wine (Chablis is the standard base) with a dash of cassis and a twist of lemon added. It's served well chilled or on the rocks, and it's gained popularity to the point where some manufacturers — notably the Lejay-Lagoute people—are putting out excellent ready-mixed brands. Try it. Try the others, too. As always, it's only by shopping around that you get the most out of your drinking life.

Variations on a Vermouth Theme

Vermouth, in case you didn't know, is a man's libation. The very name proves the point: it comes from the Old High German *wer,* meaning man, and *mut,* meaning courage. It's an aromatic wine with a pedigree that stretches way, way back beyond the Visigoths, however. The Greeks, the Etruscans, and the Romans—all of whom certainly knew a thing or two about bacchanals—added herbs and spices to their wines, and by the Middle Ages rare spices from Asia had been introduced into Europe and into the vintners' vats.

But vermouth as we know it today originated in the Piedmont region of Italy some two hundred years ago, where the surrounding hills and citrus groves bore the fruits, flowers, roots, and barks needed for the blending. The spices—tamarind, cloves, allspice, and many more—came from all over the world. The winemaker's formula was the important thing, and no vintner ever divulged the ingredients he used for his vermouth. Thus, to this day each has its own distinctive character refined over the centuries, and the selection of a brand is very much a matter of individual preference and palate.

Vermouth itself is extremely versatile, and so are the vermouth-based, ready-mixed apéritifs. They can be taken in almost any form and with almost any spirit or mixer. Overleaf are a few manufacturers' specifications for the standards, plus a modest range of more potent potions for those of you whose taste buds demand more vigor to the jigger.

Photography by Klaus Lucka: location courtesy of Café de France, New York City.

Try These for Openers...

Pen 'n' Pencil
Pour 2 ounces of Punt e Mes and ¼ ounce of brandy over ice in a highball glass. Fill with grapefruit juice and add a slice of orange.

Martini & Rossi on the Rocks
Pour 2 or 3 ounces of M & R vermouth over ice cubes in an old-fashioned glass. Add a twist of lemon peel. Try it sweet, half-and-half, extra dry, or in any desired proportion. For a longer drink, pour the same amount of sweet vermouth over ice in a tall glass, fill with soda, and serve with a lemon twist.

A-Train
Pour ¼ ounce of Punt e Mes, ¼ ounce dry vermouth, 1 ounce gin, and a tablespoon of fresh orange juice into an ice-filled shaker. Shake and strain into a cocktail glass. Serve with a lemon twist.

Carpano Capri
Take an ounce of Carpano Classico, ½ ounce Campari, ½ ounce bourbon, and a teaspoon of maraschino liqueur. Pour over ice cubes in an old-fashioned glass. Stir well and serve with a maraschino cherry.

Carpano Americano
Stir 1 ounce of Campari and 2 ounces of Carpano vermouth over ice cubes in a highball glass. Fill with soda and decorate with a lemon twist. For a Negroni, add an ounce of gin and a slice of orange.

Campari Sunrise
Pour 1½ ounces of Campari over ice in a tall glass. Fill with orange juice and soda to taste, if desired.
Try Campari with tonic, soda, cranberry juice, and for a heftier libation, combine a jigger of Campari and a jigger of vodka over ice in a tall glass, and fill with grapefruit juice.

Julep Fizz
Pour 2 or 3 ounces of Blackberry Julep or Cherry Julep over ice cubes in a tall glass. Top up with soda and garnish with a sprig of mint. Or, try them straight on the rocks, and as highballs with either bitter lemon, tonic, soda, or ginger ale.

Lillet Flambé
Pour 2 or 3 ounces of Lillet Blanc over ice in a tumbler. Take a square of orange peel and squeeze over a lighted match, so that the burnt citrus oil falls onto the drink's surface. The resultant orange fragrance and aroma is a delicate addition to Lillet's subtle flavor.

Punch
Try this Martini & Rossi formula to add a little punch to your next party: 16 ounces sweet vermouth, 1 bottle (30 ounces) extra dry vermouth, 2 bottles ginger ale, 6 ounces Cointreau, 6 ounces brandy, juice of 4 lemons. Pour over a block of ice in your punch bowl and garnish with orange slices and fresh strawberries.

YET MORE MORGAN'S DICTIONARY

By HENRY MORGAN

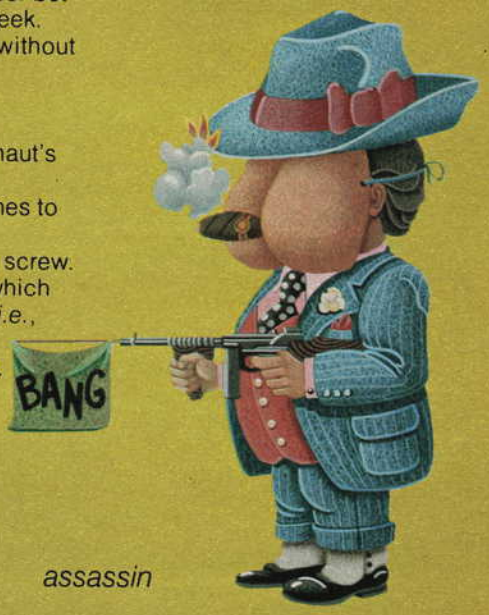
The first two parts of this *Dictionary* were a sensation in some of the smaller towns. A Mr. L. S. of East Groin, Maine, requested copies and a loan of $800.

adequate Six inches.
admirable Seven inches.
adorable Eight inches.
as Two-thirds of an idiot.
ascend A town you never heard of. Usually described as the ascend of nowhere.
ascribe An author who writes nonsense.
ass A 100 percent idiot.
assail The opposite of a pain in the neck.
assassin Something like being two-faced.
assault (1) To attack her from behind. (2) Yiddish: "Assault it for a dollar."
assay To put a price on it, *i.e.*, "Assay, old girl, how much?"
assemblage A crowd of donkeys.
assemble (1) Something that looks like one but isn't. (2) Pulling it all together so that it's up tight.
assertion The act of sticking it up the derrière.
assess A female idiot.
assessor A guy who decides how much he's willing to pay for it.
assignation An arrangement to meet somewhere so that it may be utilized.

assemblage

assist The answer a visiting German gives when you ask him to define his bum.
assize What girls give you in answer to the question, "What's your hip measurement?"
assort To parcel it out so everybody can have a piece.
assuage (1) An attempt to make it feel better. (2) How much it earns by the week.
assume To figure it's still there without reaching around to see if it is.
assure Yes, it's still there!
Assyrian An idiot from Syria.
astrodome What keeps an astronaut's ears apart.
astronaut A spaceman who comes to nothing.
balloon A Walloon who likes to screw.
Baltimore The cutesy way in which a girl says she wants to again, *i.e.*, "I'd like to Baltimore."
banshee To kick a girl out of bed.
barmaid To keep her out.
Batman (1) (British) An officer's valet. In the old days, British officers were chosen from that segment of the aristocracy that was so highly bred that it wasn't able to walk and chew gum at the same time. They could say things such as "England expects every man to do his duty," but they couldn't put their pants on without help. (2) (U.S.) The *very* close friend of a delicious young boy named Robin.
Bismarck A kind of herring caught in North Dakota.
Camelot Where the Arabs park their animals.
can Bum. Backside. Butt. Bottom.
Canadian A person suffering from a frozen kiester.
canard A duck's ass.
candid The past perfect of "can do."
candide The same thing (French).
candor A big-assed vulture.
canine Somebody who has more than eight.
cannery Sean's ass.
canny Smart-assed.
canonize To make a saint out of it . . . to worship upside down.
canticle To use a feather on it to get laughs.
capstan Where yo' hangs yo' hat.

assure



assassin

castrate A method of telling good actors from bad ones.
catamite A boy kept for unnatural purposes (*e.g.*, Robin).
cockade (1) What you need when you've caught something. What you might call the V.D. SOS. (2) A drink you stir with your dingle.
cock-a-doodle-do The sound a rooster makes at dawn, except in Mexico, where the

capstan

sons of bitches do it twenty-four hours a day.
cockaleekie (1) Never mind, they can cure it in about a week. (2) A Scottish soup. Nothing can cure it.
cockamamie French. In the original it was *coq à Mamie*. Mamie was a famous French bull dyke with a bass voice, so people naturally figured. . . .
cock-and-bull story A famous tavern called the Cock-and-Bull was notorious as the meeting place for professional liars. This may not be true but you'll always remember it and tell it to other people. They'll believe it because most other people are ignorant.
cock a snoot You put it in your nose.
cockatoo When you wonder whether a 100 percent American may be a 200 percent American, that's what he's got.
cockatrice A quickie.
cock What you don't see much of here but a lot of in *Viva*.
cock (bantam) One that's small, but oh my!
cockchafer A male ballet dancer's tights.
cock crow A cry of victory emitted by a cocksman.
cocked hat A hat with a chicken in it.
cocked hoop One with a circular effect:

This is the story of
screwy Dick
Born in this world with
a corkscrew prick
At last he found a
maiden fair
Whose box was like a
lighthouse stair
But when he had laid
her on the bed
He found she'd been bored
with a left-handed thread.

cocker The way to pronounce "corker" in Boston.
cockeyed What you say about a man who stares at other guys in the dressing room.
cockfight You have to see one to believe it. Each fighter starts out by putting spurs on his cock. . . . See, you don't believe it.
cock (half) As, "He went off half-cocked." Improbable.
cock horse Horse cock said backwards.
cockle From the French *coquille*. It's still simply a shell but at the time of the Norman Conquest the English hadn't thought of the word "shell" yet.
cockney One that has a right angle in the middle.
cock of the walk Like, man, if it's like raining and you feel like taking a walk and can't find anybody else to go with you.
cock (old) British. "How are you, old cock?" The English like old things. According to English women, that's exactly what they've got.

canny

cocksman A youngish man who has slept with five hundred women but is unable to produce a witness.
cocksure Well, you can be fairly sure up to about forty or forty-five. After that you start buying those $9 books that tell you it's all in your head. (What the hell good is it in *your* head?)
cocktail Supposedly, there was a barmaid in Leinster who had the walls of her place

Camelot

decorated with cock feathers. Supposedly, she had the habit of stirring mixed drinks with one of these feathers. To those who find themselves intrigued with the more bizarre bits of etymological, speculative trivia, it will come as no surprise that this theory is backed by no less an authority than Partridge. Farb, on the other hand, of equal if not superior eminence, declares Partridge's theorizing to be a crock of shit.
cockteaser Pantyhose.
cocky The way a Cockney asks for a cookie.
coq au vin You put it in wine. If nothing happens, try yogurt.
Coq d'or You dip it in gold while humming Rimsky-Korsakov.
coquetry Attempted rape.
coquette (1) Somebody who teases it a lot. (2) A small one attached to a female.
coquille You put it in a seashell. For a *Coquille St. Jacques*, you put sauce all over it so that nobody knows what it is.
corkscrew That which a lad from Dublin goes south for.
coxswain Well, a swain is a lover.

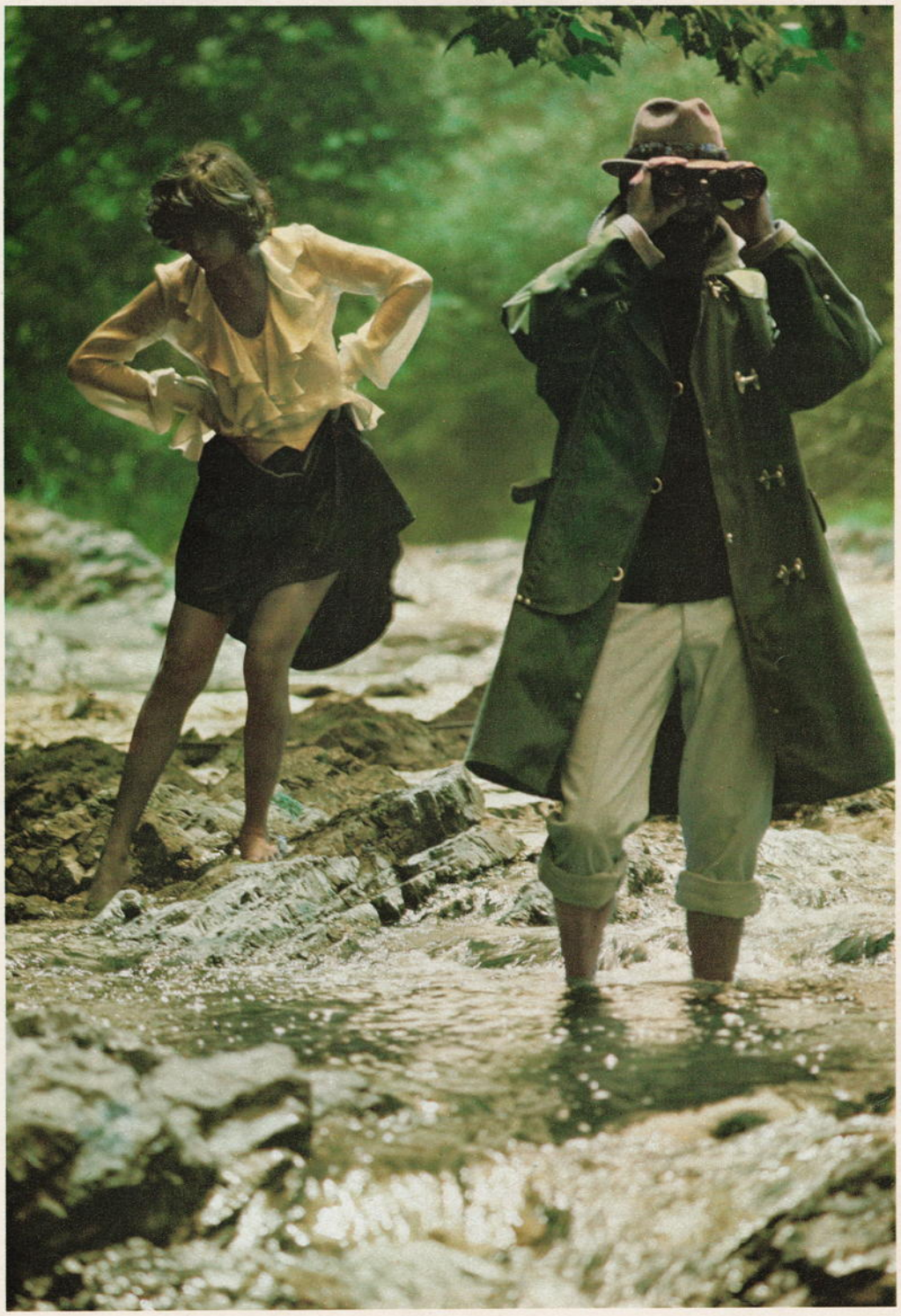
Illustrations by Allen Welkis

COATS ON THE LOOSE

FASHION BY ED EMMERLING

LOCATION COURTESY OF DEEP HOLLOW FARMS

t's a season to be easy, as sophisticated overcoats move toward softer lines. Classic trench coats, coats with full raglan shoulders, reversibles, and shorter modified tent coats all exemplify this winter's casual ideas and erase the sharp feeling of recent fashion statements. They're guaranteed to give antifreeze protection, too.



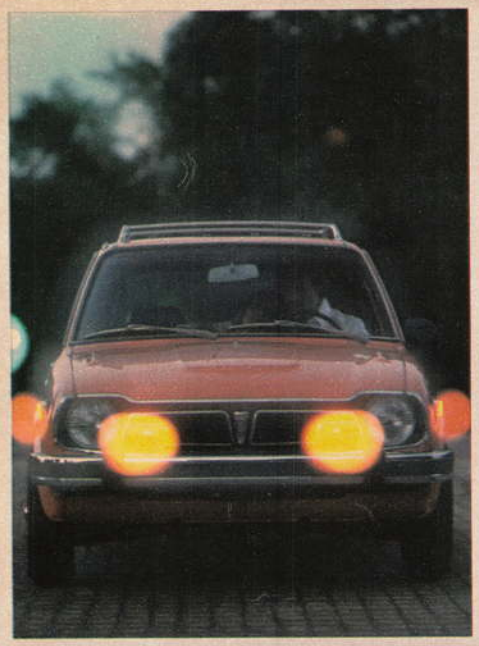
Preceding page: Wool herringbone balmacaan modified tent coat with leather trim ($150), by Tom Fallon for Cortefiel.
"Winter white" flannel pants ($45), by Jodhpurs. Silk scarf ($12.50), by Berkeley Cravats.
Wool herringbone "crush" hat ($15), by Guildhall Imports.
Opposite: Wool Shetland plaid trench coat ($185), by Nino Cerruti for Gleneagles.
Russet wool pants ($65), by Helfer for Barney Sampson Co. Shoes by Italia. Gloves by Guildhall Imports.
Her stockings and garterbelt by Michael Salem, New York.
This page: Authentic fireman's trench raincoat in green canvas with metal closures ($185), by Ralph Lauren for Polo. Available at Bloomingdale's, New York.
Green turtleneck ($65), and cream corduroy sportspants ($45), also by Polo.
Suede hat with feather banding by Jean Casanave for Guildhall Imports.
Her ruffled blouse by Valerie Porr; the brown satin skirt by Bouncing Bertha's Banana Blanket.

FOR INFORMATION ON WHERE TO BUY MERCHANDISE FEATURED, CHECK OFF FASHION FINDER COUPON, PAGE 174.

THE HONDA CIVIC:

SHORT AND SWEET

By Joe Kelleher



Until now Honda's solid reputation for design excellence has been based on a top-selling line of motorcycles and a series of spectacular Formula I race cars. With the introduction of the four-passenger Civic it's evident that any product with the name Honda on it is worth a second look. Adding spice to the package is the feeling that the Civic reflects some distinctly Japanese qualities.

Honda's Civic is probably the best example of a car that reflects the character of the people who produce it. Like the Japanese, it is handy, thrifty, clean, compact, efficient, and attractive. All this adds up to a pretty impressive package for a car that is less than 147 inches long and weighs only 1,600 pounds. But the Civic delivers the goods so well that buyers are lined up, and waiting for delivery.

Externally, at least, the Civic is the smallest car sold in the U.S. today. This becomes apparent when it is parked next to the average Detroit model. Bumper to bumper, three Hondas fit in the space needed for two standard American models. The real surprise is that the Civic has more interior space than many big bombs. This has been achieved by starting with a package big enough to hold four people comfortably, then add wheels, a powerplant, and a trunk. Sounds simple, but this approach usually produces big problems. The thing that makes the Civic different is the neat way Honda has solved these problems and then wrapped the package with style.

With the Civic's light weight and 86.6-inch wheelbase, independent suspension is used to provide the best possible ride. By a careful selection of springing and shock absorbers, Honda's engineers have achieved excellent road-holding and comfort, even with four passengers and their luggage. Mounting the engine transversely minimizes the space needed for the powerplant and the front-wheel-drive layout. Honda's stylists worked overtime to produce a body that complements, without being cute, the clever design solutions incorporated in the Civic.

Both the two- and three-door models use the same body shell. The three-door, or Hatchback version, has a flip-up rear window and a flip-down rear seat that convert the Civic into a miniwagon in seconds. This allows bulky packages or a week's groceries to be carried with ease.

The Civic's interior trim is well above average and has some features not available in U.S. cars. Fully reclining front buckets enable the driver to adjust the seat-back rake for a really comfortable driving position. The wood-grained and padded

Photographs by Stan Malinowski

dash groups all instruments and controls directly in front of the driver. Another nice touch is a full-width shelf, molded into the dash, that holds a pack of cigarettes or change for tolls.

Driving the Civic provides the ultimate answer to the question, can the average U.S. car owner find happiness in a 50 hp car only 12 feet long? The answer is yes—if you like to drive with gusto, park with ease, and slide through traffic like a stunt driver. The steering is light and responsive. You point the car where you want to go, jump on the loud pedal, and you're there—*shazam*!

With only the driver aboard, weight distribution between front and rear is 60/40 percent, and the ride is firm but not harsh. With four passengers, the weight shifts to an ideal 50/50 distribution. Even on rough pavement or over potholes, the Civic gives the solid feel of a bigger car.

You have to work hard to get into trouble when driving the Honda. If the rear end breaks loose on a turn just keep the front end headed in the right direction, keep your foot on it, and let the tail hang out. Remember, this is a front-wheel drive, and the rear wheels will fall into line as long as you keep the front end moving. There are differences in the way a front-wheel-drive handles and you'll soon learn to appreciate them.

Acceleration with either the four-speed stick shift or the Hondamatic is more than adequate for turnpike driving. With either transmission, top speed is a shade over 80 mph. The Honda's power-boosted front-disk/rear-drum brakes do an excellent job of pulling the car to a stop when the chips are down.

Well-known as a builder of tough cycle engines, Honda went all out when they designed the Civic's powerplant. The four-cylinder, overhead cam engine develops solid torque at low rpm and runs smoothly at all speeds. The overhead camshaft and dual rocker shafts reflect Honda's racing experience, and provide smooth valve action at high engine speeds. Starting in 1975, Honda expects to make further improvements in the Civic's engine to meet U.S. emission standards.

Though the list is brief, Honda dealers can supply options to add a touch of class to the Civic. Rather than haggle, I'd take the lot—Hondamatic, air conditioning, radial tires, and racing stripes. The semiautomatic transmission is ideal for heavy city traffic, the air conditioning helps make it bearable, and the racing stripes, with Honda spelled out boldly, let everyone know that there is a better way. Happy motoring. O+

(For more information see page 174.)

THE LAST DAYS OF EARTH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

power plants because the sulfur is bad for crops as well as for lungs and eyes. We should avoid strip-mining for coal in Iowa (some of the best farmland in the world) and in Montana and Wyoming and the Dakotas (some of the best grazing land). We should get needed coal from deep mining, made safer. Strip-mining, though it's cheaper if you cheat on reclamation, should be considered only as a last resort, relied upon when we no longer need the soil involved. We should avoid poisoning a state or two, and all their crops, with the potentially catastrophic nuclear power plant accidents that so many scientists and ordinary people have predicted, but that Dixy Lee Ray and her Atomic Energy Commission have been trying to pretend are not a major threat. We don't need those reactors.

What will we do for the energy generation we thus forego? We'll do with less, as we have easily proved we can in every year of our lives so far. And why will we do with less energy? Because we like food and we hate hunger and famine—wherever it is, but especially at home.

Besides, we will have better food. We will end the lowering of protein in corn (down from 21 percent, where it used to be in the U.S. and still is in other places, to 11 percent in the U.S. now). We will deep-six other examples of skidding nutrition—such as iceberg lettuce, developed for easy transportability but nutritionally inferior. Similarly, squarish tomatoes will go; they pack better, but hardly taste like tomatoes. A society learning to use less energy will soon find itself in a world where you grow lettuce and other things nearer where you eat them. We will start getting better food from infancy, because the post-industrial age will have enough jobs for people, instead of for machines, to make it possible for every mother who has the equipment, and the serenity to operate it, to provide her children with do-it-yourself breast-feeding and a food scientifically designed over a very long period of experimentation to be exactly what an infant needs, with no preservatives necessary. . . .

STOP. These are just hopeful suggestions of what life could be like in the 21st century. But can we get to the 21st century from here? Is it at all possible? The first requirement is to persuade decision-makers that continuous growth on a finite planet will not work if this growth depends on wiping out resources. The growth we've all been admiring until the last few minutes is exactly this wrong kind of growth.

How do we direct it, turn it, ease it, force it, con it, tempt it, or reason it onto a tenable, lasting course? "Growth" is something we will always have to live with—and die with. Nebulas grow. Universes grow, ours along with them. Although our present lone, little, beautiful planet will not grow anymore, things on it can—but only so long as everything that grows also withers. The good, the young, the fresh, the new—these can grow. The bad, old, stale, and worn—these can wither. This will work, on our unstretchable earth, for all living things and their manifestations, such as countries, governments, political parties, Supreme Court justices, corporations, boards of supervisors, restaurants, journalists. Without the withering, there is no new growth. That is the law, and all your tears and wit cannot cancel out a word of it. It will never, never be rescinded. We can rescind, however, the reasoning that thinks differently. And we must.

It is the last day of the week of creation. It is midnight. We have ripped into our resources so efficiently that within the 20th century, in a mere fifty years, we have used up more than in all previous history. We have stepped up our rate of using resources so much that in the next fifteen years, at this acceleration, we will need as much as all the people who ever lived have used until today. We are digging into and unlocking the very toxic metals that had to be put out of action before life could begin here. We are placing ourselves in still more dire peril by playing around with radiation. How do we get off the collision course we're on? That is still the question.

In Wales, Alwyn Rhys made a suggestion: "When you are at the brink of an abyss, the only progressive move you can make is to step backwards."

Back to the cave?

Not at all, even though that would probably be preferable to striding past the brink in one last giant step for mankind that nobody needs.

A reasonable person at a time like this is expected at the very least to pause, then turn, so there is a chance to step back, remembering everything civilization has taught, to the last known landmark. Then choose a reasonably safe alternate course.

A civilized and brilliant man, Dr. Paul B. Sears, has taught us this:

"As we lengthen and elaborate the chain of technology that intervenes between us and the natural world, we forget that we become steadily more vulnerable to even the slightest failure in that chain."

So let's predict that we will remember, not forget. We will let technology serve, not command.

"The time has long since passed," Sears says, "when a citizen can function responsibly without a broad understanding of the living landscape of which he is inseparably a part."

So we will pause at the brink, admire the view, and determine to leave some of it to others, turn, and find our way back to the last known landmark. We know more about the terrain now, and can imagine with some horror in our mind's eye what it would have been like if we had stubbornly taken that last forward step: there would be the exhilarating rush of air as we picked up speed, our acceleration being exponential; we would be able to view the wall of the abyss quickly and completely; and there would really be no problem until we hit. As a matter of fact, our problems would end then, but that wasn't quite the ending we had in mind.

That was only in our mind's eye, because we stopped in time. We've seen, we've learned, and we will combine the two in setting out in a tenable direction with a goal our children will thank us for: that the net worth of the only earth is to be at least as high when we leave it as it was when we came. ○+

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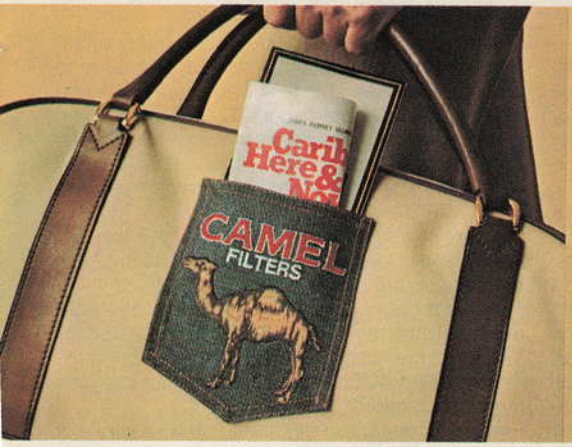
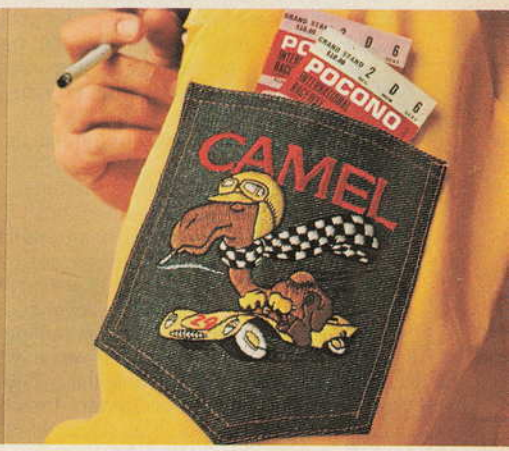
DYNAMITE OFFER!

Embroidered denim pockets from Camel Filters. Each for only $1.00 and two Camel Filters labels!

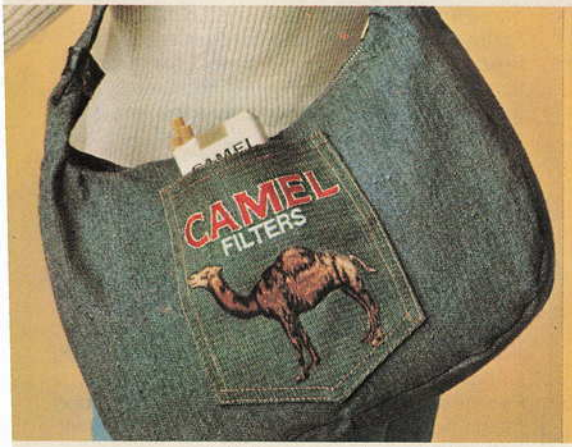


Sew on a tote bag

Jazz up your jeans

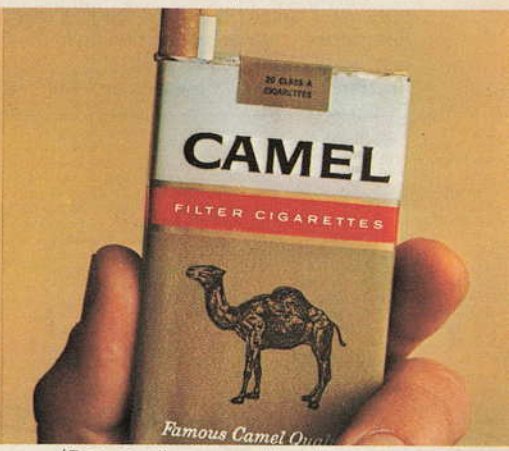


Sew on a jacket



Make an extra pocket

Hip up a hat



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Frazier

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

we didn't have things but if you wanted something, your parents would get it for you. That's the way mothers are. So I'm sure some poor kids, that you wouldn't think could afford them, own those shoes.

Penthouse: President Nixon often said that he was the coolest one in the house. Does this tend to give "cool" a bad name?

Frazier: For him to get in all that shit, yeah, he was uncool. I don't see how one guy could get into so much trouble. I didn't really follow that because it's been going on all the time. It's just unfortunate that he got caught. I'm sure other presidents did the same.

Penthouse: Do you think any athlete is worth $300,000 a year?

Frazier: I think I'm worth more than that. I don't think they could ever pay me enough.

Penthouse: Are you an athlete, or an entertainer?

Frazier: Both. I get paid for the people I draw. I think I'm worth three, I think Kareem Abdul-Jabbar is worth four. The public never sees what we go through. They never see us pulling into a hotel at three in the morning when we have to play a game the next night. The only thing they see is Walt Frazier playing in the Garden. They haven't seen the ten years I put in as a kid, what I went through in college. They've never lived with an athlete that was booed all the time. I'm lucky because I haven't heard the booing that often.

Penthouse: How about the booing in the Garden last year? Did it bother you?

Frazier: No, I know how fans are. But in a way, I was hurt. I'd never been booed in the Garden. Thinking back, why did they boo me? I didn't play that bad. If they boo me again, they could boo the Garden down. It wouldn't affect me. A lot of fans might think, "We booed him and he played better." I don't feel I should have to prove anything to anybody. I've been playing well for seven years. I just play the game. Very few things upset me. In fact, only not playing well really upsets me.

Penthouse: Let's talk about the relative abilities of black and white players.

Frazier: White players are more orientated to team play than blacks. That's because they don't have the talent, basically.

Penthouse: What about Earl Monroe? He learned team basketball quickly after coming to the Knicks.

Frazier: But he still plays one-on-one. You can't change once you've learned to play one way. Basically he was a team player when he came. But at Baltimore they didn't want him to be one. Like Pete Maravich—do you think he could come here and be a team player?

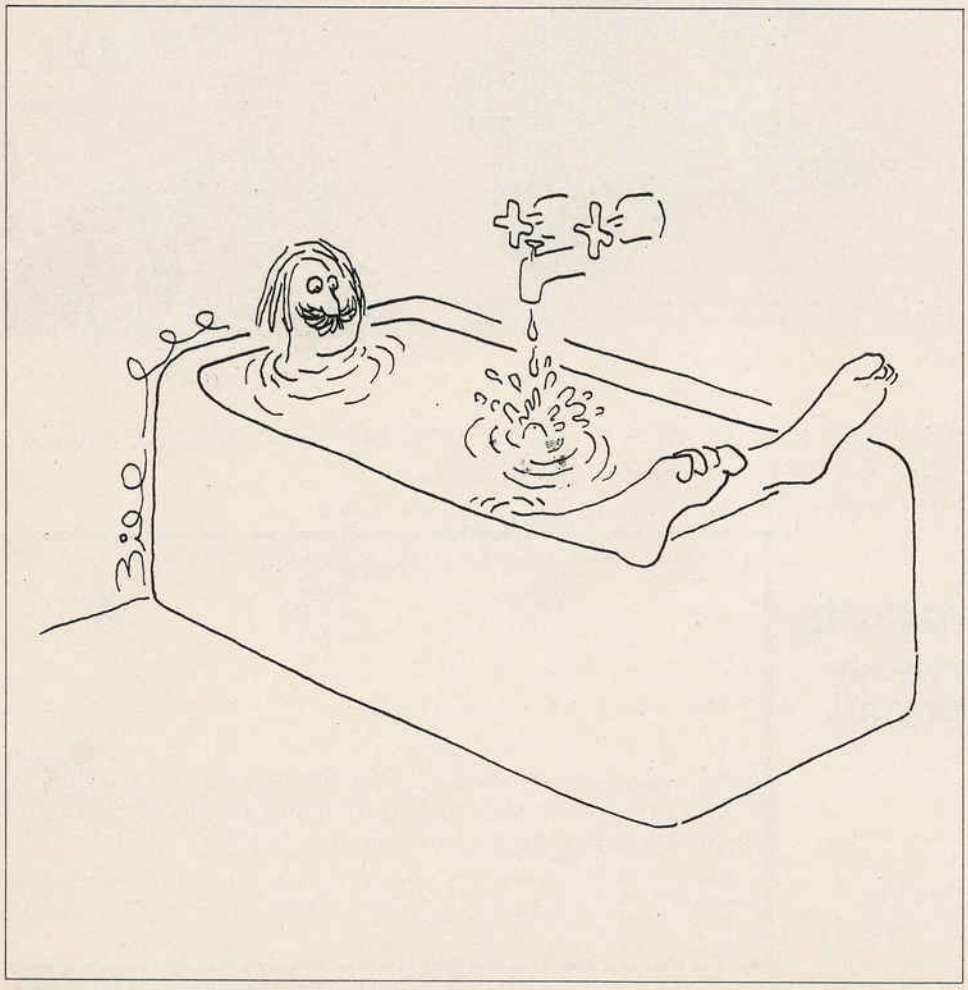
Penthouse: Pete is an example of a white ball player who isn't a team player.

Frazier: He's an exception, he has a lot of talent.

Penthouse: You're saying that there is something in the nature of black players that makes them avoid team play?

Frazier: I think it's the coaching blacks get. I had a good coach who stressed team play. But all black coaches don't do that. They play a run-and-shoot game because the guys are quick and they can jump. I think they hurt a lot of ball players. I'm sure there are some black players in the NBA who are better than white players and who should be playing. Maybe it is a quota.

Penthouse: Would it be good for basketball if the NBA and the ABA merged?



Frazier: For basketball, not for the players. The players do not want a merger because the salaries would taper off. I never knock making money because this is a very cold business. It's big business and once you can't produce anymore, they let you go. The owners don't need the money anyway, most of them. It's a tax write-off and it's the prestige of owning a team.

Penthouse: Do you feel that way about the people who own the Knicks?

Frazier: I can't knock the Knicks. They've been very good to me, not that I didn't deserve it. But we've had a good relationship.

Penthouse: You're one of the few players—and maybe the only guard—who can control a basketball game. What is your secret?

Frazier: Sometimes you control the game offensively, sometimes defensively. I've been able to do both. I've been able to score, come down and steal, come down and score. But there's nothing you can plan, it just happens that way. No secrets.

Penthouse: You often have scoring streaks when you run wild. Is it something like a switch you turn on inside?

Frazier: At certain times, yeah, I think I can.

Penthouse: Does this leave you open to criticism because you don't hustle?

Frazier: It could be said that I don't hustle but I don't feel that way. I'm always trying, but it doesn't always come out that way.

Penthouse: What part of your game gives you the most satisfaction?

Frazier: Sometimes I get turned on from steals or baskets or passes or rebounds. Other times it's my complete game. To me that's not a good game, unless we win.

Penthouse: What makes you a great player?

Frazier: Basketball is quickness and anticipation. And *thinking*. Most guys don't think when they play defense. One of the reasons I'm a good defensive player is that I am able to analyze a lot of situations.

Penthouse: Have you ever done any boxing?

Frazier: I could never hit anybody with my fists. Even now when I go to boxing matches, I can't stand to see anybody hit.

Penthouse: What about the Phil Chenier incident? When Phil hit you, your head was turned. Did you think it was an intentional blow?

Frazier: I thought it was an accident, because Chenier's not that kind of player.

Penthouse: Right after he hit you, you grabbed the game for yourself and won it. It didn't seem to bother you.

Frazier: I forget those things. Some other player would have gotten thrown out of the game. Lost his whole concentration.

Penthouse: Did Chenier apologize?

Frazier: He didn't say anything after that game but the next game he did. So you have to respect a guy for that. If he meant to do it, I don't think he would have said anything.

Penthouse: Do you enjoy the life of a star?

Frazier: Basically I like the adulation. I don't abuse the privilege of being a star. People think an athlete should be grateful for being recognized. But they don't care about me as a person, so why should I be thrilled? I've gone places where people didn't know me and they were very cold. Then all of a sudden they find out I'm Walt Frazier and they start getting friendly. That really turns me off.

Penthouse: You think it's all transitory?

Frazier: Yes. In four or five years I'm sure there will be another Walt Frazier. But I think I can play up to my potential for another five years.

Penthouse: When the time comes that you can't, would you quit?

Frazier: Yes, but I'm very happy the way I am now. I wouldn't change anything if I could.

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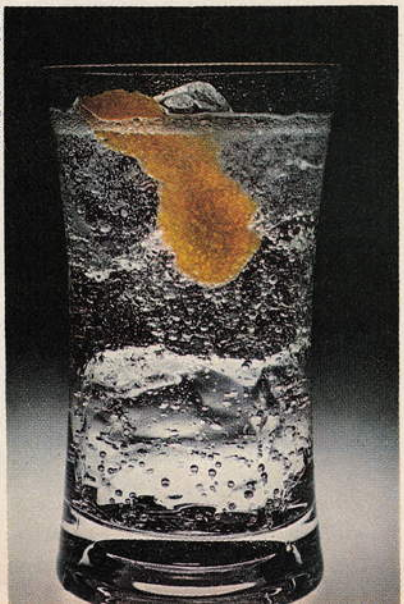

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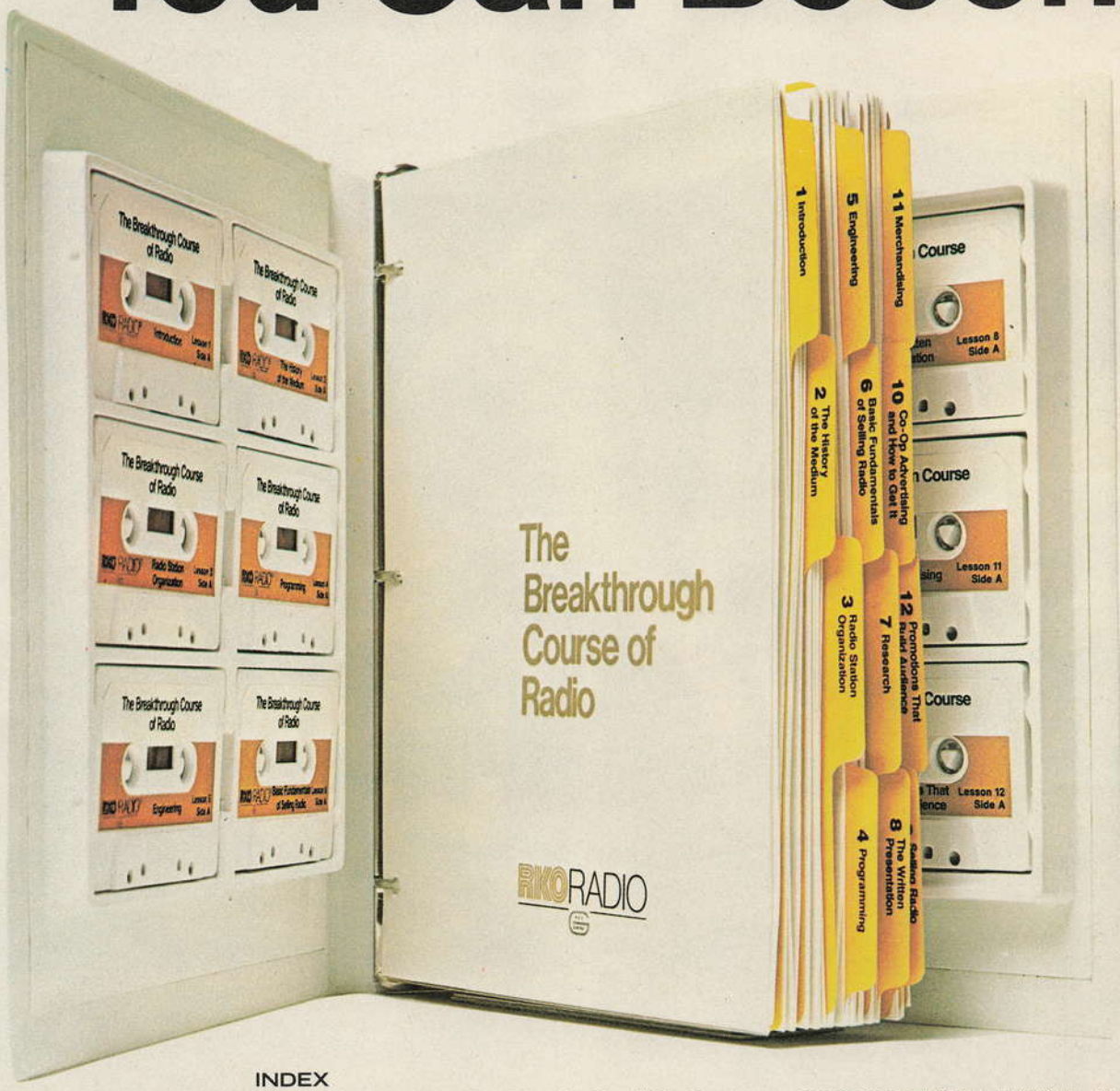

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GI BILL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

aren't so motivated? What about the guys with really bad high school experiences, or the guys who never made it through high school? They just throw up their hands and fold under the pressure. It's not right."

Cordell now runs a veterans outreach program at Gadsden State Junior College in Alabama, and he knows what he's talking about. "My job is to make contact with vets—to reach out to them, convince them to get their butts into college, to take advantage of the GI Bill. We work hard. We've got billboards and ads, workshops and all that stuff, and the businessmen in town are behind us, trying to get the guys interested.

"We do all right, but it's tough when guys find out that the GI Bill just doesn't come up to snuff."

Last quarter, Cordell says, about one hundred and fifty veterans dropped out of Gadsden State Junior College, *"mostly for financial reasons."*

He expects another three hundred and fifty to drop out soon.

The drop-out problem is the boogeyman on the VA's back. It is not isolated to Gadsden State. Bernard Payton, the veterans coordinator at Federal City College, a predominately black college in Washington, D.C., says that about four hundred veterans have dropped out in the last quarter. Payton says that many veterans who dropped out found it next to impossible to make it on the dollars available under the GI Bill. A weary, overburdened-sounding man, Payton lists the problems: "Even with part-time employment, it's hard for them. A lot of our students had tough high school backgrounds [Federal City College draws heavily from the city's ghetto areas] and they have a tough time holding down jobs and trying to learn something at the same time. In the end, many of them say it's not worth it."

At Montgomery Community College in Maryland, set in a wealthy community, veterans coordinator Ted Berg tells a surprisingly similar tale. "Despite the fact that we're a community college and not all that expensive, about 40 percent of our vets didn't return last fall—for financial reasons. We did an informal survey, and that's what we found out. Not enough bread. That's probably the biggest reason."

Berg's office is one of several such in-house counseling units set up at schools across the country, financed by the $25 million that Nixon refused to spend until a court suit forced him to.

"We've had hellish difficulties with the federal government," Berg says. He is an action-man, you hear it in his voice. "Some time back, we applied for fifty-nine advance payments for our veterans—to get them started, pay the initial enrollment bills. Well, the Veterans Administration only came through with nine of the payments. Can you believe that? Some damn bureaucracy."

The final kicker for Ted Berg, however, is that veteran enrollment at Montgomery Community College dropped by 6 percent recently, and as a result the federal government is canceling the program. "It's really a massive screw for the guys here," he says bitterly. "For a 6 percent drop, *everybody* gets nailed to the wall. The government's way of saying thank you, I guess."

The World War II GI Bill offered the unmarried veteran $75 a month for subsistence—a lot back in those days. In addition, it paid the whole tab for the veteran's books and fees and tuition, up to $500 a year. Even with postwar inflation, that $500 bought the best education in America.

The Vietnam-era GI Bill gives the unmarried veteran a monthly payment of $220, out of which he must pay for *everything*—tuition, books, fees, rent, food, clothing, supplies, transportation.

It is no coincidence, then, that in 1947 about 59 percent of the students at Harvard were veterans, while in 1972 only 1.5 percent were vets. Here are some other comparisons—Notre Dame: 85 percent vets in 1947, 1.7 percent in 1972; Yale: 59 percent then, .8 percent now; St. Olaf (Minnesota): 34 percent then, .2 percent now; Purdue: 56 percent then, 4.6 percent now; Rutgers: 47 percent then, 9.8 percent now; Penn State: 44 percent then, 8.3 percent now. . . .

The issue of GI Bill benefits was on the back burner in Washington for years, and it wasn't until the last few months that a few senators, congressmen, and other officials began heeding the distress signals sent up by young men like Jim Mayer at the National Association of Concerned Veterans and Rusty Lindley at the Vietnam Veterans Center. Mayer is a low-keyed, friendly man, and when you walk beside him in the Senate corridors, as he stalks the hearings and staff offices, you would not know he lost both legs in combat. Rusty Lindley is the opposite: eager, talkative, aggressive. He "generally drives us crazy," says one member of the House of Representatives, "but he roused us up, you have to give him credit."

Lindley argues that, on a strict dollar-for-dollar basis, the maximum benefits available to World War II veterans would be about $3,800 a year in today's inflated dollars, while the Vietnam-era GI Bill offers the single veteran only $1,980.

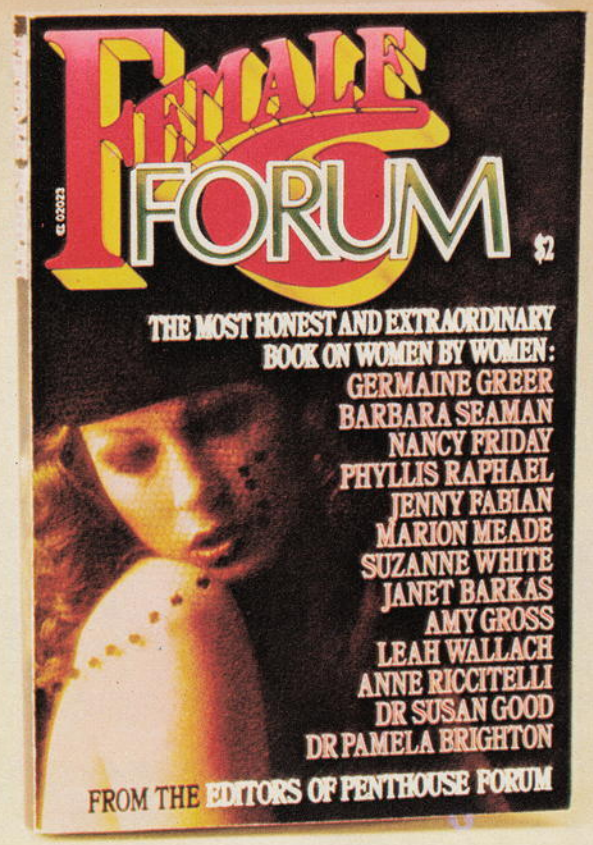
"The GI Bill is particularly inadequate for two main groups," he says. "First, married veterans get shafted. Second, vets living in certain states with high-cost public education get the same shafting." In addition, he argues that the Vietnam GI Bill discriminates against the poor, minority, and educationally disadvantaged veterans of Vietnam—those who bore the brunt of a draft that drew heavily on the lower classes of American society.

Based on the current buying power of the dollar, Lindley uses the Veterans Administration's own statistics to demonstrate that today's single veteran gets $1,820 less than his World War II counterpart, and today's married veteran gets $1,968 less each year than his father after World War II. As a result, only one out of seven married veterans is using the GI Bill.

For black Vietnam veterans, many of whom think they fought a racist war, the modern GI Bill is another piece of the white man's tokenism. The Educational Testing Service reported that "the rate of participation in educational benefits among black veterans is substantially below that of white veterans. . . ." Fifty-three percent of black veterans of the Korean War used the GI Bill, as opposed to only 25 percent of black Vietnam veterans.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 140

"It has come to our notice, finally, I might add, that we've been paying benefits all these years when all you are is a Veterinary."



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COUPLES

This month *Penthouse* brings you another installment of "Couples," a searching series of interviews that attempts to uncover the most intimate facts of both the male and female side of a sexual relationship. As analyzed by Dr. Robert Chartham, the eminent sexologist, these interviews provide a rare insight into man-woman relations. We invite couples who wish to be interviewed (and whose anonymity will be guaranteed) to write in confidence to The Editor, "Couples," *Penthouse* Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

Nick T., age 33, 5′10″, 150 pounds. Brown hair and eyes. Nick is an executive with an insurance company.

Mary T., age 30, 5′4″, 110 pounds. Brown hair and green eyes. Mary is a housewife with no children.

NICK'S STORY:

"When Mary and I married seven years ago, it was the logical culmination of a childhood romance. We had the works at the wedding—a choir, confetti, a champagne reception, and an exotic honeymoon. Mary was a virgin, but we hit it off sexually from the word go. Our first couple of years together were very happy in every respect. Then things started to go wrong between us, so gradually that, at first, we hardly noticed it. I feel quite fulfilled in my job, but I like to forget work when I come home. Mary, however, always wanted to talk about how my days went—I suppose sitting at home all day herself she liked to hear what was going on in the outside world. Our sex life gradually deteriorated, until I was just using her body about once a week to cure my sexual itch. I really didn't care whether I satisfied her or not. But things are very different now that Charles is living with us. A few years ago, I'd have thought that our little *ménage à trois* was totally obscene, but I've never felt as satisfied as I do in this arrangement.

"I first met Charles about three years ago when he was transferred to my department as my assistant. I liked him from the first because we both shared the same outlook on things and the same sense of humor. The major part of my job at that time was basically routine, and it was refreshing to have a lively person to work with instead of the rather dull assistants I'd been saddled with before.

"He started coming to our place for meals occasionally, and he and Mary got on very well together. I could sense she was attracted to him (apart from being very amusing, he's also very good-looking, with blue eyes, light blond wavy hair, and a lean, rangy sort of figure), but it never occurred to me that there

MICHAEL KANAREK

was more to it than just friendship.

"One week, Mary decided that she needed a rest from me, and went off on a short holiday with one of her girl friends. I didn't relish the prospect of living on my own in the house—even when Mary and I were getting on badly, her company was better than nothing—so I asked Charles if he'd like to come and stay. At the time, I rationalized it to myself on the basis that he preferred my company to his wife's anyway, and my house was far more convenient for work. But if I'm honest with myself, my feelings for him even at that stage were stronger than those of just friendship.

"In any case, he readily agreed, and the first night together we went out and got very drunk at a neighborhood bar. It was as though we were celebrating, though I didn't think of it that way at the time. When we came back to the house, we sat and talked for a while, reveling in our freedom from our wives. Then we decided to go to bed. I'd put Charles in one of the spare rooms, and we drunkenly staggered upstairs, arms around each other's shoulders, then went in our separate rooms.

"I dropped off to sleep almost at once, but a little while later I hazily realized that someone was climbing into bed with me. I wasn't exactly sober, and so I automatically assumed that it was Mary, having forgotten she'd gone away. I dozed off again, only to be awoken once more by the pleasurable sensation of having my penis stroked. Still under the illusion that it was Mary beside me, I was surprised, but happily so. She had stopped making any sexual advances towards me long ago. I was flattered by the thought that she actively wanted me again. I soon had a really large erection, and turned over to satisfy it. Only then did I discover that it was Charles lying next to me!

"You've got to remember that I was drunk and by now very excited sexually. Otherwise, I'm sure that I wouldn't have done what I did. I was shocked, certainly, but not revolted, and I kissed Charles full on the lips, moving my body against his. In the dim light, I saw him smile, not at me so much but to himself, and he continued to play with my balls and penis, stroking and caressing the rest of my body with his other hand. He kissed me, sliding his tongue into my mouth to meet mine and placed one of my hands on his penis, which I discovered was as hard as my own. I'd never had a homosexual experience before, not even at school—somehow I'd never had the inclination. But as I'm being honest, I'll admit that this first encounter with Charles excited me more than any of the sexual acts (you could hardly call them lovemaking) that I'd performed with Mary over the last couple of years.

"We didn't make complete love (I always think that 'anal intercourse' is such a clinical phrase) that first time, but masturbated each other to orgasm. I could feel Charles's sperm trickling down my chest, but I didn't feel at all ashamed of what I'd done—to be frank, I quite enjoyed it.

"The next night we went to bed together again, though this time we were both sober and fully aware of what we were doing. In fact, we slept together every night for the rest of the week. We quickly progressed from mutual masturbation to making full love, taking turns as to who was the active or passive partner. When the day of Mary's return arrived, I was rather sad; Charles and I had had such a loving time together. It wasn't just a question of sex, you see. It was a matter of affection, of shared emotion, of unselfish give and take—all the things that were lacking in my relationship with Mary at that time.

"The curious thing is that from then on my relationship with Mary improved. I thought at the time that it was because we had both decided to make a big effort, but I also think that my affair with Charles helped very much indeed. It gave me a renewed interest in love and sex, and made me aware of sexual possibilities that had never occurred to me before. That first night Mary was home again, we went to bed and made love for nearly three hours. I don't think she was particularly interested at first, but I didn't hurry as much as I used to. I kept thinking that I must make her as eager for intercourse as I was myself. I started off just by kissing and caressing her, and then I licked her breasts, sucking her nipples until they were erect and rolling them between my tongue and teeth. I could tell that Mary was becoming quite aroused for the first time in ages, and this inspired me to do something that I'd never done before. I slid my tongue slowly from her breasts down to her stomach and, after giving her navel a thorough licking (something she told me afterwards was a very erotic sensation), I brought my mouth down to her vagina. I'd always shied off the thought of cunnilingus; why, I don't know. It wasn't exactly because I felt it was an unclean or unnatural thing to do. I think it was more that the idea rather embarrassed me. Likewise, Mary had never performed fellatio on me, and it wasn't until I went to bed with Charles that I discovered what an immensely pleasurable thing it was to have done.

> ". . . this first encounter with Charles excited me more than any of the sexual acts . . . that I'd performed with Mary over the last couple of years."

"Anyway, once I'd got down to Mary's vagina, I was at a bit of a loss for what to do, but then I thought: 'I'll just do with my tongue what I've always done with my finger.' I started by running my tongue up and down her outer lips, which quickly opened up. And then I began sucking her clitoris (Mary has got a very prominent one, nearly a quarter of an inch long when she's really excited), flicking my tongue along its top and then sucking it in and out of my mouth. Mary was almost delirious after about ten minutes of this—she was writhing about on the bed, panting hard. I was not very far away from coming myself, and I was about to try and get her to slow down a little when she started tugging at my hips, pulling them up towards her face. I didn't need any further urging, and without stopping what I was doing with my tongue I swiveled around, putting my knees on either side of her head, and lowered my penis into her mouth. Her tongue moved rapidly up and down the shaft and then she licked the knob.

"When I pushed my tongue down into her vagina and moved it around inside, she came instantly. No sooner had she finished one orgasm than she had another. She carried on sucking my penis all the while, and I could sense that I was going to come any minute myself. I could almost feel the sperm traveling up the shaft, like mercury up a thermometer. I remember thinking that perhaps I ought to pull out, but the feeling was so good I just couldn't. I came right in Mary's throat. She gagged and choked a little, but instead of spitting my sperm out in disgust as I expected her to, she swallowed it, and then kissed my penis. We made love twice more that night, and went to sleep in each other's arms feeling closer than we had for a long while.

"I suppose I should have given up my affair with Charles then, but somehow I couldn't bring myself to do it. You'd have thought that once Mary and I had rediscovered ourselves, I wouldn't have needed the physical and emotional stimulus that I'd been getting from Charles, but I found that I still wanted it. His wife had left him by now, and he was living alone at his house. My job started to involve more traveling than it had done before—checking up on area offices, that sort of thing—and it wasn't difficult to invent an odd overnight stopover every month or so, which I'd spend with Charles.

"Everything continued almost placidly in this way for about nine months, and then events occurred that drastically altered the relationships between all three of us. I had to go away on a working trip—a genuine one this time—for a couple of days, leaving on the Monday and returning on the Wednesday evening. However, the muddle I'd been sent up to sort out at one of our offices proved to be less disastrous than I had thought and, by working late, I was able to clear it up by Tuesday evening. I tried to telephone Charles at the office to let him know, both for business and personal reasons, but he'd already left. As I got no reply when I tried his home phone number, I decided to go straight home.

"As I drove up to my front door, I noticed Charles's car parked outside. I didn't think anything of it, assuming that he'd come around to keep Mary company. I let myself in, and my first inkling that there was some-

thing strange going on was when I noticed that there were no lights on except the hall light downstairs. While I stood trying to puzzle this out, I heard noises coming from upstairs, so I went up to investigate.

"I should really have guessed what was happening up there, I suppose, but I didn't. When I opened the bedroom door and found them, it came as an absolute shock. Charles was stretched out on the bed naked, while Mary sat astride him, eyes closed, humping up and down on his penis, breathing hoarsely: 'I'm going to come soon, I'm going to come soon!' They were so carried away by their lovemaking that they didn't notice me until they both reached their orgasms a couple of minutes later. It was a funny feeling, I can tell you, watching both my sexual partners making love to each other. I was very angry and jealous, but to this day I haven't worked out whether I was more jealous about Charles or my wife; I really can't decide which one of them hurt me more by being unfaithful like that.

"Just after Charles came, Mary turned and noticed me standing transfixed in the doorway. I've never seen her look quite as sick as she did then, and she instinctively grabbed a sheet to cover herself up—which is pretty funny if you think about it. Charles sensed something had happened, but instead of looking afraid or shocked when he noticed me, he just gave a slight, almost mocking smile and slowly got up to put his clothes on without saying a word. When he'd finished dressing, he just walked out of the house and drove away, leaving Mary and me staring at each other in the bedroom.

"After he'd gone, I started shouting and swearing at Mary, berating her for being unfaithful to me with my best friend. But she silenced me by saying that, if it hadn't been for Charles, she would probably have left me ages ago. I asked what she meant, and she said that she'd been Charles's lover for about eighteen months now, and it had been the only thing that had kept her going—knowing that somebody cared for her and was attracted to her enough to want to make love to her when he had other choices.

"I was so wounded that I told Mary that Charles had also been going to bed with me for months. I wanted to hurt her at that moment. I wanted to get revenge by showing her that she hadn't been enough to satisfy Charles by herself. If anything, she looked more shocked than when I'd found her with Charles. She became so hysterical that I had to slap her quite hard to bring her back to her senses.

"When it came to deciding what we were going to do, both of us were honest enough with each other to admit that we wanted to carry on seeing Charles. We agreed to ask him if he'd like to come and live with us. Next morning, when I went to the office, I approached Charles with the offer. His only comment was that he was glad everything was out in the open now, and that he thought the idea was a good one. He didn't explain anything, and I didn't ask him any questions—I thought it better not to have any recriminations if we were going to live together. I didn't want to offend him in case he changed his mind.

"Anyway, to cut a long story short, Charles let his house and moved into our spare room. He's been with us just over a year now, and we all still get on well together. The three of us don't have orgies or group sex together—Mary and I aren't keen on that sort of thing, though I'm not so sure that Charles would mind trying it. Every now and then, Mary or I spend the night with him, and there are no condemnations or recriminations on the part of the person who's left behind. In fact, none of us really talk about what we do with the other—I think we're a bit shy. Mary and I certainly are. The one thing I can't help feeling is that somehow Charles has used Mary and myself, but as long as things are going well I suppose it doesn't really matter if he has, does it?"

MARY'S STORY:

"I suppose our setup must seem extraordinary to an outsider, and, of course, we've never mentioned it to anyone before. But what amazes me is how normal it seems. Admittedly, sometimes when I get out of bed—after Nick has fallen asleep—and trot down the corridor to Charles's room, I have to smile to myself: 'What would the neighbors say, if they knew?' But the rest of the time, I don't even think about it. When Nick goes to Charles, it's the same thing. He usually only goes when I'm too tired to make love, or when we've made love already, or when it's my period. I know he'd never go to Charles if I wanted him with me.

> "I've got two very complete sexy lovers, instead of just half a husband which is what I had before."

"I suspect that the reason it works so well is because we don't talk about it, or sit around trying to analyze what we're doing. That's why I'm afraid of this interview thing. Perhaps it's like an optical illusion—it only works as long as you don't look too closely. But then Charles seems to know what he's doing, and we both trust him. He saved our marriage, you know.

"I knew there was something special about Charles from the first time I saw him, when Nick brought him home. He has this terribly powerful physical quality. I can't explain it really, but he knows what he's doing. He sees everything; he understands everything. He's self-sufficient and yet he's not selfish. He's warm and outgoing. The first night I saw him, I dreamt about him. From then on whenever Nick made love to me—which wasn't all that often at that point—I imagined I was making love to Charles. I built up a terrific thing about him, but it was all in my head at this time—a sort of schoolgirl crush, I suppose.

"Then one night we'd sort of arranged vaguely that Charles might drop in for supper, but Nick got caught up at some meeting out of town and said he'd stay away for the night. But the arrangement with Charles hadn't been definite, so we felt there was no need to put him off. Of course, secretly I was hoping he would come around. Well, he did, and suddenly over supper I found myself telling him all about our marriage—how it was going badly, and how Nick didn't make love to me much anymore, and how I didn't enjoy it when he did. And he said, 'Don't you enjoy it at all?' and to my horror I heard myself saying, 'Only if I imagine it's you.' Then he laughed, put his arms around me and said, 'That's how it is, is it?' and I said, 'Yes.' I was sort of half laughing and half crying, and then we both went up to the bedroom. It was so simple and easy.

"He turned me on in a way I'd never been turned on before, even in the early days with Nick. It wasn't that he did anything particularly out of the ordinary—no acrobatics or anything, at least not that time—but he seemed to have a perfect understanding of what I needed and when. A sense of rhythm, I suppose. He would push his penis inside me so that I felt it filling me up inch by inch, and then he'd draw it out so slowly it seemed my vagina was moving with it, trying to hold on. I began to be aware of feelings in my vagina for the first time and I almost had a vision of it—its pinkness and the little ridges like sand ripples inside, and the sweet oozy sort of milk that flows out. I realized that before then I'd just thought of it as a hole, but now I felt its existence all the way up its length. I've read all those articles about there being no such thing as a vaginal orgasm but, believe me, I have vaginal orgasms, and I know.

"Afterwards, we just lay there and he said, 'Was that like you imagined it?' and I said, 'No—it was better.' He just laughed, but very kindly, and after a while he started sucking my nipples and sort of slapping my breasts. I know that sounds weird, but it's very exciting actually. Just when my nipples were getting hard again and I was thinking, 'I wonder if he'll do it again? I hope he does it again,' he said, 'Roll over.' So I rolled over, and then he knelt astride me on my buttocks and started massaging me—massaging my back, I mean. I had never had a massage before and it was delicious; it made me tingle all over. I realized there were feelings in my body I had never even said hello to before.

"He went on massaging me, and then sometimes he would lick me as well, stroking down my spine with his hand, and then his tongue. It was almost as though I was having an orgasm all over again, but very slowly indeed. Then he told me to stretch my arms up over my head, and he licked inside

my armpits too, and I loved that. He licked me right down the sides of my body, and then I felt him moving up inside my thighs, still massaging me with his hands. Then his tongue touched my clitoris and I just shuddered—it was so sexy. He even licked my anus, which would have horrified me if anyone told me a man would do that. But it was so incredibly exciting that I was long past thinking whether it was dirty or not. He just went on licking me and stroking me from behind. I was squirming around on the bed, rubbing my breasts on the pillow (honestly, it felt as though even the bedclothes were doing their best to excite me), and I came over and over again, more times than I could possibly count.

"But I felt a bit guilty afterwards because I knew he hadn't come, and also I was still dumb enough to think it was 'wicked' to come without actually making love. I said, 'Is that what they call cunnilingus?' He just laughed. When he saw I was serious, he said, 'Poor girl, don't you know?' I said, 'Nick's never done anything like that to me.' And he said, 'Well, alright then, that's your first cunnilingus. But there's another way of doing it, and I'll show you that next time.'

"That made me sit up and start collecting my thoughts. I'd been so absolutely overwhelmed by what he'd done to me, that I hadn't thought about the future at all. I said, 'There will be a next time, then?' He said, 'Yes, of course, if you want it,' and I said, 'Of course I do.' So then we fixed a time for him to come the next week when I knew Nick would be out late. I suppose I should have felt guilty at this stage, but I didn't at all. I thought, quite simply, 'Nick doesn't want my body and Charles does.' I even thought of telling Nick about it, but then I remembered they worked together and I didn't want to make things embarrassing for them at the office. Later on, when I'd seen Charles a few more times, I knew I wanted to be sure of seeing him more regularly.

"His past life is a total mystery, by the way. He never talks about it. Once I found a photograph of two babies in a drawer in his house, and I asked him, 'Are these your children?' He said, 'Yes,' but when I tried to ask him more questions, he shut up like a clam. Next time I looked, the photograph wasn't there. Later on, when Nick proposed he should move in with us, Nick said something like, 'We won't have any irate wife coming asking for you back, will we?' Charles said, 'No, I have no wife,' and that had to be that. Sometimes Nick and I play guessing games together in bed, trying to work out Charles's background, but we've never managed to figure it out. I don't suppose we'll ever know.

"But I'm running ahead of myself. The second time he came—well, he taught me about cunnilingus and fellatio. And analingus. And every other sort of lingus you can imagine. He showed me how to take his penis and slide it softly in and out and twirl it with my tongue and sort of blow on it—'hot-and-cold' he called it—and then he moved around so that he could lick me at the same time. Afterwards, he told me that was called *soixante-neuf*. (But I must confess I'm never very good at that because I always get so wildly excited that I can't concentrate on what I'm doing.) At the end of that evening's session, I thought, 'Good God, I've learned more about sex tonight than I've learned in three years with Nick.' Later on, he taught me many more things too. Oh, all sorts of things, especially about the anus. Did you know it's one of the sexiest parts of the body? He loves me to 'pop' it with my finger just when he's coming, and I found out you could enjoy making love that way just as much as the other. I suppose it's because he's used to having men that way, but oddly enough that thought doesn't bother me at all—I'm just glad he knows so much and is prepared to teach me.

"Mind you, when I found out about Charles and Nick, I almost went out of my mind. I'm not one of those people who have a prejudice against homosexuals. In fact, I never thought about them either way. But when I thought my husband might be one—and then my lover! The idea of both of them together seemed like some terrible mockery. Where did that leave me? Was I a sort of neuter in the middle? And one thing that particularly upset me was I remembered that, in the early days, Charles had often asked me about Nick, what he was like in bed, and even at the time I thought it was rather bad taste to talk about my husband. I never told him much, but then I thought, 'Well, that shows he was plotting all that time—using me to get Nick.'

"It was a terrible period, but it only lasted a couple of days and then I calmed down, realizing that they couldn't both be gay. Charles wouldn't have gone on making love to me for months if all he wanted was my husband, and if Nick were really gay, why should he still be living with me? Fortunately, I'd read a few articles about bisexuality and I knew it was possible for a man to go both ways. But even so, the first few times I spoke to Nick about it, I'd keep having to open my mind to some new thing I'd been shutting off. I'd say 'Does he screw you or do you do it the other way?' Just as I was asking the question, this terrible desire to scream would come over me just at the thought. But he'd answer and I'd digest it, and, after a bit, I wouldn't mind anymore. Now, I sometimes think I'd rather like to watch them making love. I'd feel like—oh, I don't know—a fairy godmother, perhaps!

"They're both my men, that's what I think now. I've got two very complete sexy lovers, instead of just half a husband which is what I had before. I think it would be rather fun to all do it together, or at least watch each other take turns. I know Nick doesn't want that because we discussed it early on. I said I didn't fancy the idea and he said nor did he. But since then I've changed my mind. Why couldn't we buy a huge triple bed and all sleep together all the time?

"Which of us loves who most? That's a question I used to try to work out in my mind. And I still do occasionally, but it's only an exercise. It doesn't mean anything anymore. I don't love Nick and Charles *equally*; I love them *differently*. Nick is more mine. He's my husband, we're together, we know each other's faults. Charles is more of a *god*, almost. We both feel lucky to have him.

"As for the future—well, who knows? I'm afraid that Charles will leave us one day, and Nick and I have to start thinking about having a family. I'd like to have a child with each of them, but I don't know how Nick would take that. Anyway, I just hope that by the time Charles does decide to go off, Nick and I will be so close together we'll be able to manage without him. Our marriage is getting better all the time. I know you won't be able to believe it, but that is the truth."

DR. CHARTHAM'S ANALYSIS:

I am *still* surprised to hear of a relationship breaking up because one or both of the parties lack sexual imagination. So many people are unable to introduce sexual activities which would prevent boredom from entering the physical expression of their attachment. Sexual boredom is one of the chief causes—if not the primary cause—of marital unhappiness. What I find difficult to understand is, in this time of widespread sexual frankness and the wholesale advertising of sex manuals, why any man or woman does not seek the advice readily at hand for improving his or her sexual experience.

I'm also surprised by the number of intelligent men and women who allow their relationships to deteriorate because of sexual ignorance. Nick and Mary are a typical example of this type of case. When Nick goes down on Mary for the first time, he says, "Once I'd got down to Mary's vagina, I was at a bit of a loss what to do." His knowledge of foreplay techniques was rudimentary, probably limited to a little nipple fondling and fingering of the clitoris. This appears to be confirmed by Mary when she speaks of Charles's lovemaking techniques.

Taking into account Mary's virginity at marriage, it is not surprising that Nick's minimal technique satisfied her. I also assume that Nick was not very experienced himself. When he found that his primitive foreplay satisfied Mary, Nick believed that he knew it all. But unless a couple are both completely devoid of sexual sensitivity and are content to accept the sex act purely as a means of relieving sexual tensions, this kind of sexual experience will not satisfy either for very long. And this Mary and Nick discovered.

Both are to blame for what lead up to Charles's advent. At least they had the intelligence to know what was happening and to try to correct it. All they had to do was to talk it over, to find out where they were going wrong. Even when things are going well, they can be made even better by communicating with each other.

The most interesting feature of the whole story is Nick's discovery of what real sex can be like through a homosexual experience. It is not unusual, of course, for a man to discover his bisexual tendencies in his thirties or even later. But Nick's experience is highly

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Mr. Jones' Convention

Woodrow Jones was looking for something a little different this trip to New York—and he found it in a girl with too much equipment.

By William Kotzwinkle

Michael Kanarek

Searching for something a little different this trip to New York City, Mr. and Mrs. Woodrow Jones discovered the Fifth Avenue Hotel, just above Washington Square in Greenwich Village. It was spring, the sidewalks were lined with the paintings of the Village Art Show, and Mr. Jones was on his guard. This was just the kind of deal his wife could blow a bundle on.

"Oh, Woodrow," said Mrs. Jones, after the bellhop had shown them to their rooms, "I'm tickled we took a chance on the Village. I was so tired of the Americana." She fluttered around the living room, nesting briefly in each chair.

"Well, just watch out for the extras."

"Extras, dear, what extras?" Mrs. Jones opened the little kitchenette refrigerator. "I can cook us a little dinner here, sweet as can be, and we'll save loads of money."

"Yeah, well, look at this," said Mr. Jones, who'd opened up the curtains of the living-room window and was looking down to Fifth Avenue below, where a small caravan of long-robed, bald-headed young men were beating a drum and singing some crazy nonsense. "Ever see such a thing?" he asked, as his wife joined him at the window.

"They're religious mendicants, dear." Mrs. Jones was sympathetic toward all the heathen faiths as part of her work for the Ladies Overseas Junior Auxiliary League.

"Crackpots," said her husband, a toy buyer from the Pothole, Pennsylvania, department store. They'd flown in for the Toy Convention at the Coliseum, and from Kennedy Airport to Greenwich Village he'd seen enough to make a decent American sick. "Why the hell don't these guys get a job and *work*? I'm telling you, Joyce, it's the goddamn crackpots who're ruining this country." He let the curtain close, but his wife opened it again and stood looking at the gayly colored canvases on display along the sidewalks below.

"Woodrow," she said, "I'm going shopping for a painting for our living room."

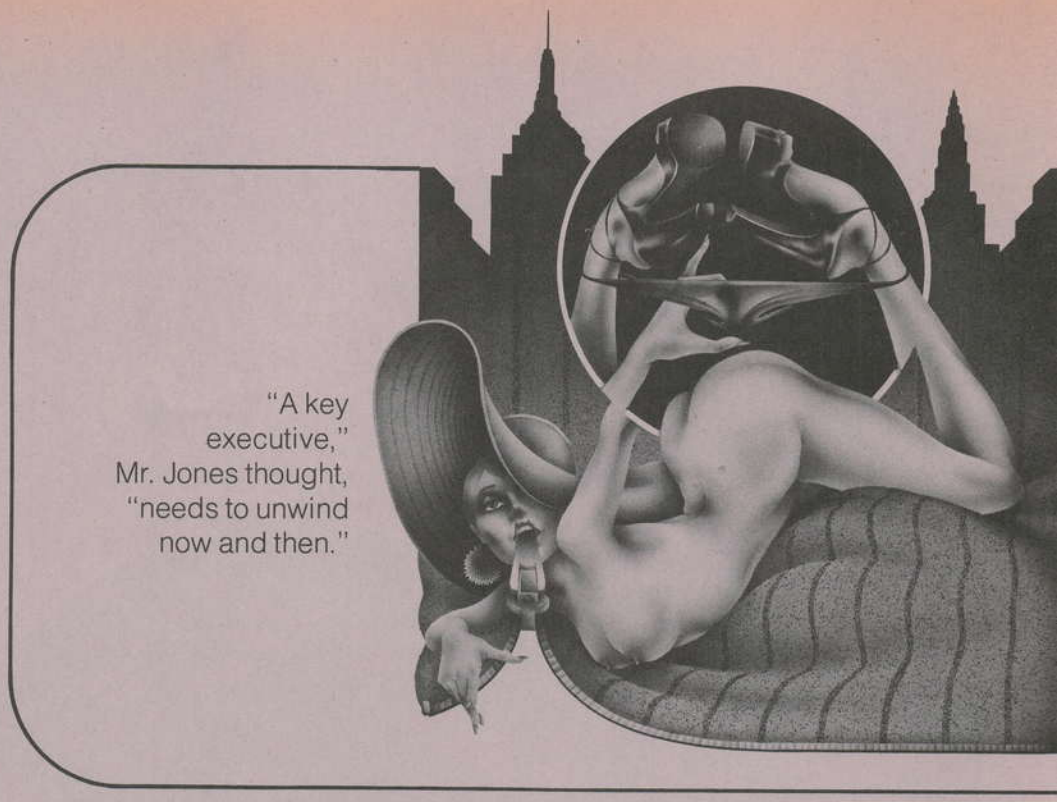
"A lot of phony crackpot crap," said Mr. Jones, but he knew it was no use. When Joyce had that tone in her voice, there was no stopping her. Last time they were in New York it was the Latin Quarter.

"I'll make a careful purchase, dear," said his wife, "just like you always tell me."

"Examine the goods."

"Would you like to take a nap, dear? There's no point in dragging you through that crowd, you'd hate it."

"Yeah, I'm pooped." Mr. Jones sat down on the twin bed by the window and removed his shoes, and his wife skipped off to the bathroom. She came out a few minutes later renewed with perfume and powder, and leaned over the bed where her husband was reclining, hands folded behind his head. "You just catch up on your sleep," she said, laying a kiss on his forehead, "and I'll find us a little masterpiece."



"A key executive," Mr. Jones thought, "needs to unwind now and then."

"Talk him down."

"I'll do my best, dear."

"Remember, Joyce, if you don't buy it, nobody else will." Mr. Jones rolled over on his side and closed his eyes.

"Good-bye, Woodrow," called his wife from the door. "Sleep tight."

"It'll hang there all day . . . if you don't . . . buy . . . it," muttered Mr. Jones, already slipping toward the land of dreams, with the sounds of the street below lulling him into slumber.

Sometime later he awoke to a different quality of light through the curtains. It was late afternoon and the street below was quiet. "Joyce?"

Out. Means nobody's stung her yet. Better if she walks her feet off; she won't want to do anything tonight.

He didn't like the idea of galavanting around a lot of goddamn nightclubs in the Village with sharpers holding out their hands —doormen, waiters, you name it. Well, Joyce will be dragging when she gets back. We can have a TV dinner and call it a night.

He went to the bathroom and refreshed himself with a handful of water on his face. Walking to the living room, he parted the curtains and once again looked down to the street. A gentle spring wind wafted the smell of barbecued chicken up to him. He realized he was starving. He decided to slip out and grab a sandwich to tide him over until Joyce returned.

He dabbed some after-shave lotion on his neck, put on his sport jacket and went downstairs, through the lobby, and out into the street.

The day had cooled off and Mr. Jones walked along vigorously, his strength renewed from his nap. With golf beginning next week at the country club, he'd soon be in top shape again. A key executive owed it to himself to keep fit, it impressed the big boys upstairs.

And it was nice to see the ladies on the course admiring your swing. Not that he played around. Oh, he smooched it up a bit on New Year's Eve, but that was just for laughs. He and Joyce had a nice steady once-a-week showdown, just enough to keep her eyes bright.

He was attracted by the smell of charcoal burgers and beer emanating from a bar. Kind of a nice affair, he thought, sitting down at a sidewalk table, underneath a red-and-white-stripe awning. The waiter took his order—well-done burger, french fries, a glass of beer.

"Dark or light?"

"Dark or light what?"

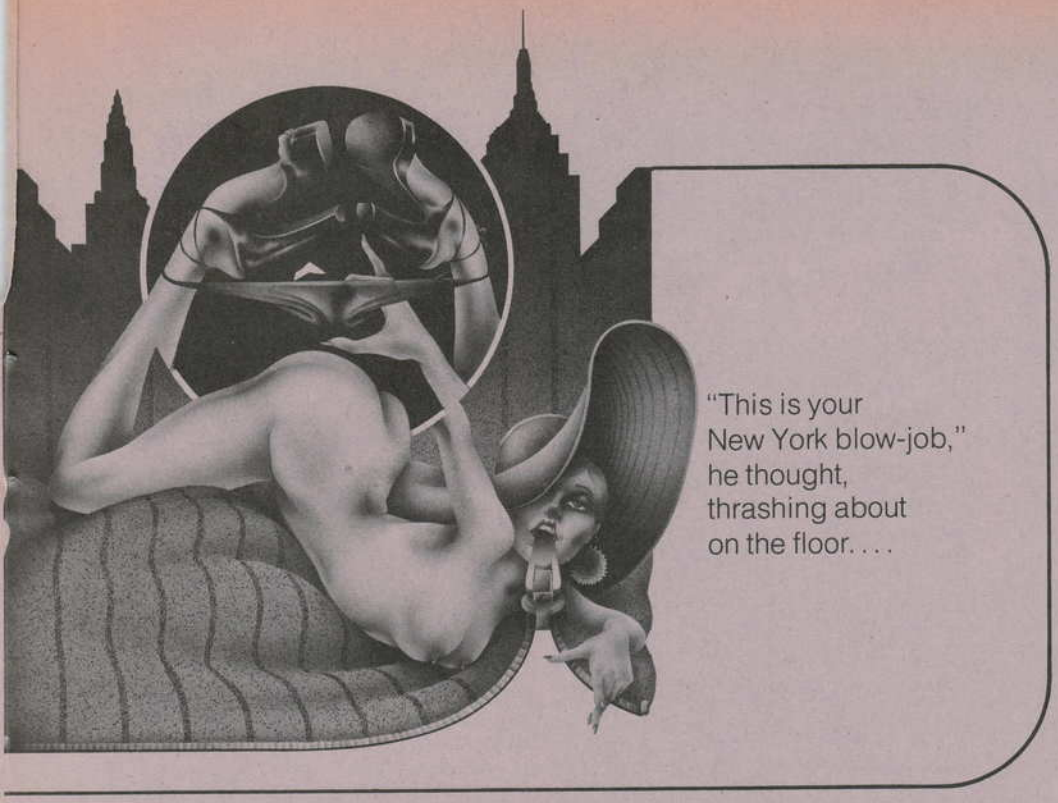
"Beer."

"Oh, gotcha . . . ah, make it a dark, make it two darks, I'm thirsty as hell." Just waking up, dry as a bone, thought Mr. Jones. Well, so this is your Village.

He sat peacefully, staring at the streams of people, noting the men's beards and the women's lack of brassieres. Quite a town, your New York.

The burger and fries came quickly, which increased his edge of happiness. Some places he'd been in this town, you'd eat your heart out waiting for an order of toast. Well. He bit into the burger, noticing at the same moment a woman sitting a few tables away from him. He chewed slowly, looking closely at her striking face, fine-featured, yet almost unreal, like a toy. Now there's your real little doll, said Mr. Jones to himself, munching through his burger.

Her eyes were heavily made-up and very large, and she smoked her cigarette with . . . style, he thought. Is she a pro? He noted a sudden urge from his innards toward the elegant female, and at that moment she turned and gave him the biggest smile he'd



ever had from a woman, a definite come-hither glance from which he could not look away.

He took a long, slow drink of beer, sighting the woman over the edge of his glass. She's a hot number, all right, and she's got class. He could tell from her clothes. And he knew good clothes—he used to be in women's wear at the store for several years before he moved over to toys.

He turned his head toward the street, pretending to examine the deeper distances, but he was intensely aware of the woman now, and he knew she was watching him. Then suddenly he remembered he was married. He'd absolutely forgotten Joyce, as if she'd never existed. It just shows you, he thought, how things go.

He looked again, right into those come-hither eyes, and they were waiting for him. He fumbled in his pockets for a cigarette, lit up, and wondered just what in hell he was going to do next.

She stood up. Her body was the type, he now realized, that had always fascinated him—slim, pixyish and smooth, without any of your phony female tricks. She walked toward his table as unselfconsciously as a cat; and sitting down beside him, she said in a deep sexy voice, "Do you have a match?"

He stared at her dumbly, as if her face were a dream. She, with every indication of being real, removed Mr. Jones' cigarette from his fingers and applied its lit end to her own. "You look like a lost puppy dog," she said, exhaling smokey words across the table toward him.

"Just having a bite," he said.

"Really, darling," said the woman, in a tone Mr. Jones could only interpret as dirty. This babe would blow the Pothole Country Club to bits in two minutes.

"Alone, darling?" asked the woman.

"We're up here for the Toy Convention."

"I think it's obvious," said the woman, running her ankle up his shin, "that we have something in common."

"Well. . . ." He searched for words. "I . . . find you . . . attractive." There, it was out and it felt good. She liked it, too—look at her smiling. Christ, what a smile. The girl is dynamite. He felt his innards slowly giving way. This one, he realized, isn't for laughs.

"I live nearby," said the woman.

"Is that so?" Here it comes, Jonesy, and don't forget to ask how much before you examine the goods.

"We might go there for a few cocktails in private."

"We might do that." He called for the waiter and the check. "Bring me the young lady's check too." He removed a ten dollar bill from his wallet and placed it on the waiter's tray, at the same time checking his bankroll. He had enough to buy any kind of show.

"Thank you," said the woman. "I have some very good bourbon at home."

"OK," said Mr. Jones, getting to his feet. OK, OK.

The sun was settling on the river, and he could smell the sea blowing up the street as they walked along. The woman took his arm, pressing her breast into his bicep. This is your real New York afternoon, thought Mr. Jones, the kind where you don't know what's going to happen next. Well, I can take care of myself. I wasn't born yesterday.

The woman's apartment was over a bar. He walked up the stairs behind her, watching her slim lovely hips take each step gracefully. He thought of Joyce, and what she would think if she knew at this moment that her husband was following a strange dame's ass up an unknown stairway in hopes of having a showdown with her.

He could not conceive of his wife's response. She might do anything—laugh, jump out the window, he couldn't figure it. As for himself, he felt like he was in college again, as if none of the years had gone by, as if this was only the beginning of the show.

"Here we are," said the woman, stopping at a dark doorway. She pressed herself against Mr. Jones and brushed her lips across his.

Mr. Jones quickly opened his mouth to her searching tongue and returned the hot press of her stomach. She's not a pro. Why, she's just a healthy American girl, and she's crazy about me.

"We'd better go inside now," she said, and opened the door. He followed her into a pleasant surprise. The apartment was cheerful and neat, filled with Early American furniture, and he knew something about furniture, as he'd been in it for several years before getting into women's wear. She's definitely class, thought Mr. Jones. "Nice place," he said, following her into the dimly lit living room.

"I'm so glad you like it, darling," said the woman, slipping a record onto the changer and lighting a stick of incense. The deep beat of a jazz bass and sweet curling smoke enveloped Mr. Jones. "Come here, baby," he said with a low growl.

"*Yes, darling*," whispered the woman. Running her hands up his thigh, she quickly unzipped his fly. Mr. Jones felt years falling from him as his pants fell past his knees. The showdown, he thought, standing in his sport jacket and boxer shorts. Well, she doesn't waste time.

He kicked his pants off his ankles onto an Early American rocker. A saxophone entered the sound stream. The young woman slipped her hands through his shorts and took hold of his pulsating peter. Mr. Jones grabbed her small firm breasts, kneading them hungrily through her silk shirt.

"*Let me get undressed*," she whispered.

"Sure," he said, happy that he'd brought her to the boil so quick. He hadn't lost his touch. He was still champ.

She slipped out of her shirt and her breasts bobbed free. Then she wriggled out of her slacks, dropping them to the floor.

Like a pro, thought Mr. Jones, watching her strip.

With a wicked smile, she quickly slipped out of her black-net panties and revealed her throbbing peter.

Mr. Jones staggered, thought he was dreaming, saw the afternoon flash past him like a drowning man sees his life. He struggled for words, found none, and caught himself on the edge of nausea.

"What's wrong, darling?" said the slender creature. "Don't you like me?"

"My God," gasped Mr. Jones, unable to move, unable to think, unable to take his eyes off this incredible being with real tits and a peter.

It came slowly toward him. A piano entered the mood, intricately complex, tinkling

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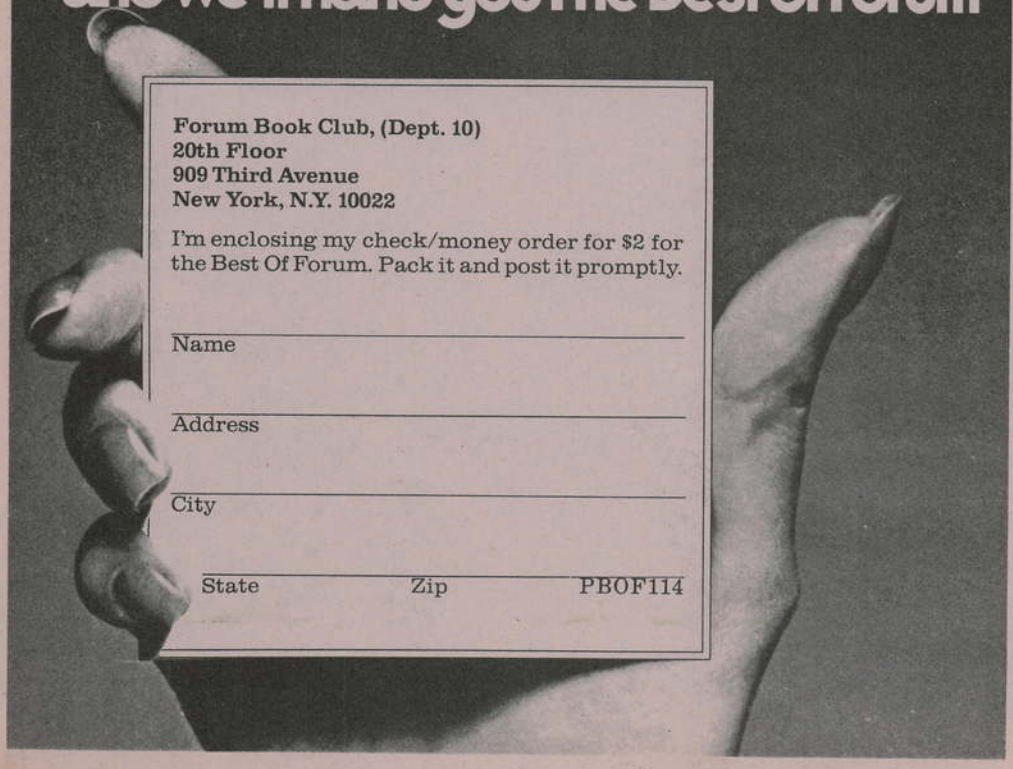

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over the bass. "I can make you feel much better," said the twilight creature, undulating closer to him.

"I'm . . . getting . . . out," said Mr. Jones, backing away.

"Don't be silly," said the exotic figure, shaking its breasts. "There aren't many like me around, Daddy."

"Christ," moaned Mr. Jones. He could not figure out the goods, and now he was afraid to examine them. There were the tits all right, a sweet pair. But below, flapping in the air. . . .

Mr. Jones went for his pants.

"Relax, lover," said the creature, blocking his way, kneeling in front of him, rubbing soft fleshy breasts against his knees and slipping a subtle tongue into his boxer shorts.

Mr. Jones stared desperately at the ceiling. You had to go through with some things, that was all. Or else you look like a tourist.

He felt a hot kiss on the tip of his peter, and then full wet lips all around it. *I'm being sucked off*, thought Mr. Jones with alarm, but the sensation, he had to admit, was not all that bad . . . was, when you closed your eyes, kind of nice.

Then, with a flash of relief, he realized he wasn't cheating on good old Joyce, that this was just a little locker-room horseplay, just a mild tension reliever, he thought, his knees trembling from the deep sucking.

Firm hands grabbed his ass and brought his peter deeper into the churning mouth. Sensations of delight shot up and down his legs. Mr. Jones felt himself being drawn out of himself, weak, giddy. A key executive, he thought, falling to the floor, needs to unwind now and then.

The creature was on top of him, fondling him, milking him, causing Mr. Jones to raise his hips involuntarily in spasms of joy. This is your New York blow-job, thought Mr. Jones, thrashing about on the floor and finally coming to the absurdly wonderful conclusion.

He lay on the floor exhausted, quietly pulling himself together. Then, as he got slowly to his feet, his strange partner handed him his pants. "Thanks," said Mr. Jones, dressing quickly. "Well, I'm off." He headed toward the door.

"Come again, darling," said the queer creature, letting him out.

Mr. Jones slipped into the hallway, and went quickly down the stairs.

"Oh, Woodrow, I found the most wonderful painting!"

Mrs. Jones was waiting in their suite when Mr. Jones returned. Triumphantly she pointed to a large canvas on the living-room wall.

Mr. Jones examined it carefully. It appeared to be made of colored mudpies thrown on a bedsheet.

His wife walked back and forth, admiring the canvas from all angles. "Where were you, dear? Out for a little walk?"

"Yeah, I picked up a bite to eat."

"Was it a nice place?"

"Just one of your Village joints," said Mr. Jones.

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GI BILL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 128

Robert Teart is one black veteran who hasn't used the GI Bill. Drafted into the army, Teart spent two years as a medic.

"My wife and I planned to begin school together," Teart reminisces. "I was all set to start. Well, I didn't have any money to speak of, so I applied for an advance payment through normal channels. I waited and waited, and the money never came. We were counting on that damn money, and it never came in time. So, the way it ended up, I didn't go to school and my wife didn't go to school."

Unlike many other black veterans, Teart grins and shrugs. "I can't say I was terribly angry. When you're in the army, you get used to that stuff; you come to expect it, I guess. You could say I was dissatisfied. And disappointed. Disappointed, that's the right word. But I'm still gonna try. I've already applied for an advance payment to start school next term."

Rusty Lindley, who has come to know thousands of cases like Robert Teart, doesn't take it so lightly. "Three years of working with administration and congressional officials has enhanced 1000 percent my respect for the integrity, honesty, effectiveness, and competence of the worst South Vietnamese army unit. Anybody who has experienced the frustrations of a year and a half as an adviser to the South Vietnamese armed forces knows what that means."

For all these problems and complaints, perhaps the major shortcoming of today's GI Bill is that it discriminates against veterans—on the unusual basis of geography. "If you're lucky enough to be living in a state like California," says Stuart F. Feldman, a veterans coordinator for the National League of Cities, "then the GI Bill isn't quite so bad. But if you're a resident of a state like Ohio or Pennsylvania, then you're screwed."

Strange as this sounds, it is a fact that in states like California, where public education is virtually free, the $1,980 available to the single veteran of Vietnam may suffice. But in other states—Indiana, Ohio, New York, Pennsylvania—where public colleges and universities often charge stiff fees, a veteran with the same military service as his buddy in California can just about forget it. It comes as no surprise to Feldman, therefore, that 37 percent of California veterans use the GI Bill, while in Vermont and Indiana only 14 percent do.

"The VA says that education benefits are sufficient for the *average* veteran," Feldman says. "But that's like giving a vet a check for the average cost of the airfare for going home after the war. The guys in California will get home with money to spare. But the guys in Indiana, Ohio, or New York—well, they just won't get home at all."

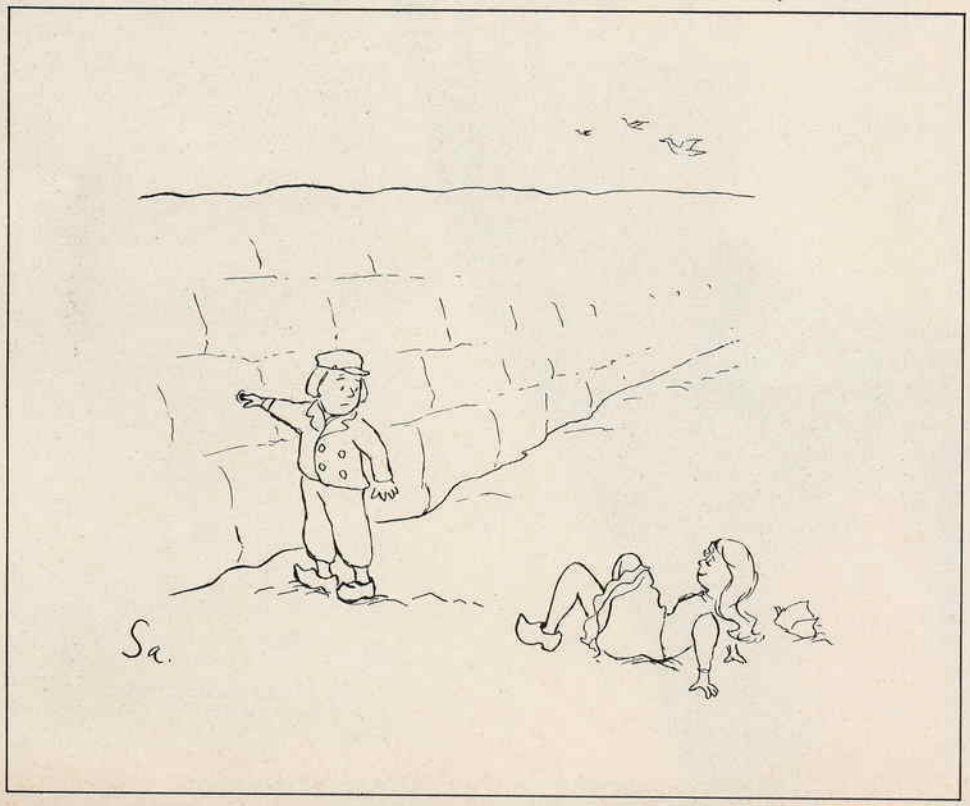
The Veterans Administration pooh-poohs these arguments. Will Lewis, a VA Public Relations specialist, argues that a higher percentage of Vietnam veterans have used their educational benefits than World War II veterans. He leaves the impression that, well, if so many guys are using the Bill, then, my God, it can't be *that* bad.

One trouble with that argument is that those who need the Bill most—blacks, the educationally disadvantaged, married men with families—are not using it.

Furthermore, Lewis sidesteps the really hard question: How many of the Vietnam veterans who use the Bill are able to finish their education? "Well, that's very difficult to determine," he says.

How many veterans complete even two years of schooling? "Well, I can ask around. I don't think we have those statistics. We don't need to know that."

How many Vietnam veterans dropped out of school because the GI Bill benefits just weren't enough to keep them going? "That's very, very hard to determine."

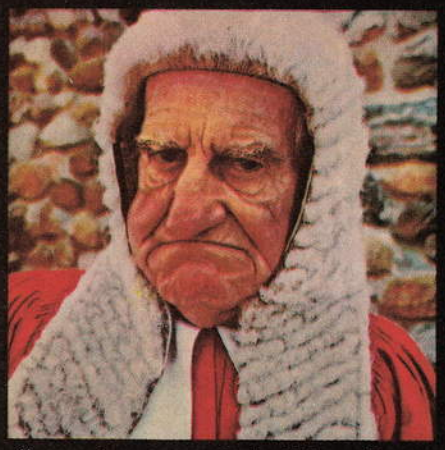


When Franklin Roosevelt signed the first GI Bill into law in 1944, the United States was winning a great victory over the tyrants of Germany and Japan. The Bill was, in part, a way of saying thanks for the blood and effort of the American soldier. But the GI Bill was also born out of fear. Soldiers can fight for their country, but they can also fight against it. Or they can refuse to fight. The specter of returning veterans standing in bread lines or job lines was disquieting. In April 1942, Eleanor Roosevelt warned that the returning veterans might become a "dangerous pressure group in our midst" and that the government would do well to "adjust our economic system so that the opportunity is open to them on their return, or we may reap the whirlwind." Hamilton Fish, an influential New York congressman, cautioned that the World War II veterans should not "come home and sell apples as they did after the last war, because if that is all they were offered, I believe we would have chaotic and revolutionary conditions in America." Even a past commander of the American Legion warned that "after the last war, except for England, this is the only country where the men who wore uniforms did not overthrow the government on either side of that conflict."

While it may be unlikely that the veterans of Vietnam will overthrow the government, the patent inequities of the modern GI Bill cannot help but aggravate the bitterness and frustration that is festering in veterans who fought a war that could not be won, a war that never seemed quite right, a war that many of them thought was either dead-wrong or stupidly conducted.

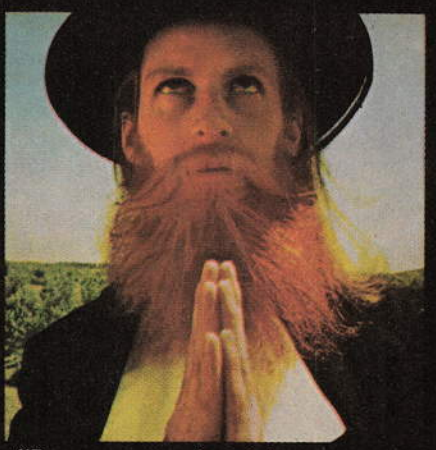
Throughout all this, President Nixon oozed with kind words. Characteristically, he chose politically safe and strategic places to declare his respect and affection for the American fighting man, and one such occasion came last April 18. It was the 83rd Continental Congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and his audience—many of whom would cluck disapprovingly about the smell and color and social background of the men who fought in the paddies of Vietnam—applauded wildly when Nixon said, "Let's give honor to the 2.5 million who served in Vietnam." Then, instead of coming out for substantially stepped-up educational benefits for the 2.5 million vets, Nixon promised to open the White House to the DAR ladies, even the second floor where the First Family lives.

This kind of rhetoric is part of what academicians call "strategic politics"—others call it "political expediency"—taking



"...and a reward shall be offered of 27 pounds sterling to any man who shall deliver to this court the person or carcass of one Jamie, last name unknown."

"He is nothing more than a rogue and a rounder. A man like Jamie should be horsewhipped and driven from town by barking dogs."



"Let us pray for this young man who has strayed so that he may see the error of his wicked ways and repent for his scandalous acts."

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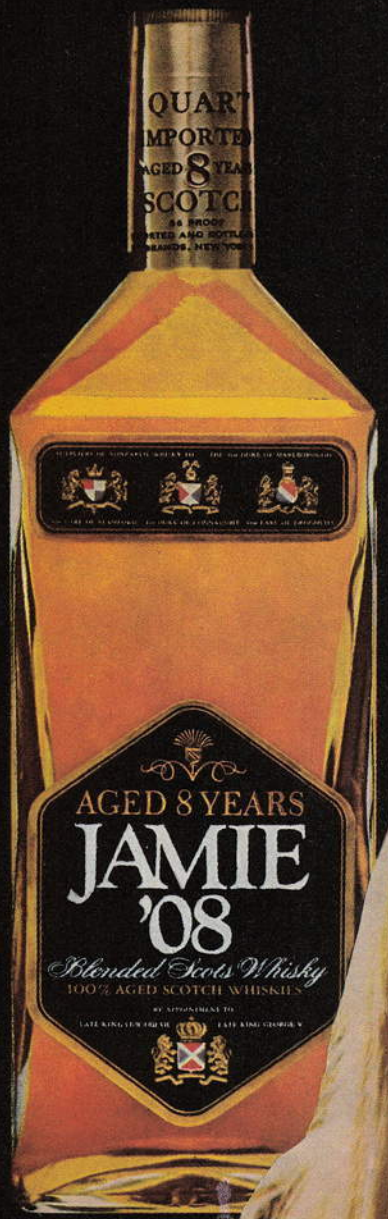
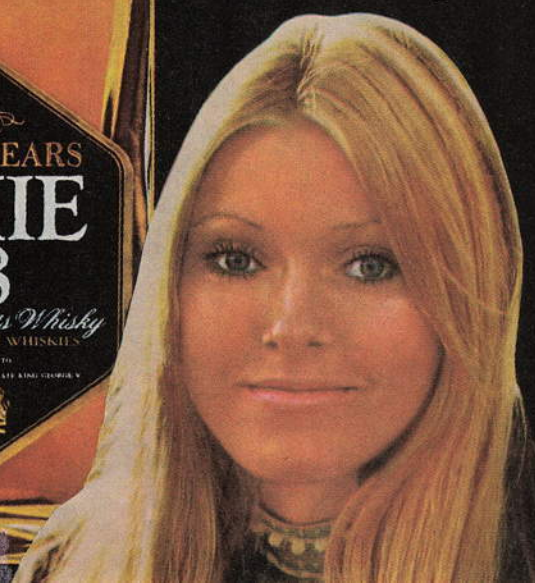


"I don't know why everyone is so upset about Jamie."



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a politically attractive stance while not spending resources to get results. A startling example of Nixon's "strategic politics" emerged in March. An internal White House memo quoted an unidentified presidential aide as saying that it would be "appropriate politically" to make the best of a bad situation by "posturing Richard Nixon as cracking the whip over the VA."

But "strategic politics" is not the only explanation for the inadequacies of the modern GI Bill. Two other explanations are equally credible—"bureaucratic politics" and "power politics." Roughly stated, the "bureaucratic politics" explanation says that the shortcomings of the GI Bill stem, at least in part, from the rusty, outmoded, indifferent, and incestuous bureaucracy that is called the Veterans Administration. The "power politics" explanation, on the other hand, pins the inadequacies largely on the United States Congress, where the heads of various fiefdoms compete for prestige and clout over the government's second-largest bureaucracy. There is truth in all these theories. Either way, the individual veteran becomes a pawn, almost an afterthought.

The "bureaucratic politics" theory is best illustrated by a glance at the Veterans Administration's headquarters in downtown Washington: massive, gray, labyrinthine, put together with tons of cement and granite and the architectural imagination of a World War II pillbox. Its job, inscribed as a motto near the front door, is to care for nearly ninety-nine million people—with a bureaucracy of some 184,000 people. Its programs and functions fill a forty-eight-page booklet and cost $13 billion a year. But the giant bureaucracy, so the theory goes, simply is not working, paralyzed by its own size, inbred parochialism, and rusted routines.

The examples are legion. Late checks, delayed checks. Unanswered telephones. Slothful, insensitive VA offices. Computers that stop payment on benefit checks if each item on complicated application forms isn't properly completed.

> "Three years of working with administration and congressional officials," says a former Green Beret captain, "has enhanced 1000 percent my respect for the integrity, honesty, effectiveness, and competence of the worst South Vietnamese army unit."

One story is told by a Senate staffer: "Back in October 1973, Congress authorized a system for the advance payment of educational allowance checks, to get vets started in school. Well, it wasn't until two *days* before they were supposed to start processing applications that the VA finally sent out instructions to regional offices. . . . And then, believe it or not, some examples they provided were wrong. I mean, if you filled out the application by following the examples, the computer would just spit it out at you. And we gave them *nine months* to get it all ready!"

The bureaucratic problems go much deeper than the mere machinery to crank out benefits; the root of the problem, according to many Veterans Administration insiders, is in the attitudes of the 184,000 people who staff the giant agency. "Some of the folks who work there are honest, tough, progressively minded professionals," says one critic. "But there are just too many plodders, too many bureaucrats who see their job as pure paperwork. Hell, they wouldn't recognize a veteran if they saw one, and if they saw him they wouldn't care."

The U.S. Capitol, with its maneuvering and intrigues and inflated egos, represents the "power politics" theory of the GI Bill's inadequacy, much as the VA headquarters represents the "bureaucratic politics" theory. For a year now, a handful of congressmen have been bickering over a new GI Bill, banging their own drums, protecting their own fiefdoms, and as of June 24, failing to pass the needed legislation. "You can point the finger at the administration and the VA and Office of Management and Budget," says Rusty Lindley, "but you'd better not leave out Congress. They've been playing around with new legislation for months and months. It's like watching little boys battle for control of a sandbox."

When it comes to veterans affairs, the most powerful man on Capitol Hill is Representative Olin Teague (D–Tex.). By friend

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and foe, he's called Tiger Teague—decorated eleven times by the military, a quarter of a century of experience, the former head of the House Veterans Affairs Committee. According to a former VA consultant, Robert Stephens, "there is almost nothing that happens in the VA that Tiger Teague doesn't know about," and the agency bureaucrats both respect and fear him. Far and away, he is the dominant force in American veterans policy, and although he has stepped down from his committee chairmanship, he continues to exercise control through his handpicked staff director, Oliver Meadows.

On the other side of the Capitol is Senator Hartke (D–Ind.), the chairman of the Senate Veterans Affairs Committee. A rather pompous, pontificating man, Hartke made an abortive bid for the Democratic presidential nomination in 1972. He lost that contest, but

VIETNAM AMNESTY QUESTIONNAIRE

One of the most controversial issues rising from the Vietnam War is the question of amnesty for draft evaders and deserters. Whether and how America should grant amnesty are painful questions that must be resolved soon, for the futures of thousands of Americans are involved.

By granting amnesty, a government chooses to overlook—literally to forget—a crime committed by a group of people. Amnesty can be either conditional or unconditional; either extended to all classes of offenders or limited to special groups.

The response of politicians to Vietnam draft evaders and deserters ranges from no amnesty whatsoever to a general unconditional amnesty for all. What is your opinion?

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I am:
- —— A Vietnam veteran
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- —— Not a veteran
- —— A member of a veteran's family

I favor:
- —— No amnesty
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- —— A general Vietnam amnesty conditional upon draft evaders and deserters serving a specific period of:
  - —— military service
  - —— nonmilitary service for the public good
  - —— choice of military or nonmilitary service
- —— The creation of an Amnesty Review Board to review each case of Vietnam draft evasion or desertion individually.
- —— The creation of an Amnesty Review Board to review cases of Vietnam draft evasion only; the military would continue to deal with cases of desertion.
- —— Other possibility.

the next year he won another: legislative staff members voted him the man with the "least integrity" in the United States Senate.

So the fate of America's veterans is largely determined by two men: experienced, tough, autocratic Tiger Teague; and strutting, sputtering, rather ineffectual Vance Hartke. Most other congressmen simply ignore the veterans as a rule, for they carry little in the way of front-page headlines or prestige.

Moreover, the House committee sees the Senate committee and Hartke as spendthrifts, Johnny-come-latelies, inexperienced, lax, mush-minded bleeding hearts. The Senate committee seems to view the House committee and Teague as behind the times, miserly, and insensitive.

The battle for increased educational benefits for veterans was staged against this less-than-ideal backdrop. The House approved a bill that would raise payments by 13.6 percent. The Senate approved an 18.2 percent benefit hike, along with giving some veterans up to $720 a year in tuition costs and providing $2,000 a year in loans. Both bills would give the veteran up to ten years to use his benefits after leaving the service instead of the current eight years, but the Senate bill entitles him to a full extra academic year of government-financed training.

The Senate bill clearly offers more: ten dollars a month more in straight benefit payments, a new loan program, an extra year of training, and up to $720 a year for tuition payments. But as Tiger Teague's committee is quick to point out, the Senate bill carries a price tag more than a billion dollars higher than the House's legislation.

The most controversial provision is the Senate's tuition-payment provision. Back in the Fifties, Teague uncovered a national scandal in which many schools were getting rich on the tuition payments by jacking up their tuition rates to collect more from the federal treasury. Teague has opposed tuition-payment programs ever since. Whenever the idea is brought up, he reaches for a volume of hearings from the old investigation: "It's all right here."

The two bills now go to a Senate-House conference committee, where a compromise will eventually be hammered out. But one gets the impression that the egos of Tiger Teague and Vance Hartke, the old memories and new ambitions, will govern the nature of that compromise.

Whether it is just and adequate, whether the compromise is sufficient to serve the educational needs of the Vietnam veteran, is another matter, irrevelant to the ebb and flow of power politics.

Correction: In the August issue the address of the National Veterans Fraternity in Connecticut was listed incorrectly. The correct address is: National Veterans Fraternity, 197 Dixwell Ave., New Haven, Conn. 06511; (203) 624-3169.

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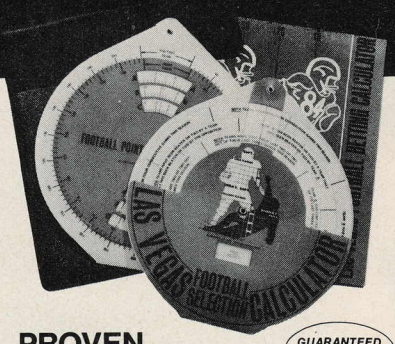

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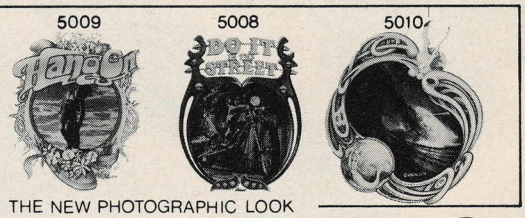

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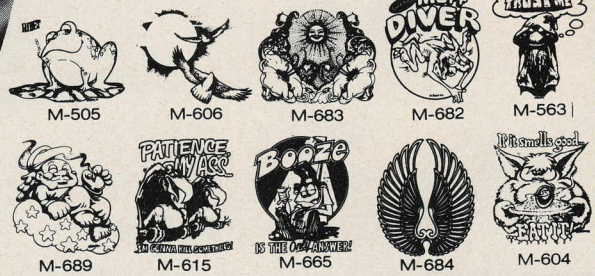

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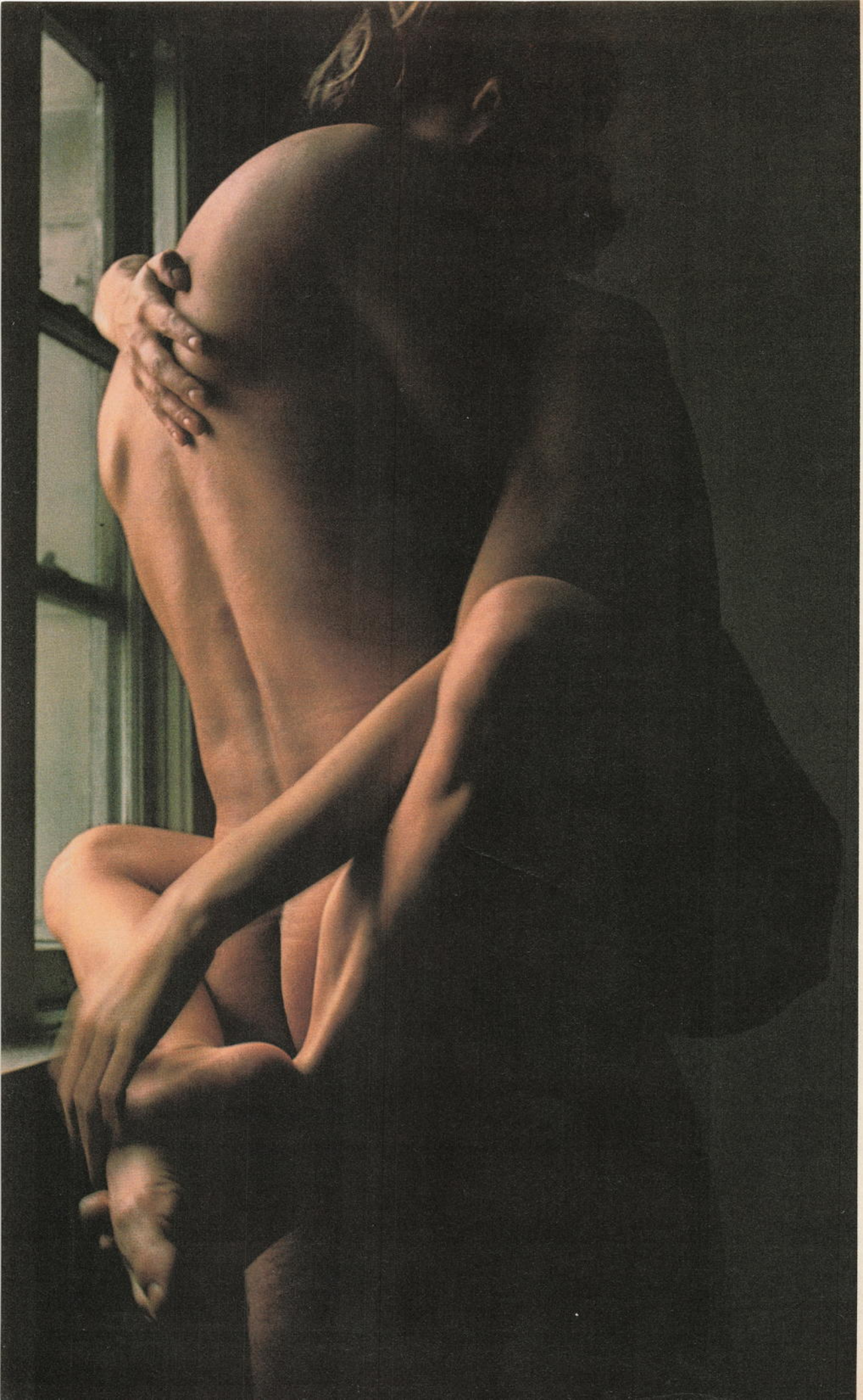

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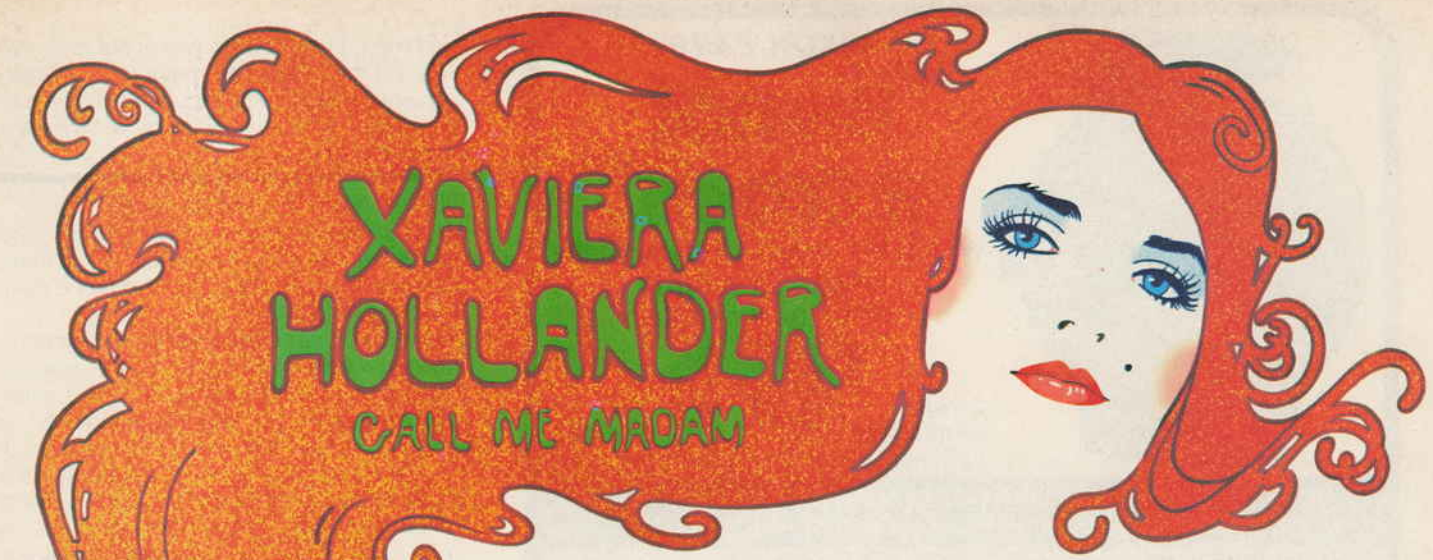

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

THE WELL-WORN ORGASM

I have been going with this guy for about six months now. He has fucked me four times—but every time he does, he leaves his clothes on and just undoes his pants. I try to make him relax so that he'll take his clothes off, but he just gets scared and does not remove them. What can I do to get him to take them off? I love him and he loves me and I don't want to hurt him.—R.P.

Judging from your letter and handwriting, it appears that you are still very young, maybe at the stage where neither you nor your boyfriend has a convenient place to have sex privately. At home, your parents can walk in the door any minute; and in a car, your boyfriend is afraid that someone will pass by and see what is going on. It is a psychologically frustrating scene for both of you. I think that once you both have the proper setting—go camping for a weekend, for example, or rent a hotel room—these problems will be alleviated. It is simply a matter of growing up and getting rid of your insecurities. Your boyfriend is probably the type who chickens out very quickly in difficult circumstances. Tell him to be more courageous, even if it means someone might be able to catch you in the sex act. So what? A bit of embarrassment is certainly worth the freedom to enjoy lovemaking.

UNDER YOUR FORESKIN

I cannot satisfy a girl through intercourse. I know exactly how to perform foreplay and the girl really gets excited. It usually works the first time I penetrate her cunt, but it never works a second time. It really hurts to pull back the skin over my penis. It hurts so much that I am afraid to try it with some girl again. This happens only when I get a hard-on. It is no problem when my penis is limp. When it is flaccid, I can pull the skin back. As soon as it gets hard, however, my penis starts hurting and I have to push the foreskin back over the head. Also, when the skin is pushed back and dry, I cannot touch my penis—it is just too sensitive! I really would like to know what is wrong with me. Do you think I should get a circumcision?—Hans

The foreskin is the moveable part of the skin at the tip of the penis; it usually covers the glans. In the case of an erection, the glans protrudes from the foreskin and becomes fully exposed. In some very rare cases—as is probably true in your case—the foreskin proves to be too tight. Such a condition is called a phimosis and it may indeed require minor surgery. Traditionally Jews, Muslims, and many African peoples circumsized boys because of religious laws and traditions. Circumcision is also performed for medical reasons when the foreskin proves too tight, inflamed, or infected. In the United States and many other countries today circumcision has become general practice. Most American boys are circumcised at birth to avoid possible complications later. Aside from this preventive aspect, it is debatable whether circumcision has any positive significance. It definitely does not influence sexual abilities.

It has also been proven statistically that the majority of women who suffer from cancer of the cervix have been married to noncircumcised men; if not properly washed and cleaned, the foreskin contains all kinds of bacteria.

Don't be afraid—see your doctor.

FORESKIN: WITH OR WITHOUT?

I am eighteen and am just about ready for intercourse with a prostitute—but there is a drawback: my penis still has the foreskin. Do women like this? Should I just forget about it or have it taken off?—James

If you read the above answer, you will realize that circumcision is not necessary for every man. As long as you keep your penis clean and wash after urination no woman will complain about a foreskin. It can be very repulsive for a woman to perform oral sex when she smells and tastes traces of urine, perspiration, and sperm. As far as appearance is concerned, many adolescent males find that if they pull their foreskins back be-

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hind the glans, the skin will eventually stay beneath the head. The result is practically the same as a circumcised penis, and a nice shiny head will stare at the lady who wants to adore it.

DOWN AT THE FISHMARKET

My husband complains of the smell and taste in my vagina when he eats me. Is there anything I can do about this? I douche quite regularly.—A.C.

I would suggest you see a doctor. Your problem could be the result of a curable disease. There are a number of women who suffer from excessive discharge, especially when they are sexually aroused. Only a very few of these women have a smelly discharge; the others just smell like healthy, horny women.

Too much douching is definitely not the answer—it seems to take away the resistance needed to prevent bacteria from spreading. Occasional douching is fine, but don't make it a daily habit.

MIGHTY MEAT

My problem is that my penis is much too large. When flaccid, it measures between eight and ten inches, and my erect penis measures twelve-and-one-half inches. I am now twenty-eight, and although I have had many girls go down on me—never mouth insertion, just licking and sucking of the outside—I am still a virgin. No girl can even get me in her mouth or vagina.

I used to enjoy the looks I would get at public urinals, but the drawbacks to being overly hung are now pathetic. I was even arrested for indecent exposure—it seems my penis had worked its way out the leg of my bathing trunks. Luckily the charges were dropped when the judge heard my story and saw the evidence in his chambers.

Is there an operation that can reduce my penis by a few inches? I would give anything to have a penis transplant with one of those complainers who regrets having an undersized cock. I have tried big, and big is out—literally! Small gets in.—Doug

From beginning to end your letter is an answer to the standard male fantasy of "the bigger, the better." I am printing it to tell all those men who believe women want giant pricks that it simply is not true. *Fanny Hill* notwithstanding, giant "machines" are painful and possibly dangerous to a woman's insides.

The average-sized cock is six-and-one-half inches long; if used well, that should be enough for anyone—man or woman. There are very, very few men whose penises measure over eight or nine inches, and men very rarely have penises smaller than four inches. If your letter is legit, you *really* are an exception to the rule.

If you find you are simply too large for the average woman, stop trying to make it with average women. As some men have extraordinarily large penises, there are those women who have large cunts. Many women who have had several children would adore you, as their vaginas tend to slacken somewhat.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 159

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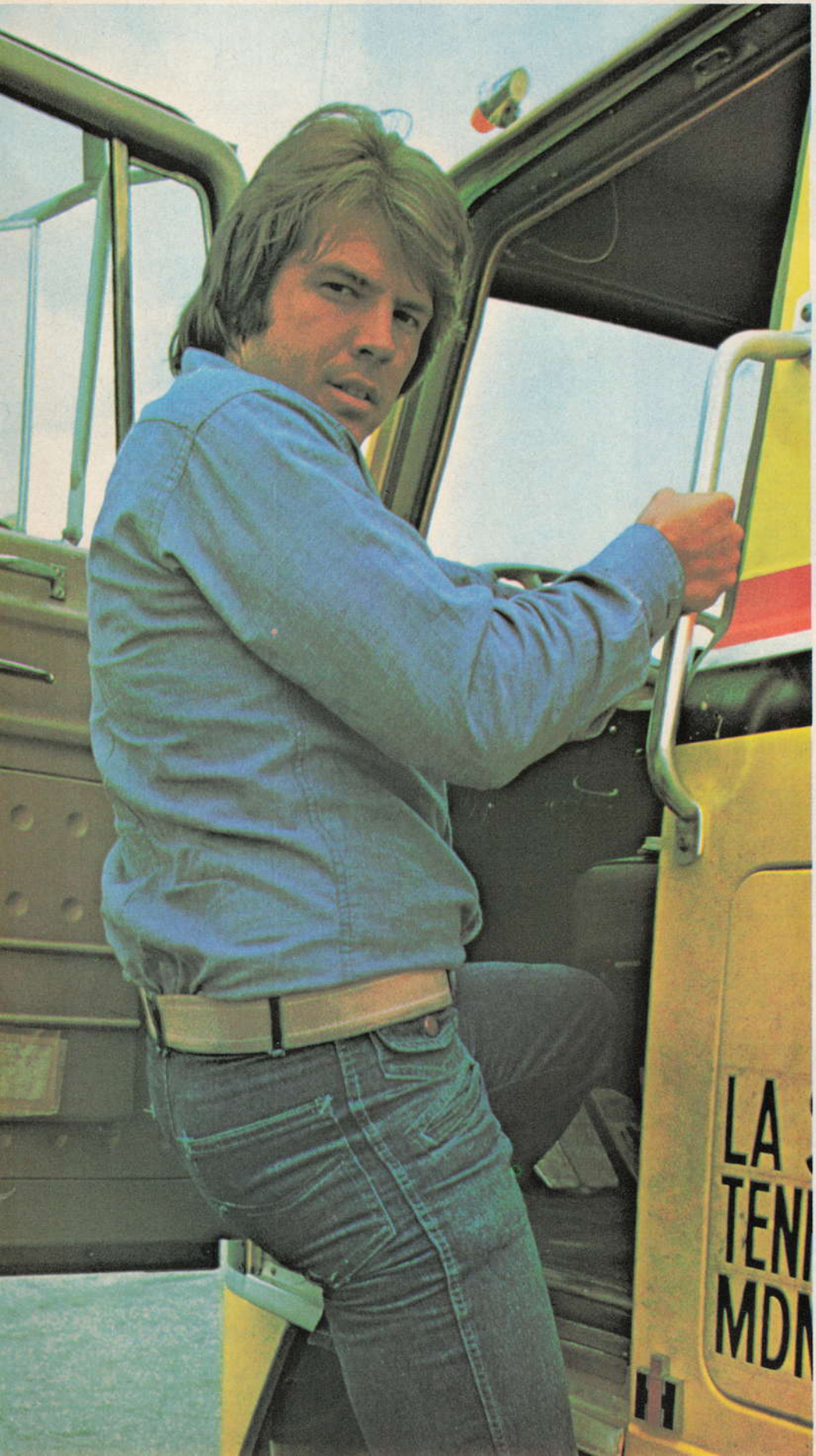

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HORRIBLE HERB

Populus iamdodum Delusatus Est, says Pennsylvania's Insurance Commissioner: "The public has been screwed enough."

By FRED FERRETTI

That Thursday Herb Denenberg was at loose ends. There was a turn in the Harrisburg action: no doctors to be pilloried, no hearings to be held, no bills to be introduced. The day was happily slanderless. He had demolished several detractors on a couple of nationally syndicated TV shows and slapped down a few more in the press. He had even found enough time to hold our highest office: The Philadelphia AFL-CIO wouldn't be coming until late afternoon, and he wasn't due at the Pennsylvania Dental School commencement until tomorrow. What to do?

Well, there was a bad time for Max Schwartz to show up in the office of Herb Denenberg—horrible Herb—who is currently into his third year as Pennsylvania's Commissioner of Insurance. He is a controversial figure, to be sure, but a standout, too: "the most famous and greatest commissioner in history." Well, that's what Denenberg calls himself without the slightest embarrassment.

D—"What's up?" Denenberg asked as his gal of his young incumbency—an odd mixture of what passes for Harrisburg hip (mustaches, sideburns, and doubtless tanks) and old guile by the shoes were all wrong, button-down collar, conservative J. C. Penney—came in with plastic loose-leaf binders.

D—"Max Schwartz is here."

D—"Who?"

D—"Max Schwartz. The guy the Governor sent around to consolidate the mail rooms."

D—"Oh." said Denenberg. He turned to me. "He's a guy who used to work for the Post Office. He fucked them up. Now he's back. He's the guy the Governor sent down to say, 'Do we want our mail room consolidated with anybody else's mail room?'"

D—"So?"

D—"What do we do? How do we stop it?"

D—Shrugs.

D—"What do we have in writing?"

D—"Nothing."

D—"Beautiful." If the son of a bitch hasn't got it in writing, let's fuck him."

D—Which is how Max Schwartz got sandbagged. He came in with a smile on his face and a couple of memos in his hand, rather put out to find himself at the center of so much apparent antagonism. Nevertheless, he began. "Good morning. Commissioner. The Management Review Committee has come to a decision on the mail consolidation."

D—"What?"

D—"The mail rooms."

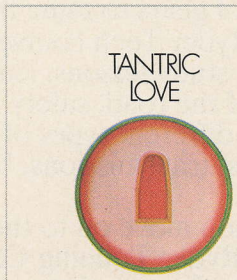
D—"Is there any writing on this?"

"I look asexual? I don't know. I think I look ethereal..."

BIANCA

"Everyone thinks I'm just a cunt who wears beautiful clothes and funny-looking hats. Well, I'm not. Today I am a white bird with a broken wing."

D—Bianca Jagger, explaining the best thing to come out of Nicaragua in years, had granted a rare interview. Seated on a red velvet banquette in La Grenouille, one of New York's most elegant restaurants, surrounded by a jungle of flowers, she reflected on her public personality.



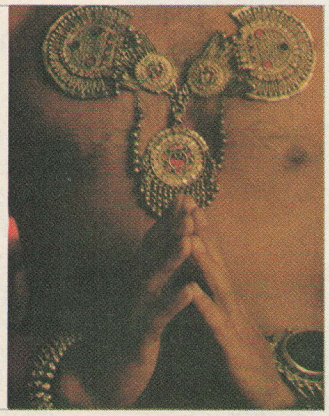
TANTRIC LOVE

By NANCY WEBER and DAVID YAROSH

Yoga means union. Tantra means web. Tantric yoga is the weaving together of the erotic and spiritual in human nature with the aim of creating a harmonious union between a man and a woman, between them and life.

D—To this end it embraces what other yoga schools reject. Tantra is the yoga of this world, of the senses, though it is neither worldly nor sensual.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ZEE GAJDA



IMPOTENCE IS IN THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDRESS

By SHEILA WELLER

The woman who has been to bed with an impotent lover battles several feelings at the same time. First of all she wants to blame herself. Because she can only remember times when she was sexually satisfied, she asks herself, asking, "What did I do wrong?"

D—She is angry. But there is no one to be angry at—certainly not her partner. So the anger is given to be returned the anger in oneself—until, a long moment later, she is angry at him for making her feel angry at herself. So it was his hostility. Or, was it hers? Perhaps it was her hostility that led to his hostility that led to...

D—But other feelings intervene—these feelings of sympathy and tenderness that she suggests, "Aren't I attractive? Aren't I good at it?" And she wonders: did she threaten him, "castrate" him? Is it for new aggressiveness that's to blame? She thought that her self-image was that of a sexually liberated nurse. But it didn't happen. He wasn't satisfied. And, even though she finally achieved orgasm, it was not the orgasm she wanted, was she. For, she sees now, some of the pleasure comes from the power to please. She couldn't turn him on, therefore, she is weakened, diminished.

D—She feels, frankly, as impotent as he.

I told a male friend I was writing an article on impotence. "Impotence?" he exclaimed. "Is it sarcasm or reverse?" he retorted. Despite his tone of mock indignation, I sensed he was genuinely interested in the subject. "Let me see," he asked, "I wrote an article on menopause for a men's magazine?" But my friend is wrong. Physically, impotence is a male problem. But emotionally it is a burden for both male and female, and they both have the responsibility to solve it.

D—Germaine Greer put it well when she said that "the impotent man is the man who has given two healthy bodies and two psyches that have tuned-in vibrations dissonants with each other." Impotence is the result of a sexual meeting is finally guided by a system of subtle cues; a combination of psychic matter and body and voice signals.

D—The understanding of nonorganic impotence has moved from the psychoanalytic to psychological rather than a physiological basis, and which presents intimate accounts of impotence. The most common cause of impotence—matches a sensitive perception of these signals. The solution requires a sensitive response to the partner's needs at a time when they frequently contain. And the experience of impotence brings all of us—women as well as men—face to face with the awesome personal stake we have in the sexual relationship.

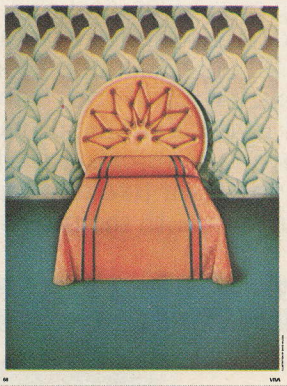
D—In recalling their experiences with sustained impotence, the eighteen men and women I interviewed described a relationship between the ages of twenty-four and thirty-two barely mentioned physical deprivation—at once the most central and least re-verberating trauma. What they did talk about was the sense of personal failure, the guilt, ego-crushing embarrassment, a feeling of diminished manhood or womanhood. Their partners, they said, were "very understanding" and wasted night, the fear that something was wrong with them, that they were doomed.

D—When a thirty-four-year-old record company publicist had a two-week bout with the problem (which coincided, he later realized, with the offer of a book contract for which he was unprepared), his self-image, his bravado and confidence I needed at work. I started doing three drinks at lunch and heavy drinking at night. Then I started to smoke pot. "He released only when he forgot about his problem and stopped worrying about it. Sometimes I'd wake up in the middle of the night terrified of the perversion—'God's got even if I'm going to be struck by lightning!' At a third man saw himself 'turning into a sort of mauldin, limp Portnoy, and had to laugh.

D—The ironic truth, of course, is that the more agony a man invests in the problem, the more impotent he becomes. Many of the men I've spoken to, impotence, like any other anxiety, feeds on obsession. That is, the more you think about it, the less likely it is to go away.

D—The first thing that to Jim, a thirty-two-year-old graphics designer, who felt "terribly threatened" when he became impotent with his wife after a passionate affair. Jim said, "When I thought about it later, I wondered if I wasn't withholding, resisting in some way. My having good reasons for wanting to avoid sexual awakening myself, giving in. I'm in my late thirties, and there's something about passion, about yielding yourself up to the experience of sexuality. Arousal is a messy thing. It's not always pretty. It's not always the woman or the man that gets an erection..."

D—A poet's appraisal. When I told him so, he



THE BED

By DONALD BARTHELME

Problem: A new bed for an old wife.

D—Not that she's old in point of fact. Old? No. She's young, beautiful, twenty-six, and has been married to a successful man, Sam Weaver, Who's Who, a professorship at Brown, a fellowship outside Chicago. But now she's back in town, and needs a bed. I promised.

D—Sam and Margaret Weaver had been friends in college and declined from there. And Sam and Margaret have children, and Margaret knows who. She needs a bed, I promised. Why? I'll be surprised if I can tell. We were right once, it's true. We thought about each other and left the others out. That passes, as I'm sure you've heard, but sometimes it doesn't. We've been together for years now—jobs, taxes, children, Jeeves, friends, joint tax returns for some as yet unaudited year—a trace of frisky residue.

D—Sam and Margaret Weaver needs a bed. I could award her it. Been there since '67, when we acquired the "new" bed. Has it rotted? Probably. Can't plant her in a mush pile. Old wife sleeping in new bed. Old wife sleeping in old bed. Old wife sleeping on floor. Ha ha. Maybe we'll wreck things with moving her around from the mattress. Ha ha. Meticulous bastard, am I not? But mama has a problem, and I'm the one to solve it, but leaving aside—

D—Hey, listen, Sam, I'm sure you've heard the bed. It's stashed against the wall somewhere. I'm sure you've heard it. Sam and I used to get it again on busted rocking chair, again on cast-iron walnut left over when someone's latest oft-oft-Broadway bow. Who covered the floor with the bed? Who got it up the stairs?

D—The light at last, and, under a couple of hundred square feet of tattered wallboard, the bed.

D—Someone's been using the bed as a work table.

D—Someone's been stabbing the bed with ice picks.

D—Someone's been slashing the bed with acid.

D—Someone's been carving at the bed's extents.

D—Somebody put out a contract on the bed.

D—The bed's dead.

D—I remember my dream of Tuesday night. I was in a gigantic bed, a bed big as a football field. I was bicycling on the surface. Pursued by fires and clowns. Behind me on the right, raging fires, and on the left, clowns. Clowns? Clowns. I pedaled as hard as I could, is there no end to this bed (I cried?), and then I came to the edge. Is this the end? Is this the name I was reading The New Yorker about? Is this the end of New York, third edition. Xerox's, I noticed, now had three stars. Herpes and I thought we'd invented the place, the waiters knew us by name, and then I pedaled off the edge of the bed, and fell, and fell, and fell, and Charlie, how are you? Charlie was fine too. A bland go-and-fineness over everything, tables, chairs, the future and the past. Charlie, I fell off the bed. Charlie, I'm falling. Charlie, I'm in the stalactites and sword-swallowers, still getting closer. The lawyer's chain blew. I woke up.

D—Not a bad bed for an anxiety dream. A bit of bedlam to help one through the night.

D—Where did we buy the "new" bed? In which I have my nightly rant, Late Show? At Bloomingdale's? We bounced together, Feinstone and I, among a sea of bare-nelly flesh-pinks. Did we harass the help? Did we ask for the manager? Did we insist that we be shown the mattresses which we could do, if we really put our minds to it? How we could get enlarged, legs and arms and heads and things? Did we buy the bed? Did we buy it? Or did we decide, again? I don't think so. As we would have had a stroke, prepaid of then and there. We bought the bed. There was a warranty on it, not us. Who's the beneficiary?

D—"Did you get it?"

D—"Did I get what?"

D—"The bed."

D—"Oh, the bed."

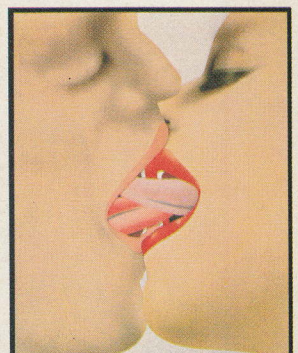
D—"Well, did you?"

D—"Ah—not yet."

D—"Why not?"

D—"Well, I've been busy. Doing things."

D—"But what about the bed?"



LOVERS

By ROBERT CHATAIN

Spring transfigures even midtown. Concrete sidewalks split and wind up film during stems; grass overgrows the cabled dust lining the gutters; and the sidewalk cafés, with their tables and chairs in healthy exposed foundations, wondrome lawns germinate. Orange beer gardens carry with white vines toward the sun and the sidewalk cafés, with their tables and chairs in healthy exposed foundations, wondrome lawns germinate. Orange beer gardens carry with white vines toward the sun and the broken glass and pulverized brick erupting with shoots and buds and broad-leaved plants flaunting pretty yellow flowers and sweet-smelling fruit.

D—In spring it was then, that Eleanor Nasu applied for her first, her very first job. She had come to midtown, I read, with only enough money to last her a month, and she was living in a room in a hotel made by Charles Addams, where the only interview which this was the note which caught my attention.

D—"One word?" I asked. "Really? How could you be sure you would find a job in just one week? You have no experience of any kind. You have no references. You have no skills. You have not admit to having no career ambitions in midtown. Why should you one hire you?"

D—"Because," eighteen years old and cotton, brushed brown hair, eighteen-length hair out of the eyes and a fig of the wind, "I have a touch of good imagination," she boasted.

D—"Oh, I see," I commented to another of Chambers's notes. "Imaginative . . . romanticizes office atmosphere, environment, money . . . thinks midtown glamorous . . . all department?"

D—Besides, Eleanor Nasu said, "someone has to hire me."

Ah, spring!

D—Barely had Eleanor Nasu begun work when the manageable mares of the office assumed their most colorful plumage and sang their loudest territorial songs from prominent perches in their various departments. Bernard, the genial giant of the mail-room staff, was particularly attentive to the new girl. Each day he delivered Eleanor Nasu to the office copy machine. Stuart, an accounting, bought a wide-ribbed corduroy jacket and offered to do Eleanor Nasu's expense account. The boys from the shipping and search department put on his best stainless laboratory coat and lauded Eleanor through the lens of test tubes and the lensment of their eyes. Even Mr. Chuck Dykes, the head of the department (between Mr. Chuck Dykes and Jack Fearon dormed Mercedes suits, knotted their neat luminous ties, and took turns at the office copy machine, Eleanor Nasu was the center of midtown's fashion renaissance). In the art department itself, where Eleanor's desk was installed, both Henry the photographer and Lyons the draftsman laid their privileges toward making a favorable impression. Henry contented himself with a new nylon windbreaker and a Hasselblad camera, Lyons with a Leica camera. Lyons, more aggressive, dressed in wild, unruly prints and presented Eleanor with a hand-drawn street map of midtown Manhattan, with his office marked in red.

D—Which of these manipulative mares did Eleanor Nasu favor with her fondest smiles?

D—"Well," I asked Jolynn H., said my displeased secretary. "She's making a play for John and Joanie is furious."

D—"Are you sure?" I asked.

D—Of course I'm sure. Forget that Dons told me—Dons thinks people have orgasms when they shake hands. Forget that Angelo told me—Angelo thinks people have orgasms when they open doors. You know what Kristy told me? Whatever. When the smoke gets thick enough to bother him, there's got to be a fire.

John and Joanie were a pair. More than a pair, they were inseparable. Then Eleanor Nasu applied for her very first job. . .

The Bisexual Phenomenon

By Louise Knox

A lesbian at a feminist meeting tells me I've got the new lifestyle. "I've been there, I've done that, I've come out the other end, I've emerged the wiser now," she laughs. "I'm glad I'm a lesbian. Psychologists tell me that I'm not really a lesbian, that I'm just a bisexual who's terribly confused because I'm bisexual—that's really a problem."

I'm not sure whether I have a problem, or that I'm confused and sexually indiscriminate, and that my sense of identity is so shaky that I'm unable to distinguish whether I'm a lesbian or maturely bi-centric. At least the homosexual knows what he or she is. I think many lesbians just turn prejudiced when I think I am—a bisexual—doesn't exist. For me, bisexuality is the only way I can see myself calling myself a centaur or a mermaid. There's no such thing as a bisexual, even though I've been told that I am one. Still, they continue, a writer an article based on Hite's moreover covering herself with heterosexual privilege. Bisexuality is nothing more than sexual fence-sitting, the latest feminist kick.

I understand that urge to dichotomize. Even Hite, who has done so much to liberate us by dropping all labels, But given my choice between one of the two old poles and the hybrid, I closed the latter. It's the most precise description of my sexual life and orientation, and I'm not about to change it.

Listen to some autobiography. To the present six months I've woken up, most mornings, in bed with a man. We're not in love, and we're not in love, we tell each other we are in love, we are so happy's shy as any two people can be who have no idea what they're doing and are trying to find out. I had a live-in lesbian relationship that I often expected would last forever. I've had countless affairs with women and women whom I was in expert in love, for long or not so long periods. I called myself a lesbian because my best friends were lesbians, and because the lovers I had were women. I was married for a time, and had asked me what I was doing in bed with men from time to time during those years. I answered honestly that I was having a great time with each lesbian homosexuality.

I have called myself a lesbian since I first made love to a girl on a hot summer afternoon in the late fifties, and since the gay liberation movement. I've called myself a lesbian through coming—aside—and embraced the word because it was easier than explained the way I was because the men who occasionally turned up could be and had to be laughed away as aberrations in an otherwise uncomplicated homosexual existence. Bisexuality, I thought, was a word "bisexual" cannot be so easily dismissed. Because of those not at all forgotten men in my life, because of the fact that sex, for me, is sex an identity, even as a superior form of being, has invited me to quickness, to change, to the sense that my present form is not the only, or best, of them.

This new rhythm must be catchy. Bisexuality, the current buzzword for the mixing of gay and gay, bestows movements, a new bestowing *the chic* wave in the American sexual revolution. Famous people, at least famous women, are not as much admitting to bisexuality as they are flaunting it. Recent years it looks as though the AC/DC alliance of Vita Sackville-West and Harold Nicolson has been replaced by the Jagger-Bowie axis, the fall or twelve bestselling CPI-at-Bay books of 1973. A British colonial who seems to have had a taste for both sexes, Vita Sackville-West has provided inspiration and a cause to support. And like the two older bisexuals, Jagger and Bowie, contemporary bisexuality has found its natural enemies. Ironically, the most unquestion of these are the homosexuals. Like the early days of the women's movement, radical homosexuals like the most recent kick as an unexpected and unwelcome intrusion. Jagger and Bowie, for years defined, sexually and legally as despicable duplicity of sexual preference.

D—Says Jim Fouratt, a founder of the Gay Community Coordinating Center in Manhattan: "What we're seeing now is not bisexuality. The married men who are suddenly expressing interest in other men always have had that interest, but they've had to repress it, hoping their problem would go away. The women are married to fulfill societal roles, and they've had to repress their lesbianism. They get in touch with their real homosexual nature—women have delayed sexual adolescence, men haven't."

"At best, bisexuality is only a transition from what people thought they had to do to what they wanted to do in culture where everything the world has taught us and reinforced the way we behave, the men who occasionally turned up could be and

LAY ME, I'M A WASP

By Florence King

It is a fact universally acknowledged, and Jane Austen about another kindly, that a single man in possession of a fortune of a whole Anglo-Saxon Protestant heritage is likely to be in great need of a wife to spend it.

Much has been written about Texas, most of it by John O'Hara. The typical Texas is a big, rich, loud, vulgar, ill-bred, slightly alcoholic around the edges, and prone to make gentleman's agreements at the drop of a hat. Texas is also a place that is depressingly endowed with all three of his old dresses: New York, Palm Beach, and "The Worldbeaters." His name appears in the papers when he is born, when he marries, when he divorces, when he builds a new house, and when he dies. Because the family either has a lot of hotels it has a history of public service, or it has a lot of money and a yacht and is sent off to the People's Republic of Best of Paradise where he mingles rank with the Grimaldis and the Windsors and gets the prestige stamps." When the dust settles, he is quietly brought back home, where he is buried in the family plot in the middle of the Institute for the Study of Ethnic Anxieties, whereupon the newspapers loud him as, "a man whose great compassion has made him sensitive to the values of different peoples," and "a man who was one of the rare peoples of varying backgrounds."

This is the kind of goofball Wasp we're talking about here.

The other kind is Archie Bunker. Archie is supposed to be a lower-class Wasp. That is, he is supposed to be a Wasp whose fellow television viewers are thus led to believe that he was a boring Wasp. Actually, Archie has more in common with Jewish humor than he or his fans know. The name "Bunker" sounds like its punnish aspect, is vaguely north European more or less English and more-or-less German at the same time, and totally inoffensive to all but a very few insecure Wasps—who are not supposed to exist, after all, because "American Wasp" is supposed to be a redundancy. Archie is a lovable bigot. I know only one man named Archie Bunker. As one of my editors said, "Archie Bunker is a lovable bigot? Jesus, you must get your readers!"

The entertainment world's version of the Wasp is a fascinating study in contradictions. It is regarded as a prime source of humor. Doris Day and Jeanne Cram on down to Archie Bunker. Yet the Wasp is also regarded as the standard either as a sweet, virginal girl-next-door with thoroughly ground-together hair, or as a frosty, icy maiden to be won only by the most patient and persistent of English sexual repression that reared its head in the form of Grace Kelly. Wasp males are also portrayed as either a dumb jock or an English sexual repressive that reared its head in the form of Grace Kelly. Wasp males are also portrayed as either a dumb jock or an English schoolboy, or as a gentleman's gentleman who will show wasn't really very English. Such Wasp types as Jimmy Stewart and Gary Cooper are the prestige stamps." When the dust settles, he is quietly brought back home, where he is buried in the family plot in the middle of the Institute for the Study of Ethnic Anxieties, whereupon the newspapers loud him as, "a man whose great compassion has made him sensitive to the values of different peoples," and "a man who was one of the rare peoples of varying backgrounds."

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because we don't have a hyphen. Were recently united Americans are studying Pre-colleges that their grandparents were caustic when spoken in their presence, learning the dances of their genteel homelands. Polka, the Italians are doing the Tarantella, the Irish are doing the jig, the Wasps are left to do the Stroll.

Of all the groups, the best thing I can do for my people is turn them into an ethnic group. There are two ways to do this. First, I have started a project, organizational, to be funded by the Ford Foundation. So-called, "Wasp Awareness Week" for a foundation grant to write one of those sociological tomes that have been the bane of other ethnic groups for the past decade. I have also written a book, a non-fiction book, tentatively called *Hidden Aggressive Symbiosis: Symbolism of Identity Among Middle-Class Wasps of Northern and White Ties*. In Italian-American Men Aged 18-26 Indigenous to the Jersey City-Hoboken Area. I've got the grant, I've even learn how this sort of thing is put together, and I found out that it's necessary to have something called a "control group." In this case, the control group consisted of 125 Italian-American students all questioned with "It's creepy."

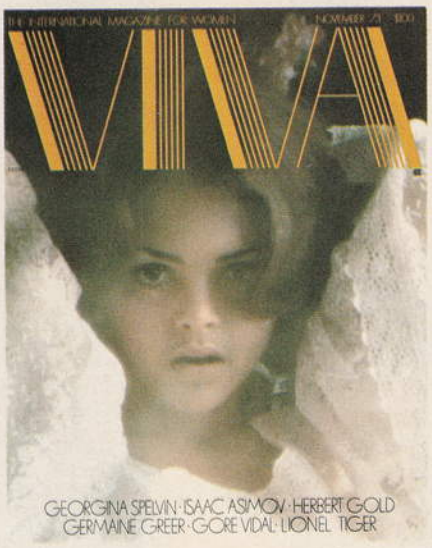
Since women are now officially classified as an ethnic group, I've had to do a study of the female of the species in order to kill two minority groups with one bone, so to speak. The result is a book, tentatively called *The Psychosexual Underpinnings of the Whole Anglo-Saxon Protestant Female Persona: Its Effect on Sexual Relationships with Italian-American Businessmen*, which is enough to make any graduate student in sociology flee his hollowhead to live with us, and to cause HEW to launch a bloke and Wood. "Aaaah! This is really a new ethnic group!"

VIVA

THE FIRST YEAR

AN ANNIVERSARY TRIBUTE TO A GREAT LADY

Early last year, editor-publisher Bob Guccione announced his plans for the launching of a totally new kind of magazine for women; a magazine that would be "drawn from the rib of *Penthouse.*" Almost immediately, skeptics among the establishment media as well as the general public were expressing indignation, even anger, at the prospect of a seeming male-chauvinist creating a magazine which, in his own words, would recapture the quality of dreams, fulfill the fantasies, and reflect the liberated lifestyle of the woman of the seventies. The real . . . the quintessential woman. The woman who thinks . . . who is aware of the intellectual and spiritual needs of her mind as well as the physical needs of her body. The refrain from this choir of the dubious ran like this, "It can't be done and if it could be done, *Penthouse* and Guccione are the least likely to do it well."



The excerpts on these pages prove it *was* done and it was done well, and this month we celebrate *Viva*'s first full year of pioneering excellence. She is no longer just a little sister, but a healthy, well-respected, proudly original journal of uncompromising taste and quality. In the marketplace of ideas *Viva* has seized the lead, becoming the most powerful innovative force in women's publishing—and she has done it with style.

Prior to the emergence of *Viva*, the established women's magazines were locked into a catatonic state of sameness. Mom's favorite reading material had shown little real change since *her* own mom perused the same editorial terrain by kerosene lamp. An odd rash of publications however, followed the fiery birth of the "women's movement." They championed immediate changes in human sexuality and social relationships and became impatient when despite their urgent demands these changes failed to materialize overnight. Other magazines were openly exploitive of the worst aspects of militant liberation—the woman as uncompromising manipulator of the human sexual condition; the interchangeable sociosexual status of man and woman; the woman as hunter and trapper of men, etc., etc., ad nauseam.

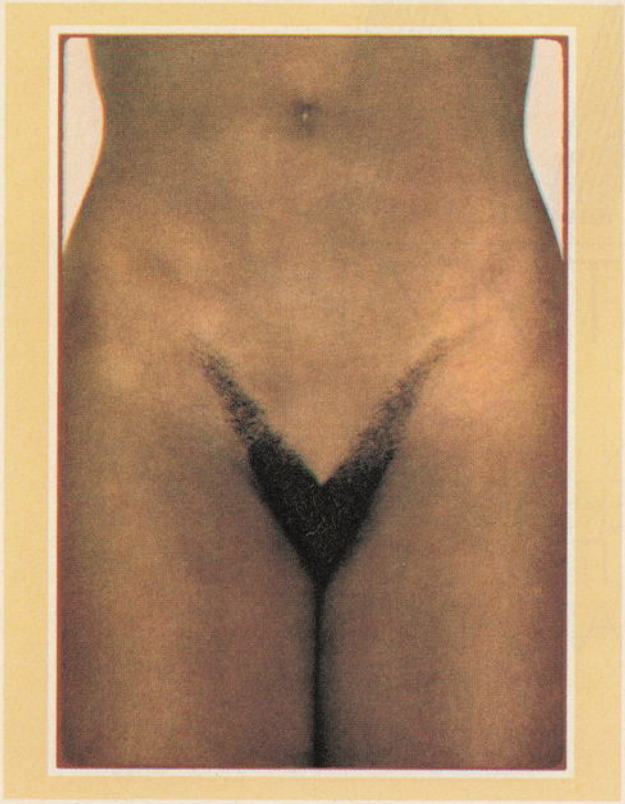
Into this morass stepped *Viva.* Even the most skeptical critics found her lovely to look at, and noted a vibrant intellect that no lack of surface dressing could conceal.

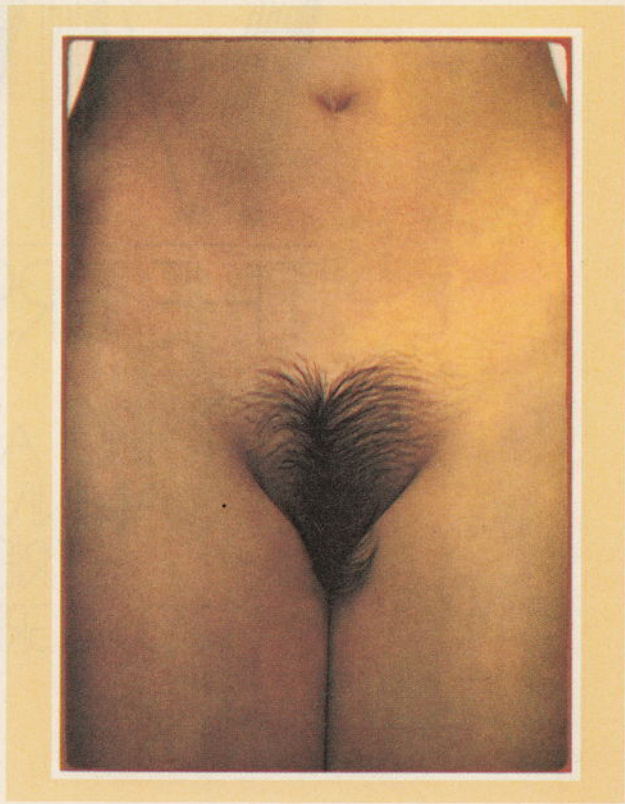
From the first issue, the response, in letters and comment, has been significant and gratifying. *Viva* has touched a sensitive, albeit waiting nerve among women who are sexually liberated, but do not hate men, and women who enjoy competing with men but have no desire to replace them.

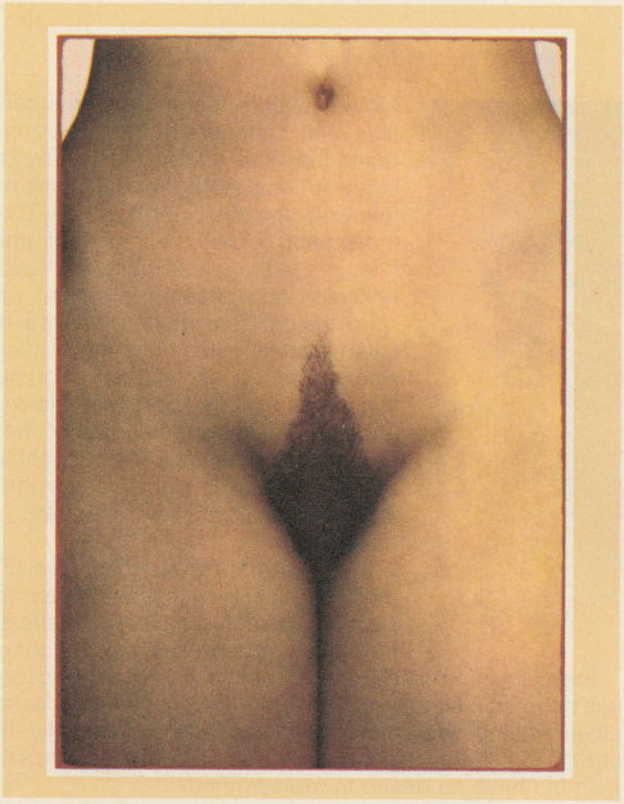
Viva, it's clear, has become a lifeline to women who are urban, educated, aware—and feminine. They include college students, career girls, and young marrieds. Many of them are just beginning to experience the exciting process of self-liberation by

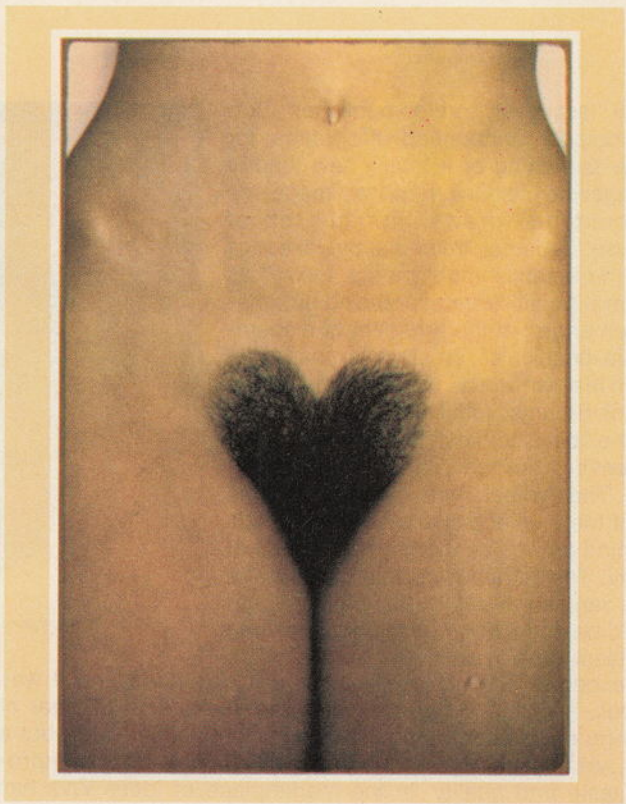
Opposite page: a small sample of Viva's, *diverse editorial policy, along with the graphics and art direction that have made her universally accepted as the most beautifully designed magazine in America. Above: facsimile of the cover of this month's (November) issue.*

BEAUTY









admitting to the kind of sexual hang-ups that were routinely denied or camouflaged until a comparatively short time ago.

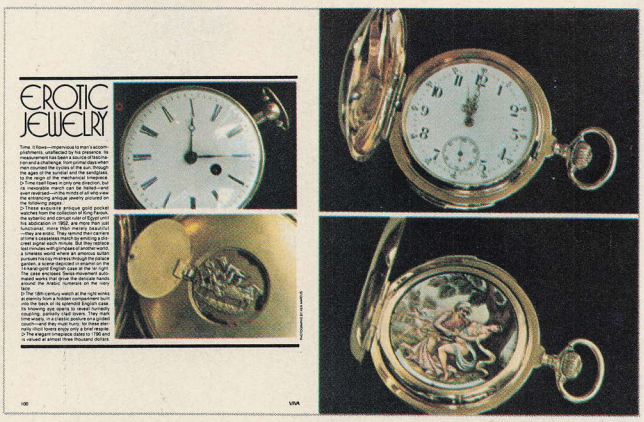
Above: Another Penthouse/Viva *first . . . pubic hairstyles that may have started a well-trimmed trend. And as to the identities of the* Penthouse *secretaries who posed for same, our lips are sealed. Opposite page:* Viva's *eye on fashion.*

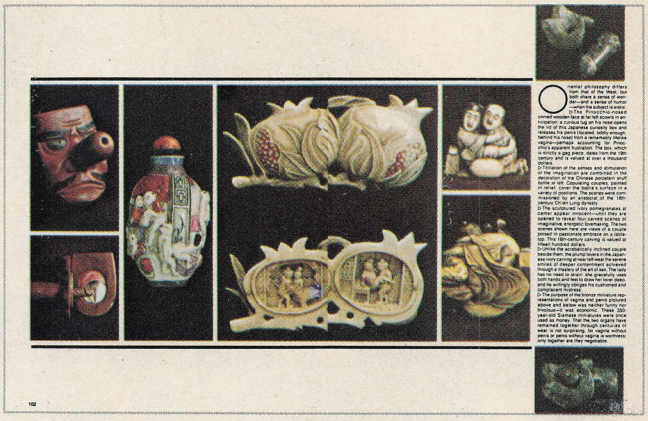
Viva has provided a uniquely honest and courageous forum for these and the many other female voices demanding to be heard, and despite a widely differing

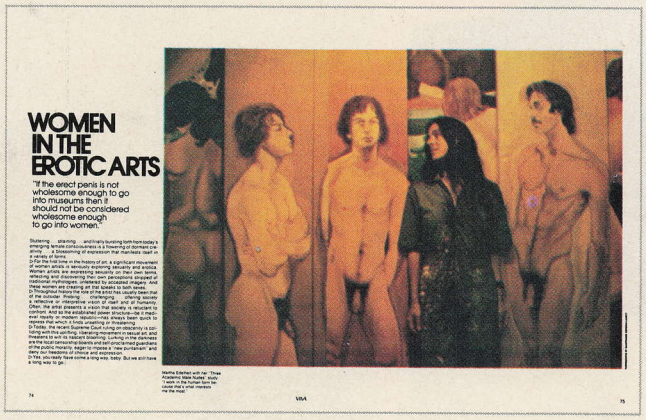
social, cultural, and economic background, a single common factor appears to unite them all—a profound desire to communicate, to share and discuss their deepest feelings with others of their own sex.

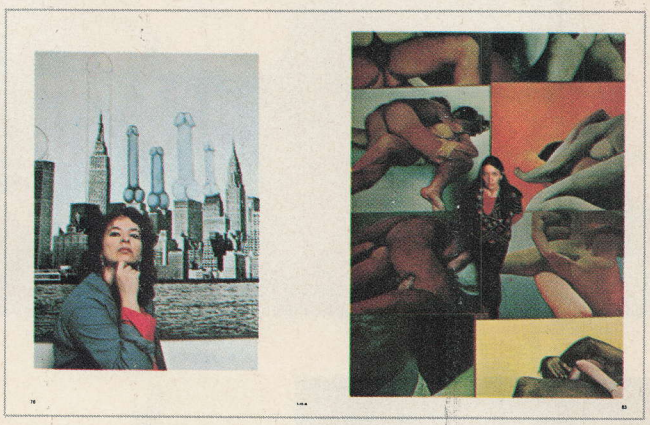
In responding to that desire, *Viva* has torn down the barriers and moved further afield than any other woman's magazine before or since. For instance, the now-famous male nudes, photographed aesthetically without sacrificing one iota of eroticism, have provoked thousands of letters thanking the editors for "treating us

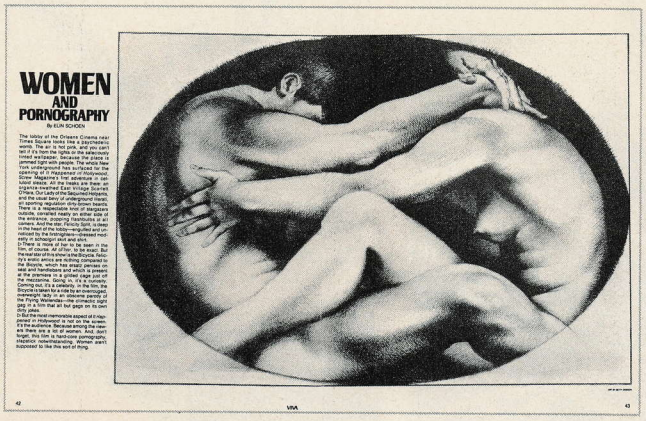
THE ARTS

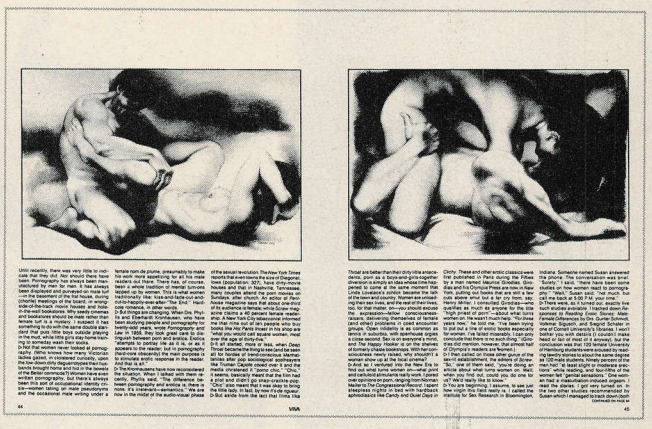





WOMEN IN THE EROTIC ARTS
"If the erect penis is not wholesome enough to go into museums then it should not be considered wholesome enough to go into women."





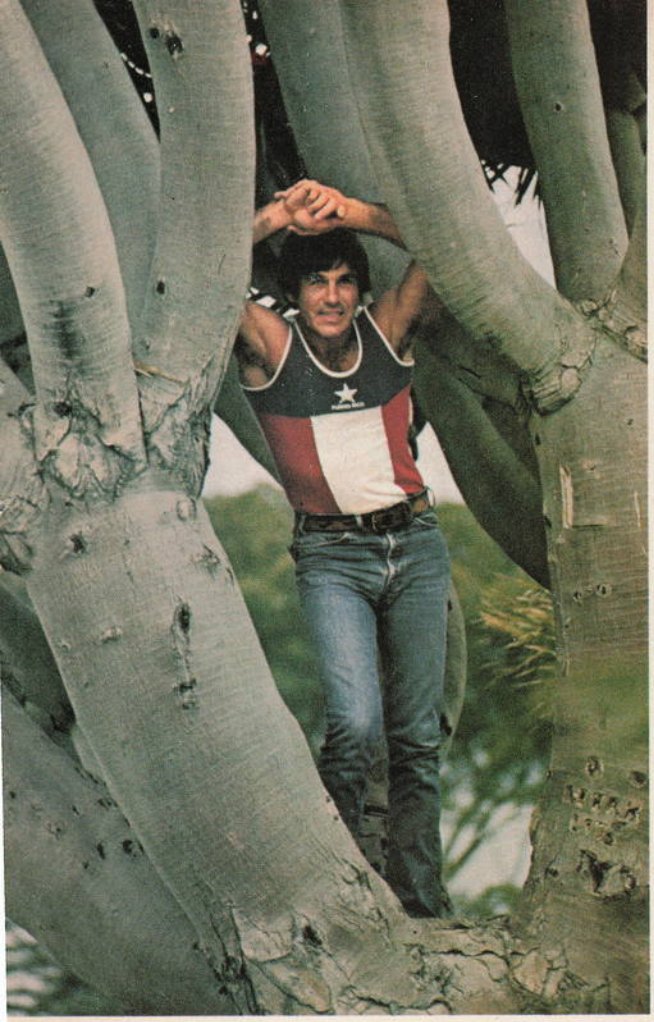


like adults and—in the case of *Penthouse*—sexual equals."

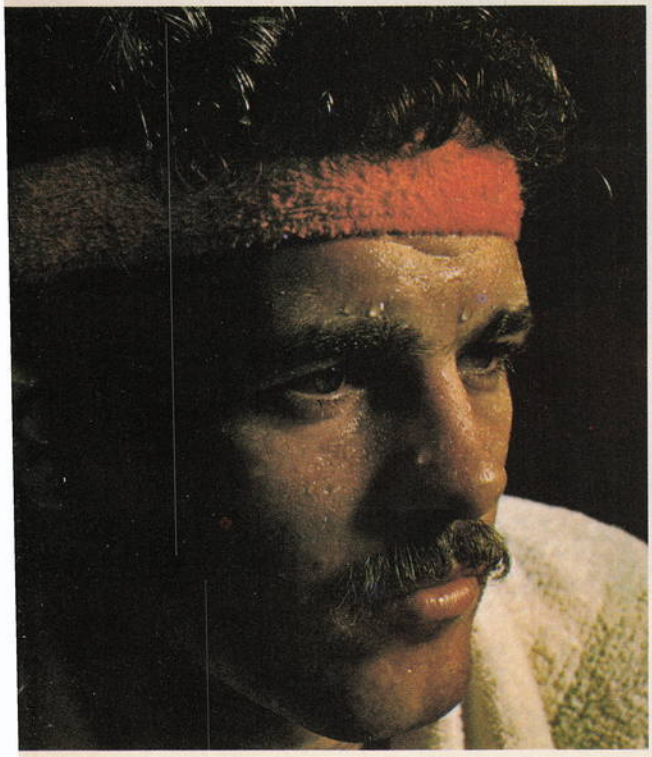
The "love sets" (see pages 156 and 157) pioneered by *Viva* have touched the deepest romantic core of women. Many readers have told *Viva* they prefer seeing a man and woman in an act of love to looking at a nude male alone. They do, however, enjoy having the choice.

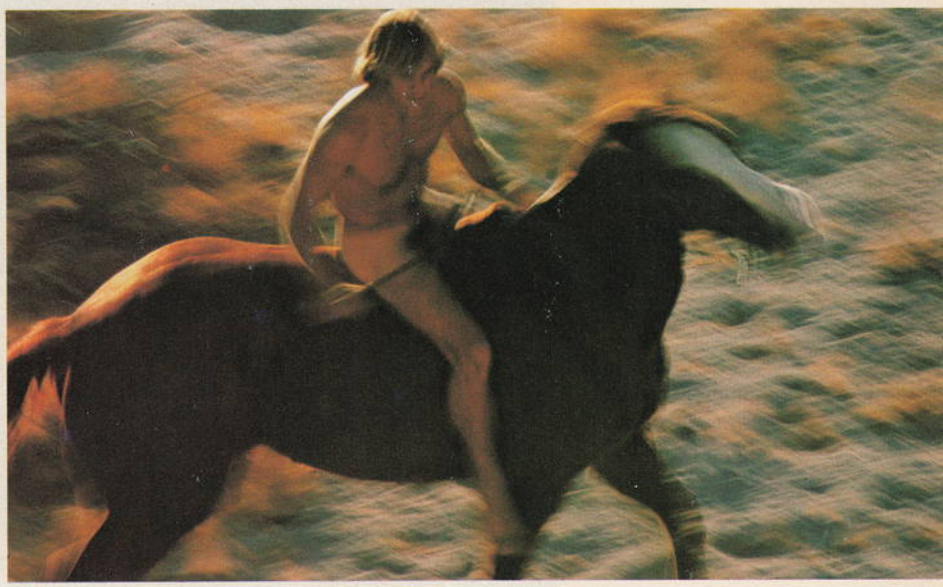
Graphically, *Viva* has won universal respect for her honesty, artistry, and good taste. She has achieved a standard of production as well as graphic excellence which no other magazine has even attempted to equal.

Editorially, the milestones are equally significant. *Viva* has dealt openly and regularly with male as well as female sexual fantasies—a field heretofore ignored by the traditional women's magazines. She has discussed what turns women on and what turns men on. But she has also delved into women's identity, bisexuality, female chauvinism, women's career problems, women's rights, and other social, legal, and even spiritual issues which readers might



THE MEN



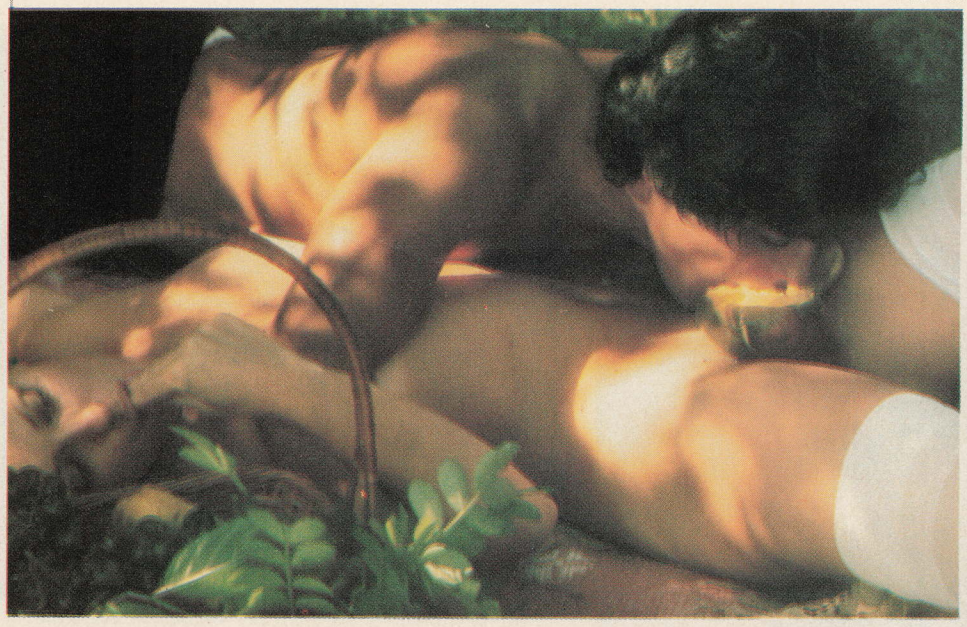


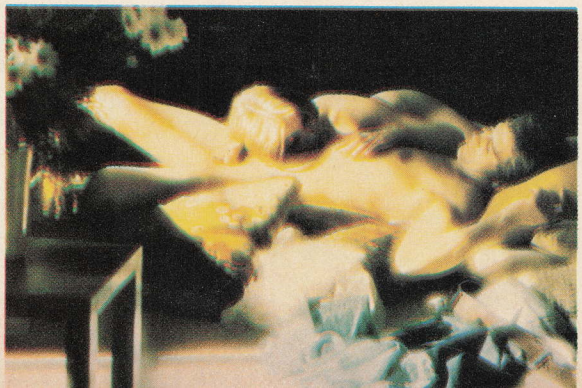
Above: The frequently expressed desire of female Penthouse *readers for a similar magazine of their own with male rather than female nudes was a basic reason for creating* Viva. *Opposite page: A growing interest in visual erotica among women tends to parallel their equally expanding involvement in the erotic arts.*

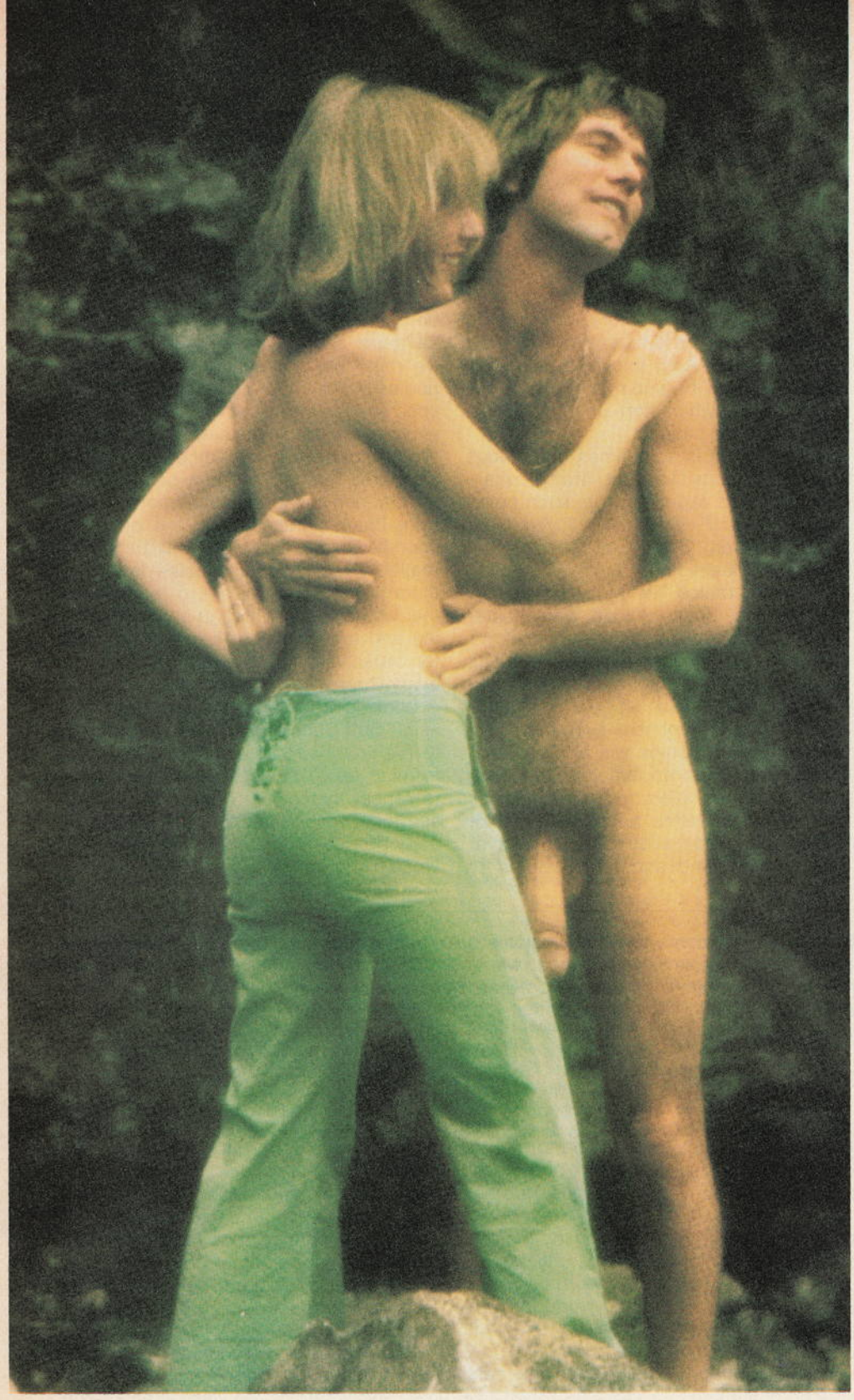
LOVERS

The monthly "Love Story" pictorial was one of Viva's first major breakthroughs. Readers were shocked by a footnote in an earlier issue suggesting that Viva's couples might be somewhat less than posed. It said, in part: "Viva introduced rock singer Bess Cofield to Ben Murphy expressly for the production of this pictorial essay. The weekend they spent together—during which period these photographs were taken—constituted a brief, authentic, and thoroughly-shared relationship for them both...."

deavors a mighty optimistic hope. By my cod (sayeth he), yon Lord Fletherpenney is a fair fellow to chouse our impecunious squirearchy. Ods bodkins, sayeth he furthermore, and many other interjections, for no minister in Europe quoteth an Oath with half so much relish as Papa. As for Lord Fletherpenney, he hath shaken my hand passing gallantly, and no little would it please me to have him shake it again. God have mercy on my soul. By Zeus (respondeth he to my Father in kind), I







expect to find only in a "clenched fist" magazine.

In sum, *Viva* has opened her arms to the millions of young women who are loving, sensual, and free. The women for whom the perfect cuisine, the most beautiful wardrobe, or even the ultimate bed partner cannot be the pinnacle of her personal

experience. This is the new woman, one who cannot be stereotyped and who absolutely refuses to be categorized.

Thus, *Viva* is a magazine committed to change, thriving on its own unpredictability and provocativeness. Just as that new woman is a recent comer on the social scene, only now evolving into a definitive individual, so *Viva* has been evolving. Like the woman she reflects, she too is searching for an identity—experimenting, taking chances, upsetting the historic status quo, making friends, enemies, and even more friends. The staff of *Viva*, itself a microcosm of the feminine revolution, has been undergoing a similar process of change. Nearly all editorial, business, and management positions have been gradually taken over by women—it is their magazine and they know better than anyone what the new woman wants.

Consider the contents of the current Special Rape Issue of *Viva*—a superb editorial package that goes straight to the core of this volatile subject. The lead article is an investigation into the system of justice, or injustice, governing rape in this country. A second article contains a series of explosive interviews with two rapists and two rape victims. Both of these pieces were contributed by major journalists who also happen to be female—Martha Lear and Terri Schultz. In addition, the current *Viva* offers a rape questionnaire, a listing of rape crisis centers, relevant telephone "hot" lines, and twelve rules of self-defense in the event of sexual assault. It's a package which prods the reader's intellect on one hand while helping her to cope in practical terms with a very real problem on the other. That's what *Viva* is all about.

In this same issue, there's a Couples interview with millionaire songwriter John Phillips and his kooky actress wife Genevieve Waite; an article on contraceptives; a collection of his and her sexual fantasies; a fashion story on different clothes to wear for different lovers; and a Last Word from CBS television talk show hostess Pat Collins who rips into the medical mystique which too often victimizes trusting women patients.

Viva's fiction is sometimes outrageous, sometimes sensitive, but always vital—qualities to be expected from such potent writers as J. P. Donleavy, Joyce Carol Oates, Herbert Gold, Gail Sheehy, and Simone de Beauvoir. And in this and every *Viva,* major critics like Molly Haskell review movies, books, music, and theater. There is commentary on the political, social, and economical scene along with fashion, beauty, and, of course, the noble male nude pictorials.

But the future promises even more. The next couple of months will bring a fascinating symposium on female masochism, frank talk about Hollywood with Peter Falk and John Cassavetes, and a vivid fashion feature on the most seductive clothes ever. Plus, a new wine and food column by Linda Wolfe, a first-person account of "kept" men, and an inside look at a male brothel for women.

This, then, is *Viva*. A complete life support system for the new woman of the seventies.

In a recent column, *Viva's* editor and assistant *Penthouse/Viva* publisher Kathy Keeton expressed a highly personal view of the *Viva* philosophy. "It's pretty obvious," she wrote, "that before we can be truly liberated, we must learn an awful lot more about ourselves and our men; we must be in touch not only with our bodies but with the whole network of emotions and feelings from which our sexuality evolves. We are all the same in this regard. We do not have to feel 'different' or alone anymore. This in itself is a great relief."

"I'm convinced that the more women bring their secrets out in the open, the sooner sexual liberation will become a reality. Trust your instincts—don't hide them. What we've all got to remember is that we have everything to gain by exploring and redefining our sexuality—not only for ourselves, but for women, and *men* everywhere."

Looking back to that first issue, publisher Bob Guccione spelled out succinctly in a First Word column just what he had in mind for *Viva*. We think that it's fitting to repeat that column here, so you may see for yourself that *Viva* has fulfilled her early promise in maturing into the striking woman she was destined to become:

The magazine that you hold in your hands is my own newborn child. It is an infant...fragile, undisciplined, painfully vulnerable. It was conceived out of a life-long love-relationship with women ...inseminated with adoration for their chemistry, respect for their wisdom, and awe for the endless mysteries and complexities of their sex.

This child of love is my child, and I want to see her grow and have all the advantages and success that love and attention can provide. I want to watch her develop firm young limbs and a fine strong posture. I want to see her acquire the sort of education that promotes knowledgeable opinions...molds positive attitudes toward life and love and sex...and that creates, above all, character and personality.

Viva is born at an incredible moment in American history. Watergate continues to command the most exacting public attention...President Nixon brings infamy to the highest office in the land...Vice President Agnew squirms in the aftermath of his gubernatorial sins...the Supreme Court sodomizes the Constitution, violating the First and Fourteenth Amendments...Chief Justice Burger declares freedom to read unconstitutional...the war in Vietnam is over but bombing with honor continues... veterans and POWs return to the likes of an incredulous Jane Fonda and a nation that never even knew why they were gone ...the energy crisis increases...food and essential commodities become scarcer...prices continue to soar, gold goes through the roof, and the once impervious American dollar shrinks out of all recognition...VD and drugs reach epidemic proportions, and homosexuality becomes a political rather than social issue.

A new epoch of madness and excess awaits us. The world, it appears, has suffered irreparable brain damage. Most artists and intellectuals are fleeing back into the wilderness of their own minds, while Social Man—that dull, plodding, inexorable creature, presses on. To what extent can we, ordinary social creatures that we are, influence the change that erodes our environmental well-being, shifts the delicate axis of our social order? Are we not like the locust which, left unchecked, could devour a nation? Turn us loose and we could devour whole worlds; check us, crush our own fragile habitat; shatter the fissile balance of communal order; dust us with the pesticides of paranoia, greed, and violent power; burn out our numbers and we—like the lesser locust—*will still survive!*

Despite our crimes, our excesses, and our predilection to rob nature of every last vestige of mystery she possesses, man will not perish from this earth. We will continue, if only to limp through history, anticipating another dawn and another day....

Viva, unavoidably, will become an integral part of the mad, mad world into which she was born. Her strength and her purpose, however, will be in her ability to recognize the quality of life as it *really* is...to report, comment, moderate, and, above all, serve the best interests of her readers within the unique context of their own time. And whereas she was primarily conceived in this extraordinary age to entertain and give pleasure, she will neither hide from nor ignore those critical issues, however unpleasant, that may affect our lives. She will dig for the truth wherever it may be buried and she will fight, scream, shed a few tears, and—if necessary—use every other devious method available to her sex to make her voice heard. *Viva* will be a woman; my kind of woman...a lusty, real, indefatigable, down-to-earth, fetching, bright, sexy, uncompromising woman. A woman to be reckoned with...to be loved and to be respected.

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XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 148

A LIMP DATE

I am tired of reading all the letters in your column that complain about small penises. My problem is a more significant one. Certainly there is nothing wrong with a small cock if it is erect, but a large flaccid one is sexually disastrous.

I am noticeably well-hung, and my problem begins when I become intimate with a girl. They usually expect me to be a fantastic lover merely because of my nine-inch cock. As a result they are not only disappointed but extremely impatient with my difficulty. You see, I have not really been able to learn the basics of maintaining an erection. What should I do?—Robert

Do you remember the expression: "Not just a pretty face?" Good-looking women aren't supposed to be smart. To be popular, a woman had to live up to others' expectations and at least play dumb. She was so busy trying to meet these expectations that she had no time to live up to her own.

It seems that you are going in the same direction—trying to live up to an image that is an anachronism. The question is, "Whose image?" You say "they" expect you to be a great lover just because you have a large cock. Large cocks are just a male fantasy, expecially during adolescence. Since you must have been king of the hill among your teenage peers, you now find getting it on with women to be more involved than you anticipated. I really do not think that *your* feelings of inadequacy as a potential lover are to blame.

Why not try oral sex for a while, and be sure that *she* has the first orgasm—orally. With the pressure off, maybe you can just be a lover who happens to have a big cock, and not vice versa.

Quite often young men on their first date are so nervous that they either ejaculate within seconds or are completely unable to perform. If the girl is patient and decides to see you again, then you might get lucky.

FANTASIES EXPRESSED

I have been married for ten years and have always had very vivid fantasies. My real sex life is very dull and my husband has a low sex drive. He gets the old urge about once a week, and then only if I seduce him. I spend a lot of time masturbating. He is very passive and just lies there and lets me arouse him. But I want to be dominated, and I fantasize about getting fucked in the ass. I just know that I would love it.

I would love to act out my fantasy, but how do I tell him? I once told him that I'd like to be spanked but nothing came of it. Now what am I to do?—Unwanted

There is nothing foolish in a desire to act out one's fantasies. One of the alleged benefits of marriage is to be able to share any sexual experience that is, or might be, mutually pleasurable.

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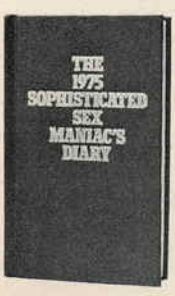

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Why don't you talk to your husband and ask him what his fantasies are? Perhaps if you could gratify his, you could be less timid about expressing your own. If you want to do a little research, read something about psychodrama.

Expressing one's feelings about certain aspects of "forbidden" sexual practices can be very satisfying. It would be wise to explore your husband's true feelings about anal sex first. That could make it a lot easier.

TRANSVESTITE DESIRES

I have a very strong attraction for wearing ladies' underwear. When I am able to put it on, it turns me on very much. I would like to be able to wear these things all the time, but my problem is that I'm married and I think that my wife would leave me if she ever found out. Is there anything I can do to prove to her that I am not queer, that I just enjoy wearing these things? Do you think that there is something the matter with me?—P.H.

I think you are confused with regard to some pretty standard sexual deviations. A transvestite is a person who enjoys wearing clothes normally worn by the opposite sex, although not always just underwear. A transvestite is not necessarily a homosexual, or vice versa.

If you are specifically attracted to women's underwear and not just exotic panties, then any good men's tailor could supply you with them. I suggest that you take precautions so that your wife does not find out about your transvestite desires.

Buy a set of ladies' panties, garterbelts, stockings, or pantyhose in a sexy lingerie shop. Say that you need it for a rather tall and well-shaped lady friend of yours, depending on your own height and size. Then you should hide this package of lingerie somewhere in your office where nobody can find it. You can change into your ladies' underwear every morning after you get to work. Of course, you do this in the men's room, but again be discreet so that nobody notices you. Every night before you leave the office you must remove the ladies' underwear and change into your men's clothing. In case you forget to change back again and get involved in a car accident, remember what your mother once told you about having clean underpants on?

LESSONS IN DRAG

I am a male transvestite, a university student, and very confused. I like to wear silk panties and pantyhose under my jeans when I go to school. When I was in my history prof's office the other day, the prof spied my pantyhose. As it turned out, the prof—whom everyone thought was a woman—was also a male transvestite. We then closed the door to his office, and proceeded to ball on the floor.

Now that I'm involved with the prof like this, it is having a bad effect on my studies. I'm having a hard time concentrating on the prof's lectures now that I know about him. I find that I'm constantly looking at his legs and having sexual daydreams. Also, when he spreads his legs and gives me a splendid

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view of his crotch, it is just about all I can do to control myself.

I don't want to switch courses because I enjoy this one, but I'm finding it increasingly difficult to concentrate on the lectures. Could you please tell me what to do?—J.F.

In your case, transvestism is definitely combined with homosexuality. You really ought to try to keep your cool. You are still very excited about the entire affair because it is so new to you. I guess you have never met another transvestite and may never have had sex with another man. Keep your emotions to yourself. Someday the novelty will wear off, and you will hopefully be able to control your daydreams. Also, keep the secret about the prof being a "he" to yourself. It might very well cost him his job if anyone else finds out.

SLOW DOWN WHILE YOU GO DOWN

My problem is that I love cunnilingus more than anything on earth. When the object of my affection lets herself go in my face, I can really come in a spectacular fashion! But I'm afraid to ask a straight girl to let me eat her out—I'm afraid she'll look down on me. So I've had to go to prostitutes to satisfy this desire. Can you suggest a solution?—H.W.

Where have you been for the last few years? Today most girls are at least conversant with both oral and genital sex. Since Masters and Johnson, we are much more aware of the myth of the vaginal orgasm. It is the clitoral orgasm that counts, and there are a few ways to cause such an orgasm: oral sex or by stimulating the clitoris with the hand, vibrator, or waterspray.

Going down—giving head, eating pussy, chowing down, cunnilingus, oral sex—is still illegal in a few of the more backward states of the U.S. And even today one of the main requests from men who frequent hookers is for a blow-job. It is still something of a taboo, especially among women over thirty. Your fear should not be that straight girls will look down on you, but rather when they will *go* down on you or let you go down on them.

ALL IN THE FAMILY

I'm in a real mess, and I hope you can help me. I've been fucking my sister since we were teenagers. Now we're both in our late thirties and married. Three months ago her only child was killed in a car accident and now she just told me that she's pregnant. I'm sure that I'm the father and I begged her not to have the child. She says that the new baby will be a replacement of the one she lost. I don't know what to do. Is there any truth to stories about babies of this nature being deformed or idiots or worse?—J.K.

While your relationship with your sister is unusual, it is not biologically dangerous. Myths concerning the incest taboo are perhaps as old as the human species. The reasons for them seem to be as varied as the myths themselves. Most anthropologists believe them to be instinctual, that our early ancestors were born with a natural repugnance to mating within the nuclear family. Anyone familiar with the science of breed-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 170

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CHEEKY!
PROD
BUT YOUR SERENITY! GIMME SOME TIME!
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YOU GOT IT! TEN YEARS IN THE PALACE DUNGEON! TAKE HIM AWAY, GUARDS!
WE'RE NOT ALL THE SAME, YOU KNOW— THERE ARE OTHER THINGS IN LIFE!
WHAT A SHELTERED LIFE I'VE LED!

NNN AND PACK THESE SAD SACKS OFF TO THE USED DEPOT!
OIL CONCESSION
I'M ON A DOWN-TOOL STRIKE TILL I GET MY I-P-I-P!
SLAM!
OUT OF BOUNDS TO WIVES, CONCUBINES AND SCOUTMASTERS
HOORAY!
CHEERS!

ON HIS PRIVATE CARIBBEAN ISLAND, HEROD HUGE GREETS BURPO BOSSOTUTTI, CRAPO DI CRAPI OF THE COSA NASTI ~~
HI, HEROD — I MEAN, MR HUGE! GET MY CABLE ABOUT WANDA VON KREESUS?
BURP!
BURP!
BURP!
BURP!
YEP! AND I'VE BEEN SUSSING IT ALL OUT!
EEEAAGH!
TITLE DEEDS TO IBIZA
'76
AT FIVE MILLION DOLLARS, MR HUGE — IT'S A STEAL!

THAT HELL-CAT MUST HAVE KNOWN I'M AFTER MUSTAPHA RAM-RAM'S NEW OILFIELDS mmm
BURP!
BURP!
BURP!
YE GODS! CHICKEN LIVER SANDWICHES!
mmm IT'S WHY SHE CAME TO SEE YOU WITH THIS (DELETED) -AND-BULL STORY ABOUT HER KIDNAPPED GIRL-FRIEND
WE ADORE HIM!
BURP!
BURP!
BURP!
YOU KNOW THEY PUT THIS VIOLENCE IN JUST TO TITILLATE THE JADED APPETITES OF THE OLDER GENERATION
I THOUGHT IT WAS JUST NOSTALGIA — YOU KNOW, ESCAPING FROM THEIR SPIRITUALLY DEAD MATERIALISTIC SOCIETY
WHO THE HELL LET THESE SMART ASS KIDS INTO THE STRIP?
mmm AND HIS MONEY!

I'LL WAGER ANY SIX OF MY MINI-BIRDS SHE'S CHALLENGING ME TO AN OIL-DUEL!
YUK! DIET BIKKIES!
I'D RATHER HAVE A PLATE OF PASTA
YOU MEAN, JUST LIKE HER OLD MAN TOOK YOU ON AT BACCARAT TEN YEARS AGO AND CLEANED YOU OUT?
BURP!
BURP!
BURP!
BURP!
PRECISELY! NOW HERE'S THE SCENARIO
IN DISTANT RAM-RAM, BURPO'S 'GODCHILD', LITTLE TONIO, GETS HIS ORDERS
1ST BN COLDSTREAM GUARDS
FLANK COY MOROCCAN CAMEL CORPS
5TH EGYPTIAN MULETEERS
C COY US MARINES
FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION
9TH TUNISIAN GRENADIERS
4TH BN BASHI BAZOOKS
GOOD TIME FRED FORBUS
GET YOURSELF A JOB IN THE SHEIKH'S PALACE. REPORT EVERYTHING YOU HEAR TO HEROD HUGE. THERE'S A BIG CUT IN IT FOR YOU, KIDDO!
HOLD IT, BURPO! THE SHEIKH ONLY HIRES EUNUCHS —AND AFTER A MEDICAL CHECK UP!
CANTHARI
PANDORA
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FULLY RECOMM
SO MAKE SURE YOU PASS— 'COS IF YOU DON'T YOU'RE GONNA LOSE 'EM ANYWAY!
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BIG CUT! VERY DROLL! PARTING'S GONNA BE SUCH SWEET SORE-OH! LETS GO, BABY!!

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ANOTHER MESSAGE FROM OLD FATSO, BELOVED. WHEN DOES HE GET HIS I-P-I-P?
WHEN I GET THAT OIL, AS A CONSOLATION FOR MY DARLING WORRIED WANDA!
OUT! YOU'VE CAUSED ENOUGH TROUBLE ALREADY!
Erotic Poetry
the SEVEN PILLARS of WISDOM
WHAT AN INCREDIBLE CAPACITY FOR EXCESS THIS KID'S GOT!

...ACROSS THE CITY WANDA IS BEING GROOMED FOR THE SLAVE MARKET...
UP FOR GRABS IN SHEIKH MUSTAPHA'S MARKET-PLACE! WHAT ARE THE ODDS ON WINDING UP IN THE PALACE?
GET A MOVE ON CRONES! THE DEPRECIATION ON THIS CLASS OF MERCHANDISE AIN'T FUNNY!

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SOMEWHERE OUT THERE IS MUSTAPHA'S MAN. SO LET'S SHAKE 'EM FOR THE SHEIKH AND HOPE FOR THE BEAST!
HONEST ABDUL'S FLESH MART
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
NO ROAD TESTS
WAIT'LL I TELL THEM ABOUT THIS BACK AT FINISHING SCHOOL!
THIS IS THE MOMENT I'VE ALWAYS DREAMED ABOUT!
6,000 RIYADS!
5,000 RIYADS!
THAT'S WHAT I MISS BACK HOME, MARU —TRADITION!
THE BRUNETTE! I'LL GO UP TO 10,000! GATEFOLD, SIX PAGES BLACK AND WHITE AND SHE GETS TO MEET AGNEW!
I BID 7,000 RIYADS!
LOT 3 PLUS LUCKY DIP
IDAHO
HE CAN HAVE MINE FOR A DOLLAR FIFTY!
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XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 161

ing dogs or horses knows that certain "perfect" results can be obtained by mating the closest members of a family to one another. The trouble seems to begin when a purebred line develops without normal resistance to disease or changes in environment. This is probably the way it was with our human ancestors who mixed genes outside the immediate family to breed resistance to disease and increase our particular species' chances for survival. At some later time, people began offering illogical explanations for something that had been happening naturally.

For instance, the mountaineers of Albania believed that incest resulted in deaf-mutism, and the Aleuts believed that it caused children to have tusks like a walrus. Other peoples regarded incest as a cause of earthquakes, floods and volcanic eruptions.

While you may not believe such stories, your question suggests that the dreaded taboo is still alive and well. The fact that you may have nothing physically to worry about doesn't mean that there aren't psychological reasons to be concerned. What about your sister's husband, who is not even mentioned in your letter? Will the child be cared for as an individual, or as a "replacement"? What about your continuing relationship with your sister? Do you plan to have more children?

You both have time before the baby is born to discover the greater implications of your relationship. You have cared for each other for many years. Care enough now to seek professional help.

ADOLESCENT INCEST

I am a sixteen-year-old guy and have a twelve-year-old sister, who is very pretty and well developed for her age. When my folks leave for an outing, she walks into my room nude, making sure that I see her. On one occasion I came dashing into my room, and there she was—standing in front of my mirror with just her panties on, and she was playing with her boobs! When she saw me, she just smiled and walked very slowly from my room. My question—should I have sex with my little sister or not? And if we do have sex, would this hurt her mentally or physically in her later years?—Curious Brother

I suggest you read the previous letter, which documents one result of an incestuous relationship. Tell your sister to stay out of your room—twelve is rather too young for any kind of sexual intercourse—to say nothing of incest and its repercussions.

POW AMPUTEE

I am twenty-three years old and I have a real bad problem. I was one of the POWs and was prisoner for over two years. My problem is that every time I try to make it with a chick, I fuck up. I mean, I just forget how to comfort a

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JOHN

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chick. When I was young, I was hell on wheels, but now I just can't do it. You see, I lost my right leg in the war and I feel that girls would be turned off by this. Perhaps I could meet a female amputee—but there doesn't seem to be too many of them around. I am just going nuts—going out, getting drunk in go-go bars, etc. Xaviera, you are a super-chick and I dreamed of you in prison. Maybe you can make my dreams come true and give me some good advice. Thank you.—S.D.

I think you are being unnecessarily hard on yourself. You are still very young and have a major physical handicap to which you must adjust. Right now you need comfort, and therefore it's hardly surprising that you don't have much left over to give a woman.

Finding a female amputee might be the worst thing you could do. Sure, it would give you both something to talk about, but it might also reinforce the idea that you had to settle for something less than ideal. I am sure that you have heard this from your doctors, but your success in many things—including sex—will depend largely on your attitude.

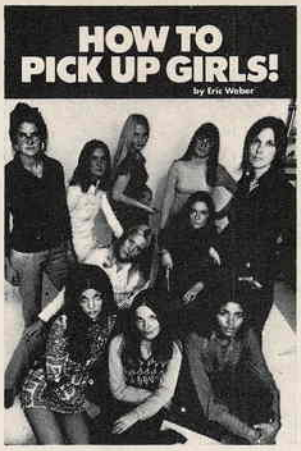
A missing limb is not in itself ugly or repellent. It may sound trite, but if I fuck a man I like, I fuck the whole man and not just his eyes or his muscles or his cock.

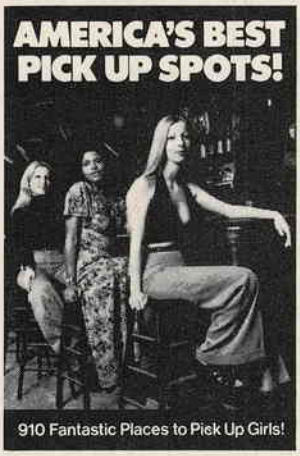
There must be millions of relationships where one partner has a physical handicap of some kind. Most people will take their cue from you. If you're not turned off by your problem, they won't be either.

WANDERIN' STAR

I'm asking for your help with my girl friend Joanne. I don't know if it's her or me, but she doesn't seem to get excited and enjoy our lovemaking. After 10 minutes or so she goes to get a drink of water or see what's on TV, or have a smoke, or order a pizza or something, just as though nothing was happening. I've got a fair knowledge of sex and I think I know how to make love to a girl, and we've done everything short of oral sex and intercourse. In our four months of lovemaking I've had trouble finding her clitoris, and doubt whether I've found it yet. How can I get her so excited she'll practically jump on me?—J.M.

There's certainly something lacking if she keeps getting up every few minutes with some silly excuse, and I think it's probably male aggression on your part. You're not rousing her interest enough, and I wonder whether you're as experienced as you suggest if you can't find her clitoris. Keep the light on for a start, and persuade her that you want to be able to admire her body. Then really explore her all over, complimenting her on everything possible, even a birthmark under her left tit. Basically of course you'll be heading for the "man in the boat," which is often hidden, but if you spread her outer vaginal lips carefully you should come across the little knot in between the folds of skin, because it's there. If not, ask her to *show* you. Some lubricant or jelly would help you to manipulate the area, causing her clitoris to get excited and harden so that you





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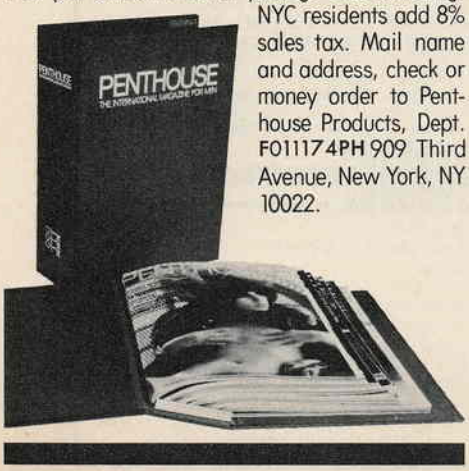

can see it clearly. Perhaps she would be excited by mutual masturbation, or maybe she can be talked into showing you how she masturbates herself. If she's experienced at this she may even be able to move the clitoris up and down like a penis almost—at least that's what I can do. In general, don't be conventional. If she wants to go off and fix a pizza, get after her and grab her from behind in the kitchen. Be the aggressive hunter.

CHARACTER QUEST

I've always had fantasies of being dominated by women. Usually I imagine a well-built woman who forces me to the ground and straddles my face, compelling me to satisfy her orally. Though girl friends have been willing to sit on me I've never been able to awaken in women any real desire to dominate. Ideally I'd like a woman who is dominant in the bedroom but fairly normal elsewhere.—John

I knew a man just like you who kept trying his fantasy on his girl friends, who were either shocked or shy. Then he went to a call girl and found this was the solution for his deviation, which is of course a mild one. It's not as though you're after a complete bondage scene, or a beating up, which are other stages of the same masochistic urge. You should have no difficulty in finding a prostitute who will give you a very convincing performance, especially as you live in England, which is the country for masochistic kicks. You remind me of German George, whom I describe in *The Happy Hooker*. He not only wanted a girl to sit on him, like you, but she had to remind him of a uniformed German girl from the Nazi period. He'd been raped by a German woman then, who was wearing a Nazi rubber raincoat. The smell of the material triggered the whole scene for him, and I had to work out a complete domination act for him. Perhaps your own wishful thinking runs along these lines.

A FEELING YOU'RE FOOLING

I have had sexual intercourse for several months now with my girl friend, and she claims to have regular orgasms. But I have my doubts. I think she is misleading me. Is there any way to tell whether she is faking?—Edgar

This is something you're going to *have* to discuss with your girl friend because you can't have a lasting relationship without honesty. Physical symptoms—or those you can see—aren't infallible, and your girl friend could be one of those women who can be perfectly satisfied without reaching orgasm, or reaching it only occasionally. As long as they enjoy their partner and are turned on, the orgasm isn't all that important for such women. With many women you can tell orgasm by heavy breathing, spasmodic movements of the limbs or stomach muscles, rolling of the eyes, hardening of the nipples or goose bumps. But I would say that the nipple reaction only applies to about 66 percent of women. You are lucky if your girl friend is among those who show

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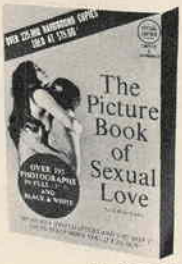

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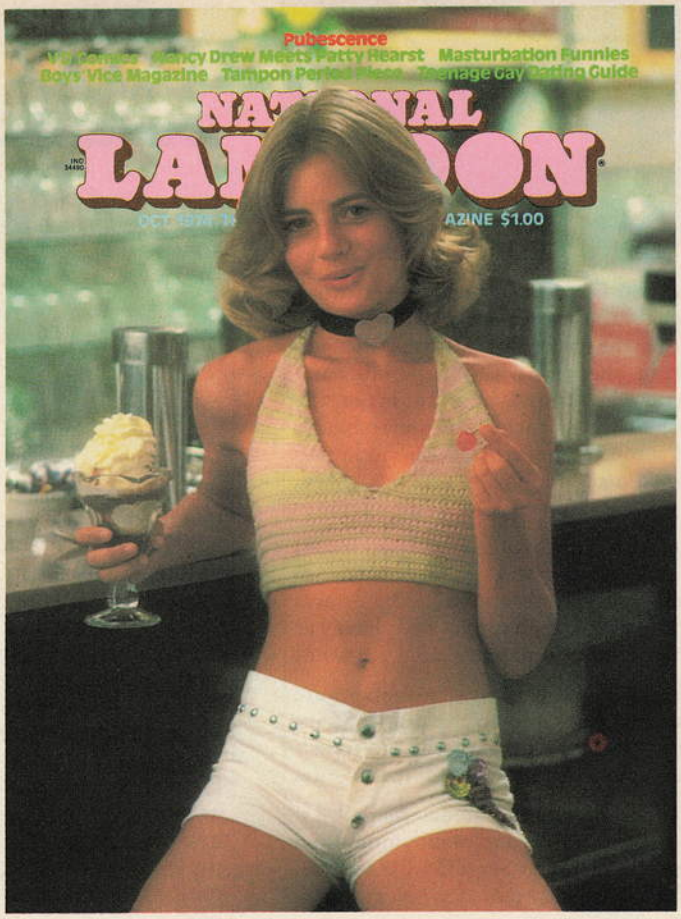

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the symptoms, but if she doesn't scream and stays quiet as before then it's time for an honest discussion. If she scratches your back and bounces around like a madwoman, she either made it or she's a great actress.

HIGH ON HYGIENE

I'm a man of sixty-six who's been swinging for ten years. I've twice been married to uptight women, so my sex life was dull previously. Did you ever have customers for the enema? People of our taste find it very difficult to get together, but I've met a dentist and two nurses who'll give me an enema, and I give them one in return.—Charles

Enemas are something that you're either turned on by or you aren't. I've had about six for various reasons. So I do know what you are talking about. But I confess that I didn't much enjoy them because next day my internal system felt offbeat and I wasn't comfortable. Interest in enemas seems to be high in the U.S. as compared with Europe, probably because of overdone hygiene. In Europe many people don't take daily baths, while in America many take several baths a day. Cleanliness is fine, but not to the extent of continual enemas for children to clean their bowel systems—or even daily douches for women, which is like an enema in another orifice. This does happen in the U.S., especially among Jewish mothers, who take the health of their sons so seriously. That might account for why more men than women supposedly enjoy enemas. Incidentally, does your dentist pull out your enema as a break from pulling out teeth?

WHEN THREE'S COMPANY

I noticed you said you enjoy women as well as men. Though I'm very happily married, and my husband's a great lover, I've always loved being with women. He knows that I've gone with women before, but thinks I've grown out of it. He kids me when he notices me looking at girls. I love him very much but I still long for those feminine creatures.—Fleur

It's immature of your husband to suppose that you've grown out of liking girls. A sexual partiality isn't like a pair of shoes that you can take off. If you hanker after another affair with a girl why don't you offer your husband the chance of a three-way scene—he's not likely to be too upset since he knows about your previous experiences. Invite home some girl whom you both like, or wait till you meet one, and you'll have the basic voyeurism of men on your side to help you. At any rate don't suppress your semi-lesbianism or you might foul up your sex life with him and start seeking secret adventures. I'm what you might call bisexual myself, and emotional involvement with a woman turns me on the most because women are generally less selfish in sex, and the warmth and tenderness of the relationship can be more important than the sex part. If I were the lucky girl friend I'd try to please your husband as well as you. A three-way orgasm is the ideal, with your husband coupled with me from behind and you on the

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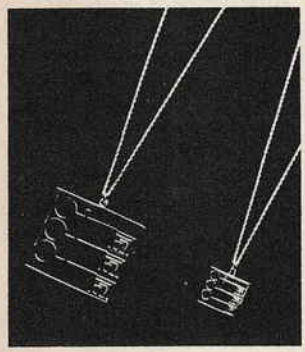

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receiving end of my intimate oral attentions. Alternatively, we could all lie in a triangle, each eating another. You call this a "daisy chain."

STRAIGHTENING HIM OUT

I am 18 years old and I have been dating my present girl friend, Sarah, for 10 months, but so far I am still a virgin. She has agreed to sleep with me as soon as she can get fixed up with the Pill. But I am a bit worried about what'll happen because my penis is a funny shape. It is a normal length and seems to do the normal things (!) all right but it has a terrific right-hand curve in the middle, literally like a banana. What effect, if any, do you think this will have on my lovemaking?–T.R.

A friend of mine has a penis that swings to the left, and he swears that it's the secret of his success with the ladies. I know he's always in hot demand. You see what a left- or right-hand swing can do for a man! *You've come to the right person, as I'm a right hooker.* Don't worry about your problem—you'll get straightened out.

DOUBTS & DAYDREAMS

Married sixteen months after living together almost a year beforehand, I have recently found a need for much more excitement in my sex life. Often my husband has used money problems or tiredness as an excuse, and lately added that you can't expect the same intensity after marriage! I've daydreamed about swapping but I think I'm too jealous actually to do it. Besides, of one thing that inhibits me is the condition of my body. Two kids have left their mark. I know other women have stretch marks and discoloration and sagging breasts but this body happens to be mine. My husband is voyeuristic and likes to be seduced, but I feel inadequate here.—Mrs. J.C.

Swingers generally live by the code of not getting emotionally involved with their various sex partners. I've attended numerous swapping parties and found this out. Swinging is generally spoken of as *just a way of passing time*—some people like to play cards, some people like to have sex. So if you tend to be jealous, it's just a matter of adjusting your head. I think your second problem is more serious. Plastic surgery can do wonders for a slack body. In New York I knew a girl who had both breasts lifted and reshaped with silicone bag implants. If it's done properly like hers your breasts will look like an eighteen-year-old's again. Another girl I knew had heavy stretch marks and no waistline left. The *surgeon virtually remodelled her*, removing her stretch marks and giving her an entirely new waistline. Both were call girls and are now confident and prospering in their business. If, however, you are hesitant about plastic surgery, I've heard of a method of reconstructing the body without surgery called Rolfing, which exerts pressure on muscles. It's named after Dr. Rolf. Contact Esalen Institute, Big Sur, California. When you are happier about your physique you will feel more confident and life will look brighter.

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COUPLES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 134

unusual in that he had not previously—not even as a boy—been aware of any homosexual inclinations. At the first encounter, he found that he could be so excited by another man and yet have no feelings of guilt.

From my own studies of bisexuality, it has become apparent that a high proportion of bisexual men are married. A significant number of these men had no homosexual experience before marriage except, perhaps, the occasional adolescent encounter. These men have discovered that they could accept and find physically satisfying homosexual experiences, either because they were denied heterosexual sex at the time or were not fully satisfied by their marital sex lives. Nick, of course, is in the latter category, but only to a point. Most of these bisexuals—whom I provisionally term as "physical bisexuals"—seek their homosexual experiences simply to have physical satisfaction. Nick, however, seems to be the type of bisexual whose emotional fulfillment depends upon both the heterosexual and homosexual relationship. "It was," he says, "a matter of affection, of shared emotion, of unselfish give and take."

Now, it could very well be that these feelings were prompted by his negative experiences with Mary, but he still claims to need the emotional fulfillment of his relationship with Charles. It is a pity that we haven't Charles's version of what happened, and my assessment of him must be based on emotional evidence only. Clearly, he is a man aware of his sexuality. He has learned all he can about sexual techniques and has become very expert in them. He is also able to recognize the sexual needs of potential partners and is able to fulfill them. Charles is, in fact, a very experienced man sexually. Due to a lack of evidence to the contrary, I would say he is possibly a "physical bisexual," though I may be doing him an injustice.

What frightens me about Charles is the tremendous power he has over both Nick and Mary, arising from their need of him. While one has to confess that Nick and Mary's present relationship is more desirable than their previous one, there is, as Mary fears, always the possibility that Charles will walk out on them. And what will happen to them then? Within their situation, they have created traumas which neither is competent to cope with. Perhaps they have gained from Charles a sexual and emotional maturity which will make it possible for them to live, thereafter, on their own? It is debatable.

I personally think that it would have been less painful had they parted when they discovered Charles had come into both their lives. Having experienced a homosexual relationship that he claims is now necessary to fulfill himself, Nick will undoubtedly seek a replacement for Charles. Mary can accept Charles as Nick's partner—if Mary doesn't, she loses Charles too. Will she be able to accept Nick's other male partners?

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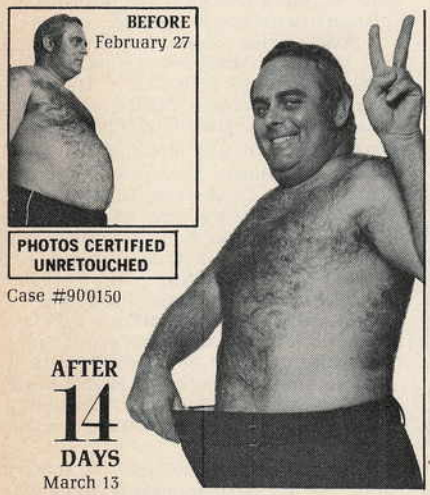

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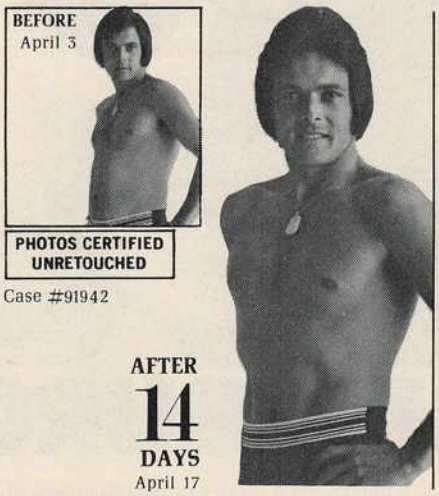

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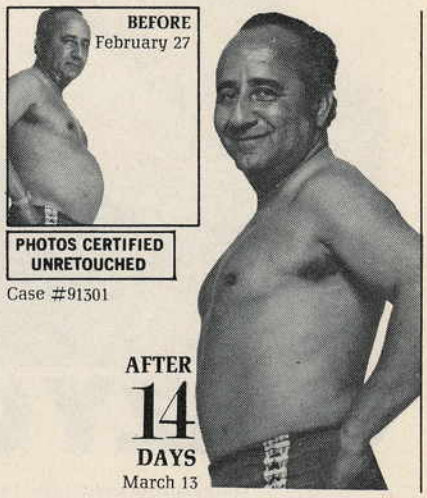

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CRAZY GINZBURG

Ralph Ginzburg, that brandied fruitcake of a publisher, is at it again.

First he devilishly exposed the intimate parts of Fanny Hill and Lady Chatterley to a blushing America while those erotic classics were still banned.

Then he bought himself a $2-million libel suit by daring to question Barry Goldwater's psychological fitness to finger the nuclear trigger when Goldwater was running for President.

Next, with his muckraking magazine *Fact*, he risked the wrath of the mighty by attacking Detroit (for building cars that were not crashworthy; this was before Ralph Nader), drug manufacturers (for selling cyclamates which had been proven to cause chromosome damage), and the tobacco industry (for attempting to hide the link between cigarettes and cancer; this was before the Surgeon-General's report).

Still on the rampage, he brashly waved a red flag in the faces of prudes and bigots by running a photographic study of a nude interracial couple in his elegant quarterly *Eros* (this bit of lunacy won him numerous graphic-art awards —and eight months in prison).

In no way "rehabilitated," he turned to the field of consumerism and set it on its ear with his hugely successful, greed-gratifying newsletter *Moneysworth*, in which he published such bawdy, and useful, articles as "A Consumer's Guide to Prostitution."

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